



**JON
SCANS!**



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



ZERO



DUSTY
DANE



POISON IVY

REYNOLDS



OF THE
MOUNTED



BIG TOP



FARGO KID



BRUCE
BLACKBURN

FEATURE

COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

AUGUST



THE DOLL MAN



SAMAR



MICKEY FINN



SPIN SHAW



NO 47
10¢

BOYS! GIRLS!

SO EASY TO GET EXCITING THINGS

FREE

WITH GUARANTEE SEALS FROM
THE NEW QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT
AND RICE "SPARKIES"



Yes, you can get any, or all, of these wonderful things by just sending GUARANTEE SEALS, from the package tops of new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice "Sparkies," to: LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE, Box L, Dept. 52, Chicago, Illinois. Be sure to put enough postage on your envelope. Tear out the coupon now and send your GUARANTEE SEALS today!



LOOK!

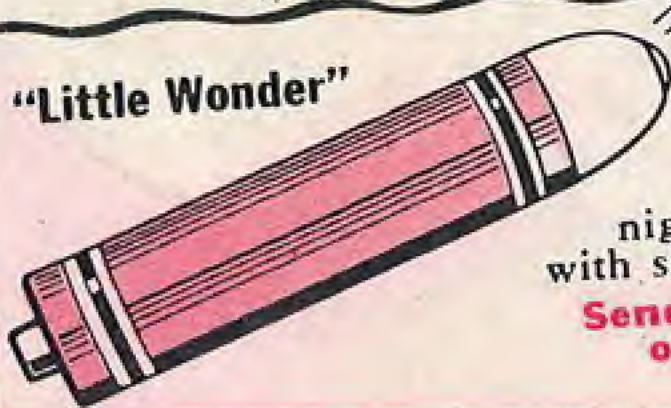
Magic-Secret DETECTO-KIT

Make Secret Messages in Invisible Writing! Detect Fingerprints! Make Real Pictures from Old Snapshot Negatives! Learn Many Detecting Secrets!

Big complete outfit consists of Secret Formula S-10, enough to print 144 photos from old negatives of your family, friends and pets. Secret Detecting Instruction Book. Stylus for Secret Writing. Package of Hypo-Fixative. Special printing glass. Set of 4 printing frames (3 different shapes and 1 plain, so you can cut it to suit yourself). Blotting pad. (Be careful not to spill formula S-10 on the rug or it will stain.)

Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 15c or 6 Guarantee Seals Alone

"Little Wonder"



FLASHLIGHT

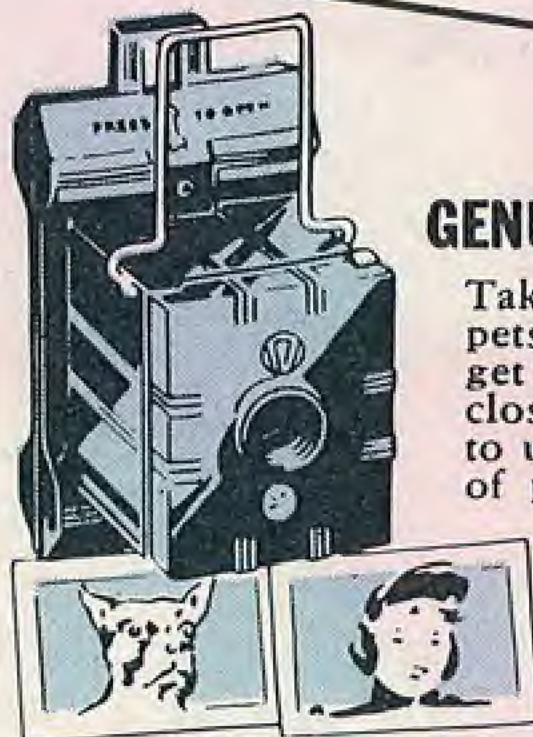
Only 3 in. long, yet casts bright beam a long way. Use it for hiking, night signalling, etc. Colored metal, with silver and black bands, white head.

Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 15c or 6 Guarantee Seals Alone

MYSTERIOUS MAGNIFYING RING

Heavy gold-color metal with insignia on sides. On the top, a picture of Orphan Annie sparkles brightly! And here's the secret! That framed glass is a magnifying glass! It swings away from the top and you use it to examine printing, etc. Ring fits you automatically.

Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 10c or 5 Guarantee Seals Alone



GENUINE UNIVEX SNAPSHOT CAMERA

Takes real pictures of your family, friends, pets, etc., on size 00 Ultrachrome film you get from the drugstore. Takes long shots or close-ups either horizontal or vertical. Easy to use. Just the thing to use in taking pictures of parties, races, down on the beach, etc. Boys and girls will use it for making picture-records of friends, etc.

Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 25c or 12 Guarantee Seals Alone

3-POWER Leatherette FOCUSING TELESCOPE

Not a toy—but a genuine focusing pocket-size collapsible telescope, with ground and polished lenses! Gives 3-power magnification—brings faraway objects closer to you. Barrel covered with rich grain leatherette.



Fits in Your Pocket!

Send 2 Guarantee Seals and 20c or 10 Guarantee Seals Alone

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE, Box L, Dept. 52, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Annie: Please send me the things checked below, for which I enclose.....Guarantee Seals from the new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Rice, or.....Seals and.....in coin.

- ☐ Detecto-kit, 6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)
- ☐ Magnifying Ring, 5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c)
- ☐ Univex Camera, 12 Seals (or 2 Seals and 25c)
- ☐ Flashlight, 6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)
- ☐ Telescope, 10 Seals (or 2 Seals and 20c)

Name.....

Street and No.....

City.....State.....

"Sparkies"* Give Vitamin Bonus to Boys and Girls

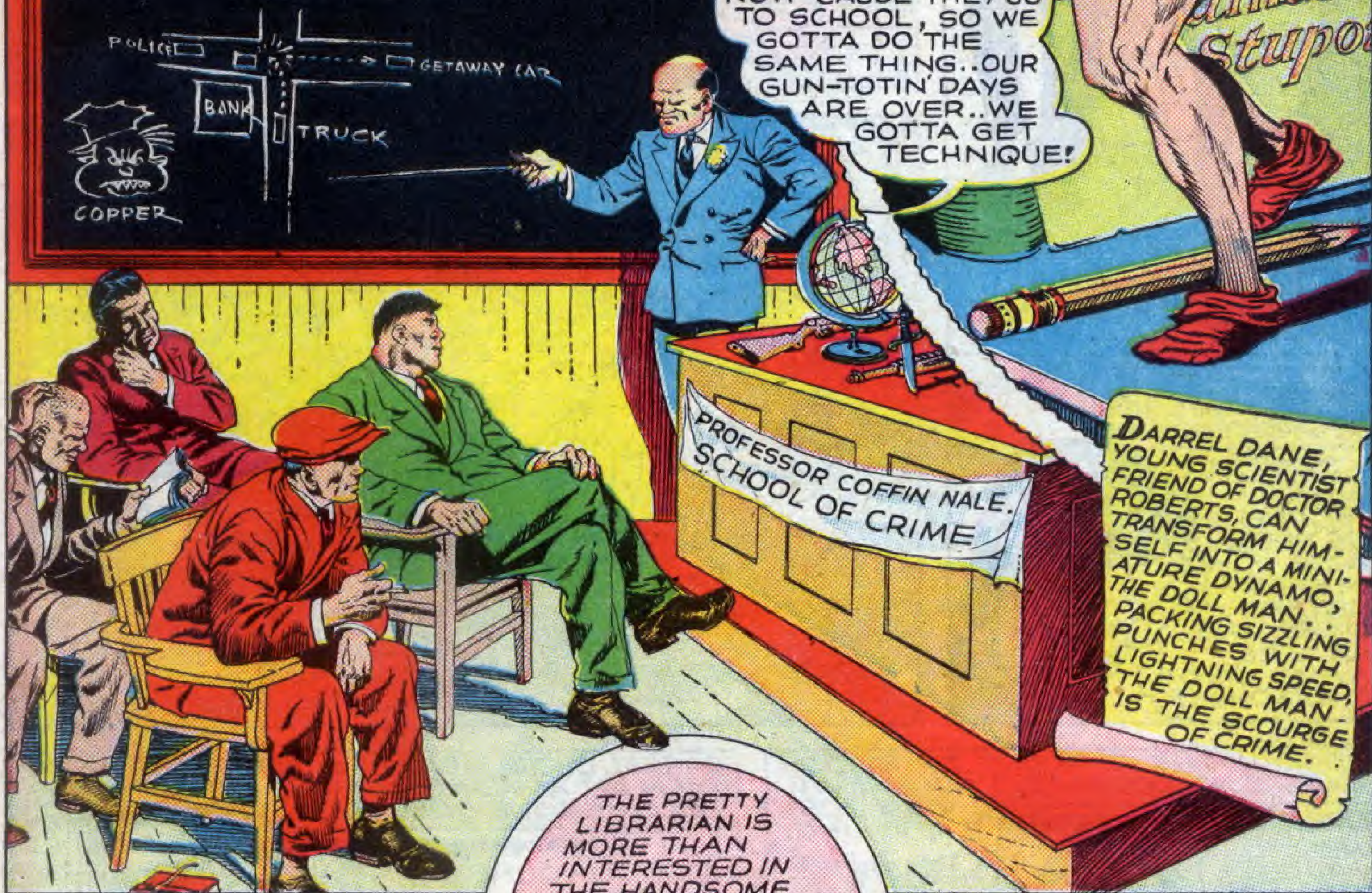
A new wonder process, "Vitamin Rain,"* actually showers vitamins B₁, D and G on new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Rice "Sparkies"! With the additional vitamins in your glass of milk and fruit, you thus get almost half your minimum daily needs of vitamins A, B₁, C, D and G! The vitamins fellows and girls must have to be strong, fast and peppy! So ask your Mother to get "Sparkies" today.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off



The DOLL MAN

By William Erwin Maxwell



IT'S A QUIET DAY IN TOWN. . DARREL DANE SITS IN THE LIBRARY IN COMPANY WITH THE LATEST BOOKS.



THE PRETTY LIBRARIAN IS MORE THAN INTERESTED IN THE HANDSOME READER.



I MUST SAY HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A BOOKWORM THOUGH.. HE'S TOO ATHLETIC LOOKING.



DARREL DANE, YOUNG SCIENTIST FRIEND OF DOCTOR ROBERTS, CAN TRANSFORM HIMSELF INTO A MINIATURE DYNAMO, THE DOLL MAN, PACKING SIZZLING PUNCHES WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, THE DOLL MAN IS THE SCOURGE OF CRIME.

SUDDENLY THE STILLNESS OF THE READING ROOM IS SHATTERED.



HOWDY, HONEY... SAY, DIS IS SOME JOINT TO PARK A SLICK FILLY LIKE YOU?



GOT ANY GOOD BOOKS, SUGAR?

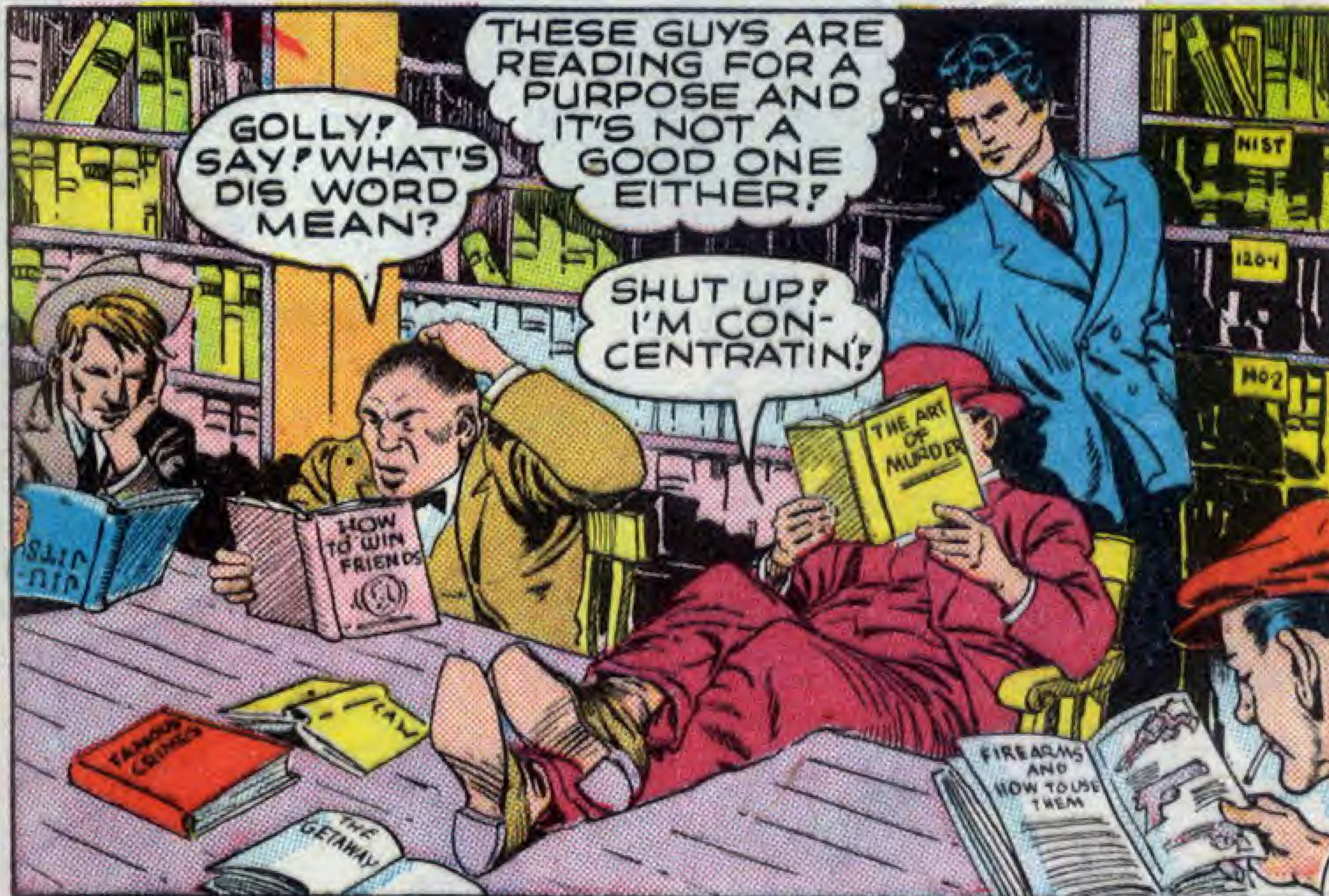
IF YOU CAN READ, WE HAVE!



C'MON, BABE! DIG US UP THE BOOKS WE'RE S'POSED TO READ AN' GET IT OVER WIT'?

FROM HIS TABLE, DARREL WATCHES THE PROCEEDINGS.

HM..MIGHTY FUNNY PEOPLE ARE DEVELOPING LITERARY TASTES THESE DAYS.. I'LL SEE WHAT THEY'RE READING?



GOLLY! SAY? WHAT'S DIS WORD MEAN?

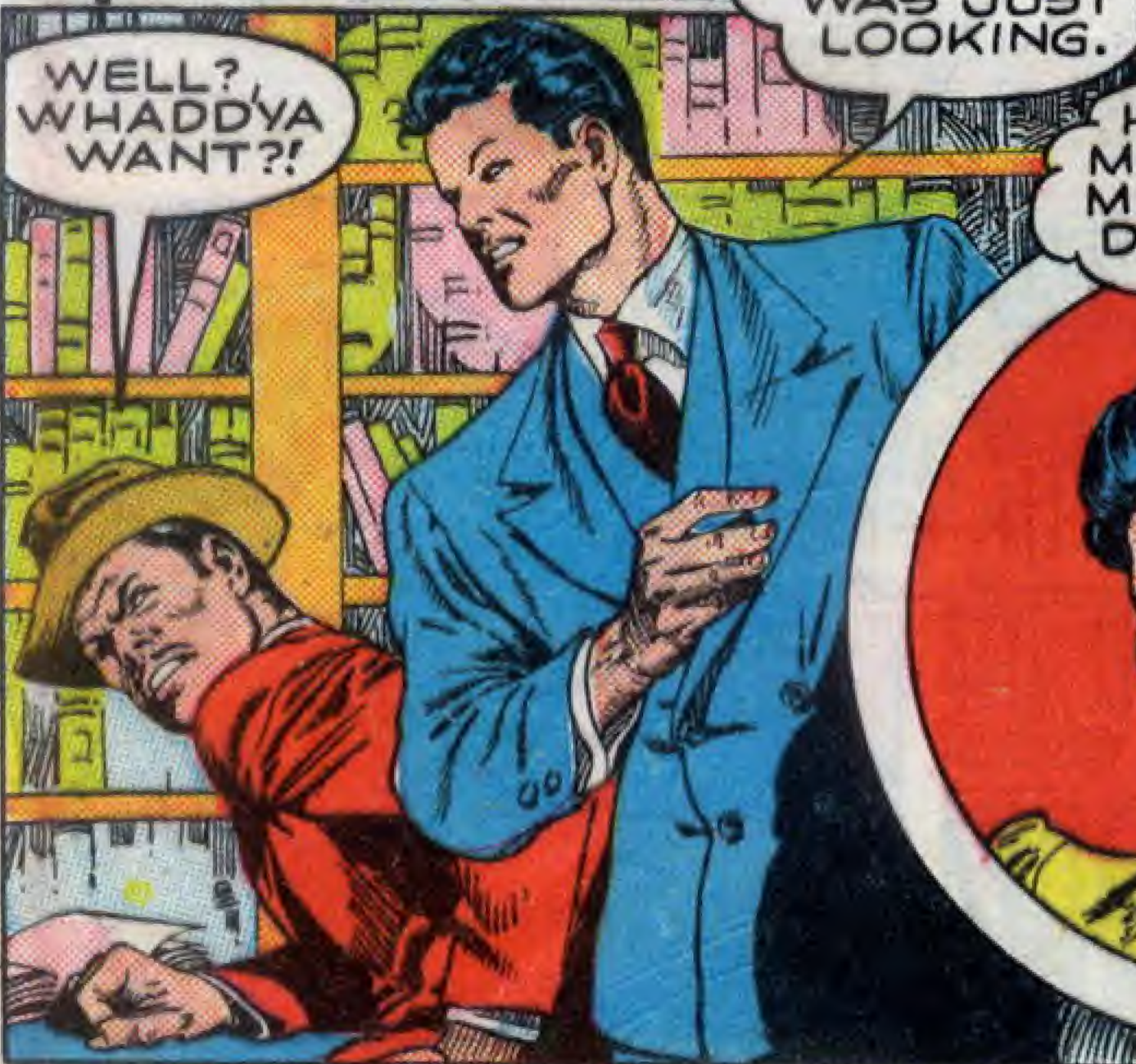
THESE GUYS ARE READING FOR A PURPOSE AND IT'S NOT A GOOD ONE EITHER?

SHUT UP! I'M CON-CENTRATIN'!

SUDDENLY ONE OF THE READERS NOTICES DANE.

OH! PARDON ME, SIR... I WAS JUST LOOKING.

DARREL DUCKS BEHIND A BOOKCASE AND THEN AN AMAZING CHANGE OCCURS.. HE BECOMES THE DOLL MAN.



WELL? WHADDYA WANT?!

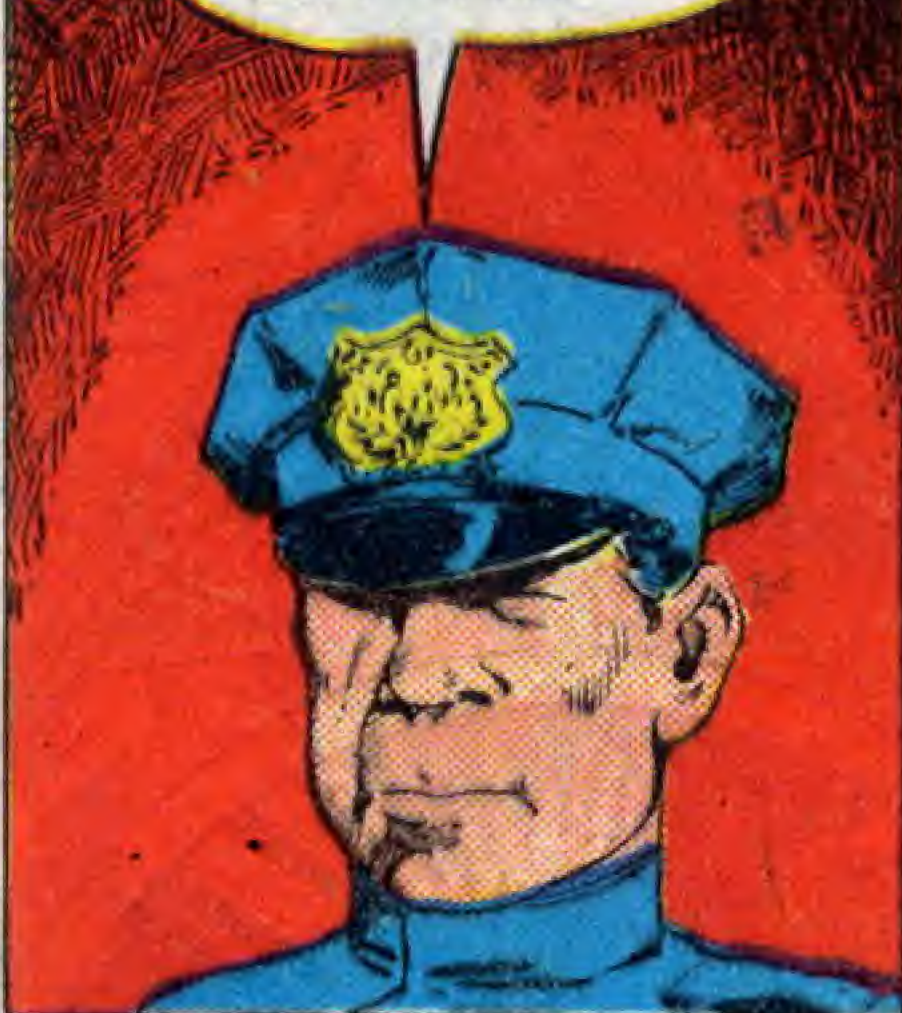
WHY THAT HANDSOME YOUNG MAN IS JUST A MILQUETOAST.. I'M DISAPPOINTED!



ONCE AGAIN, THE LIBRARY DOOR OPENS.



SURE AN' YE BETTER COME WIT' US PEACEFUL LIKE... THE BOYS DOWN AT TH' STATION HOUSE ARE AFTER HAVIN' A TALK WIT' YE?



GUESS AGAIN, COPPER?



IMMEDIATELY ALL THE HOODLUMS PILE ON THE POLICE... THE LIBRARY ECHOES WITH FALLING BOOKS AND THUDDING BODIES.



THE DOLL MAN FIGHTS FROM HIS VANTAGE POINT ON THE BOOKCASE, USING BOOKS FOR WEAPONS.



WHO T'REW DAT?

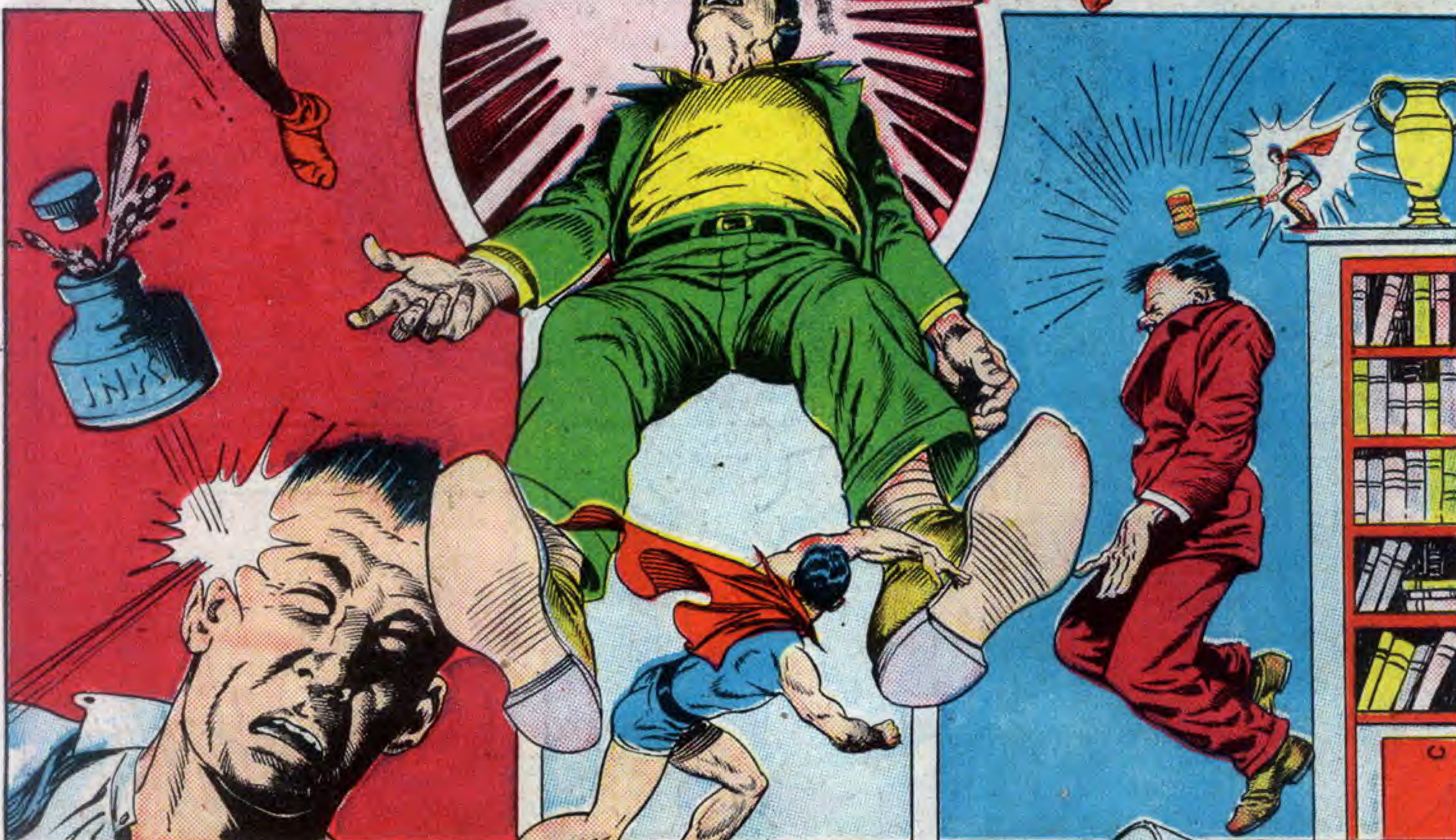
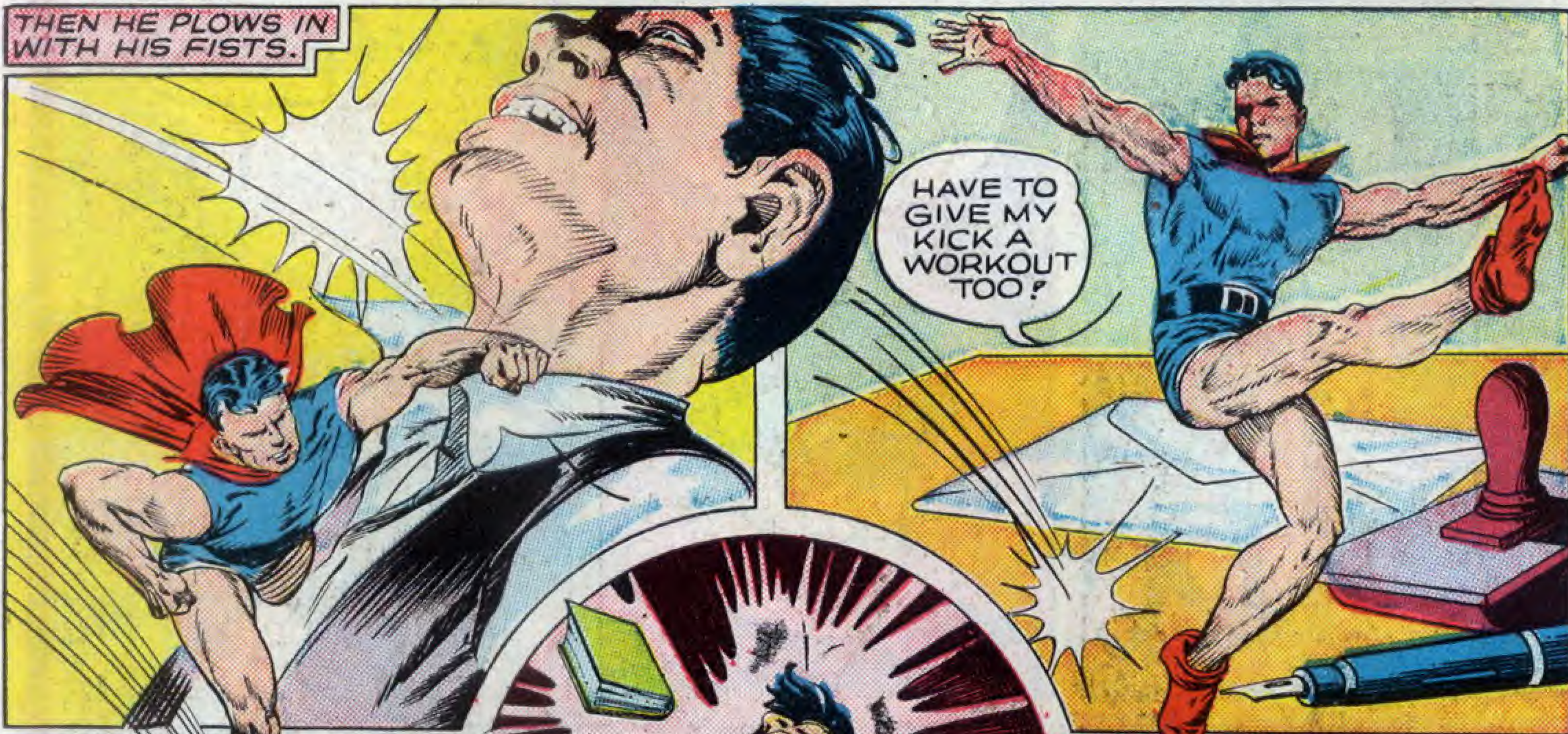
STAND STILL SO, I CAN AIM?



THE DOLL MAN SENDS A PEN FLYING LIKE AN ARROW.



THEN HE PLOWS IN
WITH HIS FISTS.





WELL, NOW THAT THE COPPERS ARE COMIN' TO, I'LL DUCK OUT OF SIGHT!

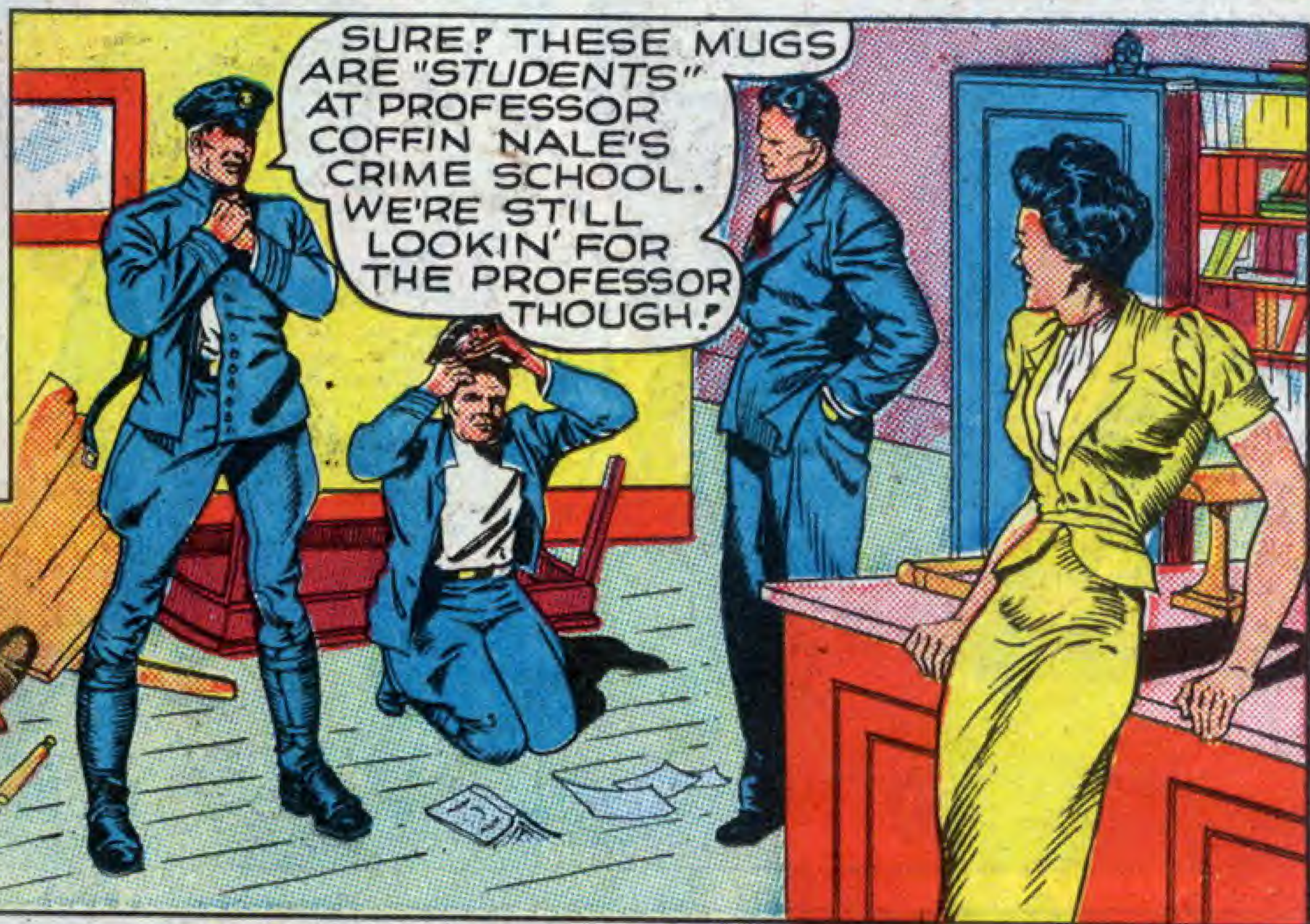
A SECOND LATER THE POLICE ARE SURPRISED TO SEE THE UNCONSCIOUS THUGS ON THE FLOOR.

FAITH AN' BEGORRA! DID WE DO THAT? WE DON'T KNOW OUR OWN STRENGTH!

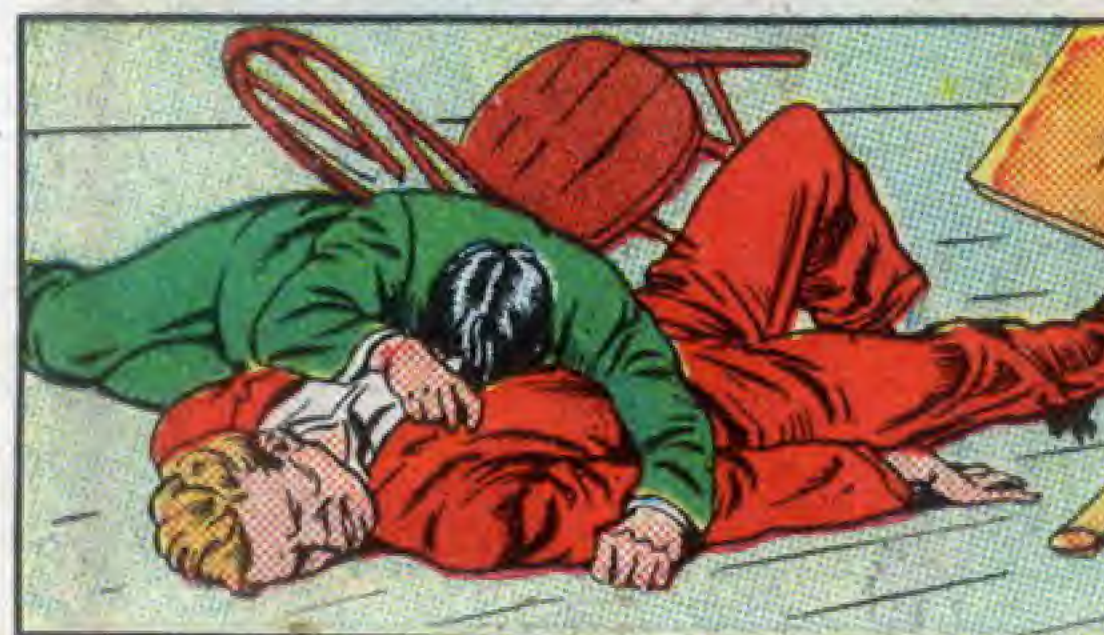


JUST THEN DARREL DANE STEPS FROM BEHIND THE BOOKCASE...

IS THE FIGHT OVER? CAN SOMEBODY TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ABOUT?



SURE! THESE MUGS ARE "STUDENTS" AT PROFESSOR COFFIN NALE'S CRIME SCHOOL. WE'RE STILL LOOKIN' FOR THE PROFESSOR THOUGH!



I'M SORRY, MISS, THAT YOUR LIBRARY WAS DISTURBED!

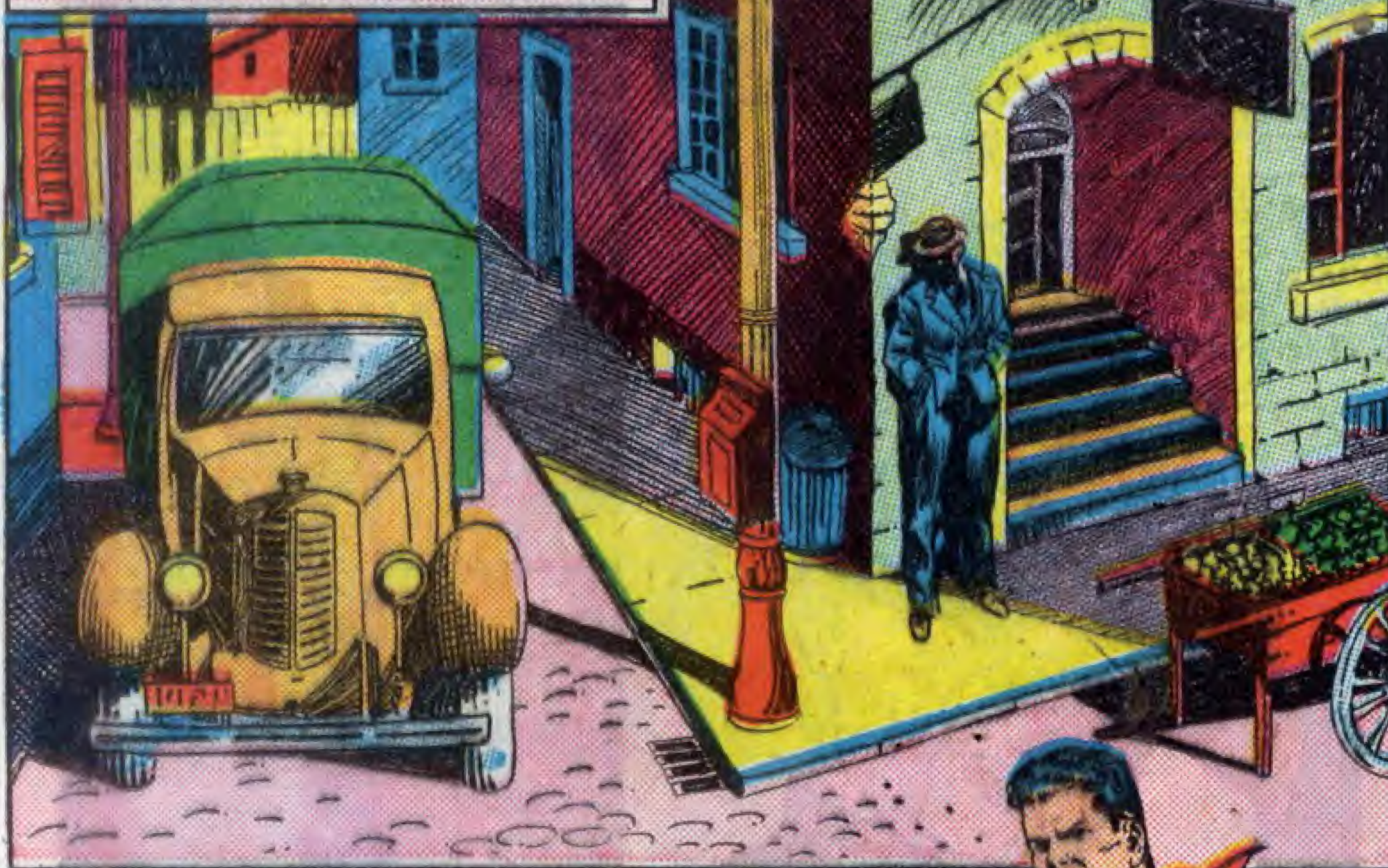


HMPH?

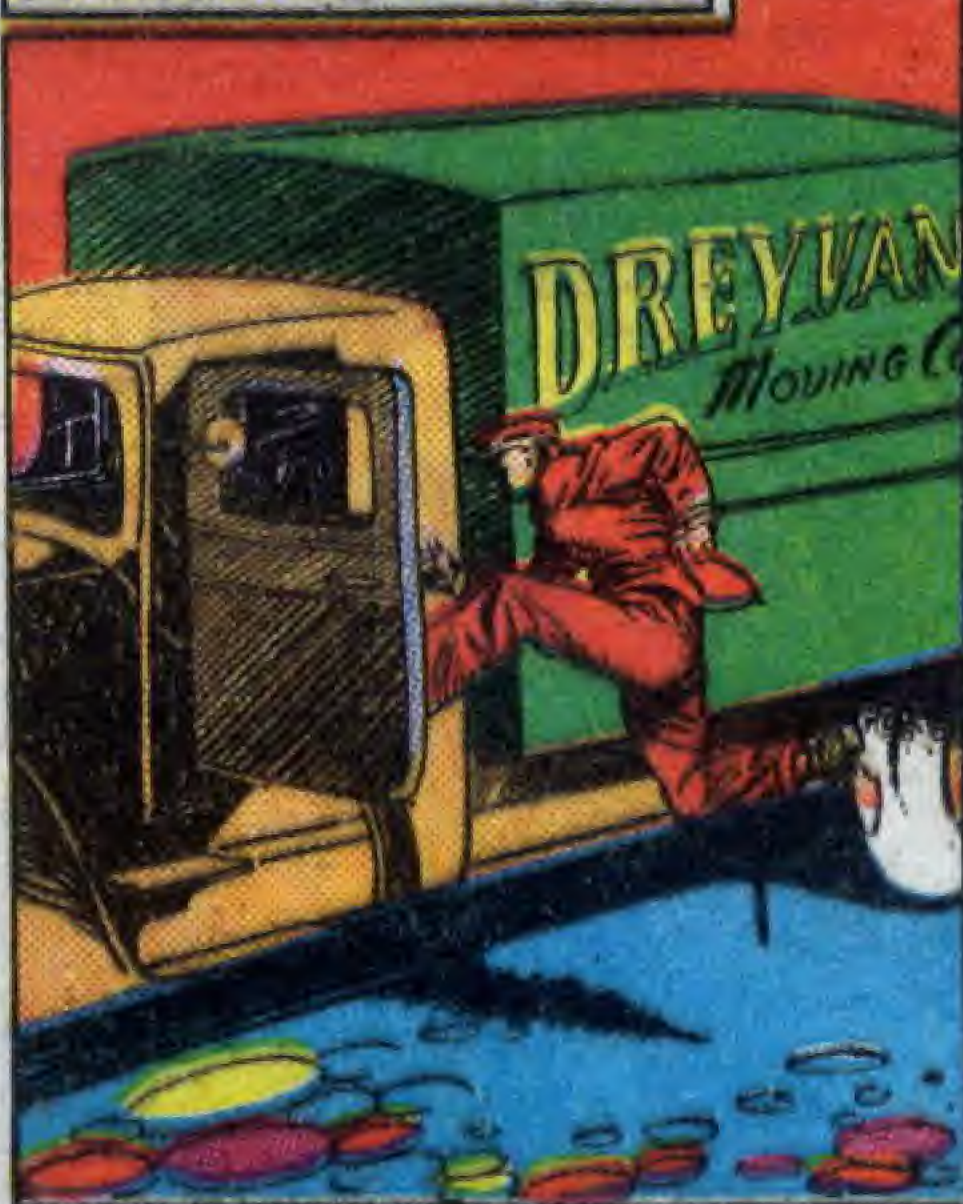


GUESS THE LADY'S SORE.. WELL, I'VE NO TIME TO PATCH THIS UP.. IMPORTANT BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO?

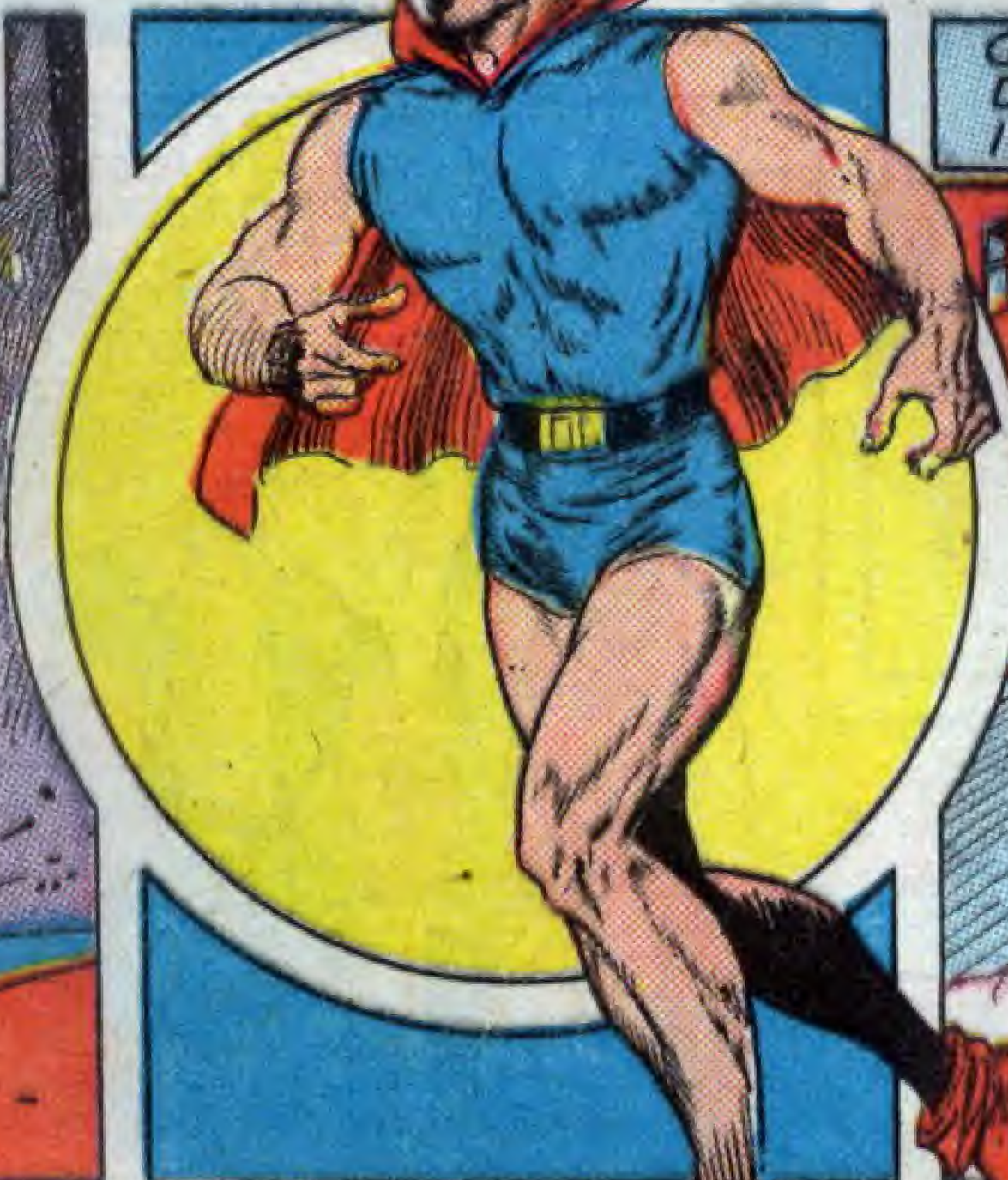
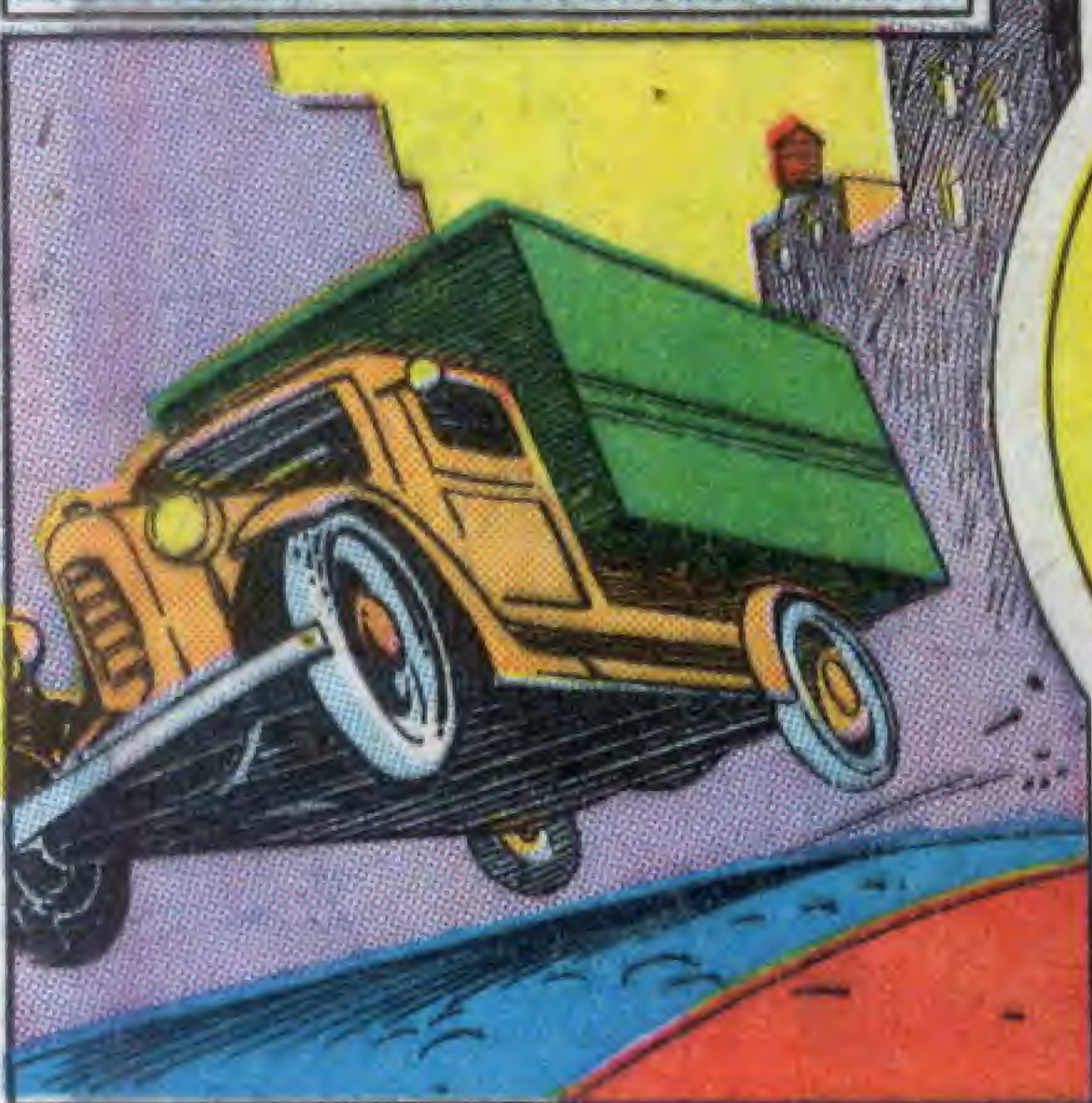
LEAVING THE LIBRARY, DARREL VISITS A TAWDRY PART OF TOWN.



SUDDENLY A BURGLAR ALARM SOUNDS. TWO HOODLUMS DASH FROM A STORE TO A WAITING TRUCK.



PIVOTING DANGEROUSLY ON TWO WHEELS, THE TRUCK HURTTLES DOWN THE STREET.



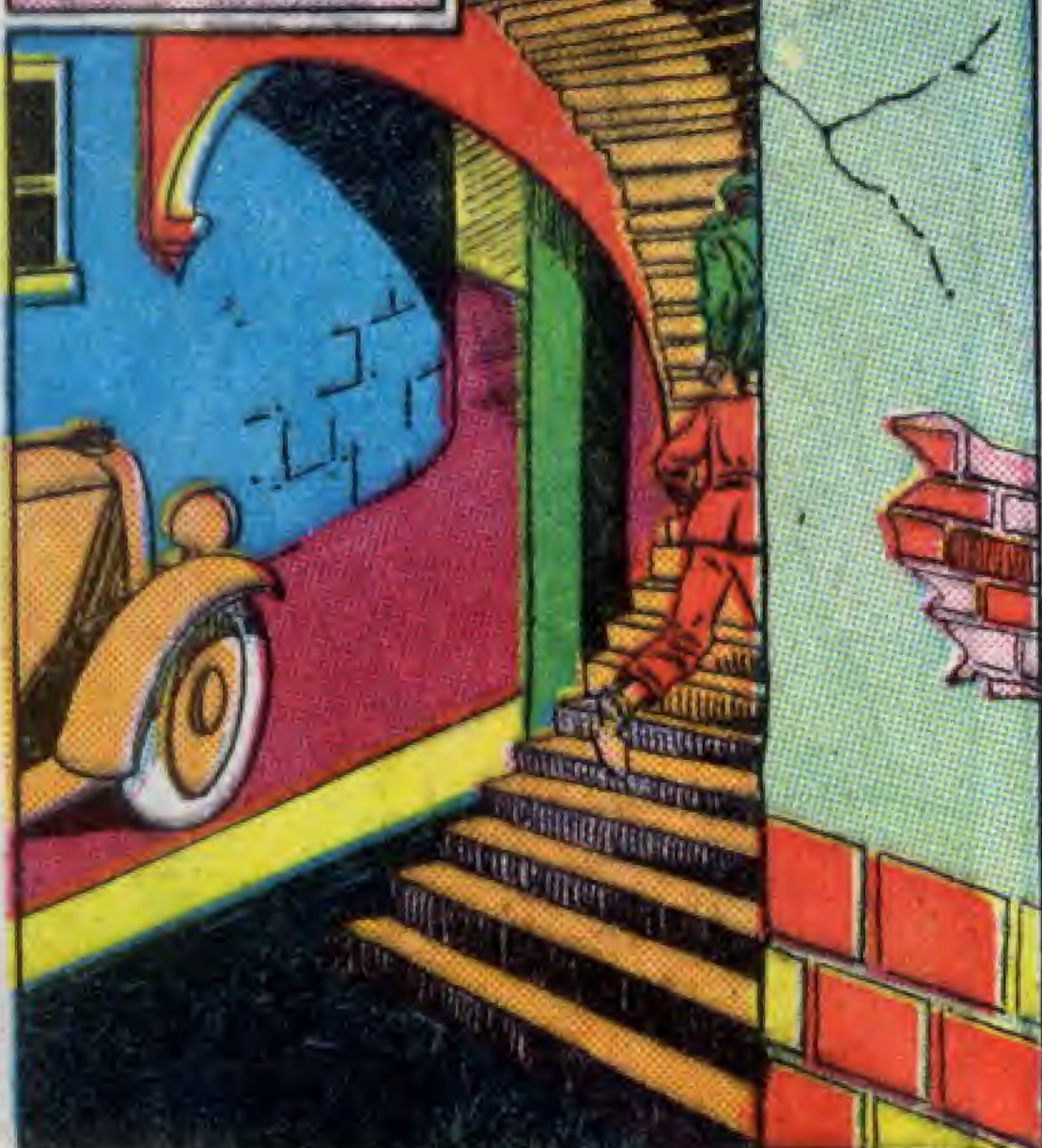
QUICKLY BECOMING THE DOLL MAN, DARREL HOPS INTO THE TRUCK.



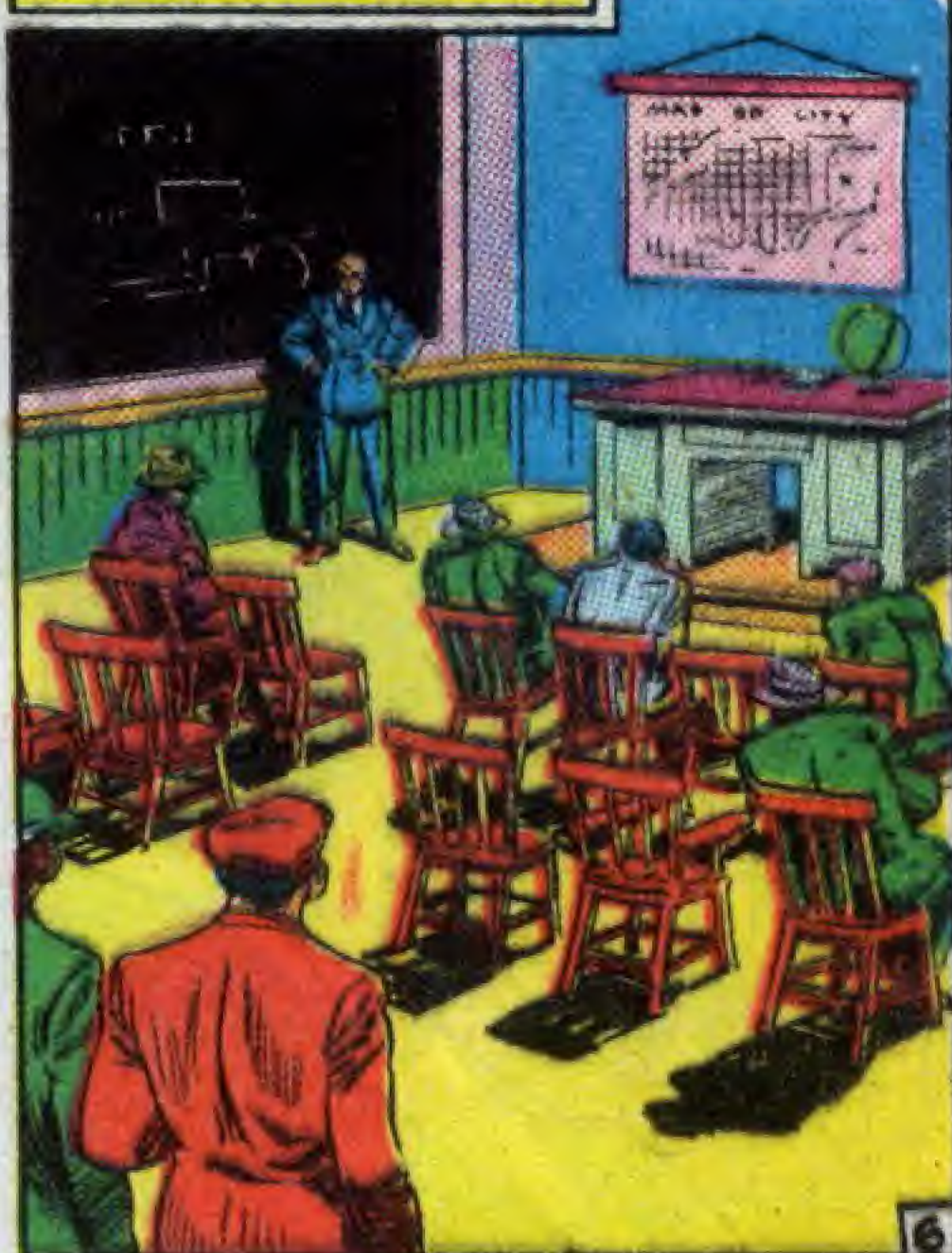
THEY SPEED TO THE END OF A DEAD END STREET. SUDDENLY A BLANK BRICK WALL OPENS.



INSIDE IS A VAST GARAGE. THE THUGS GET OUT AND SCOOT UPSTAIRS.

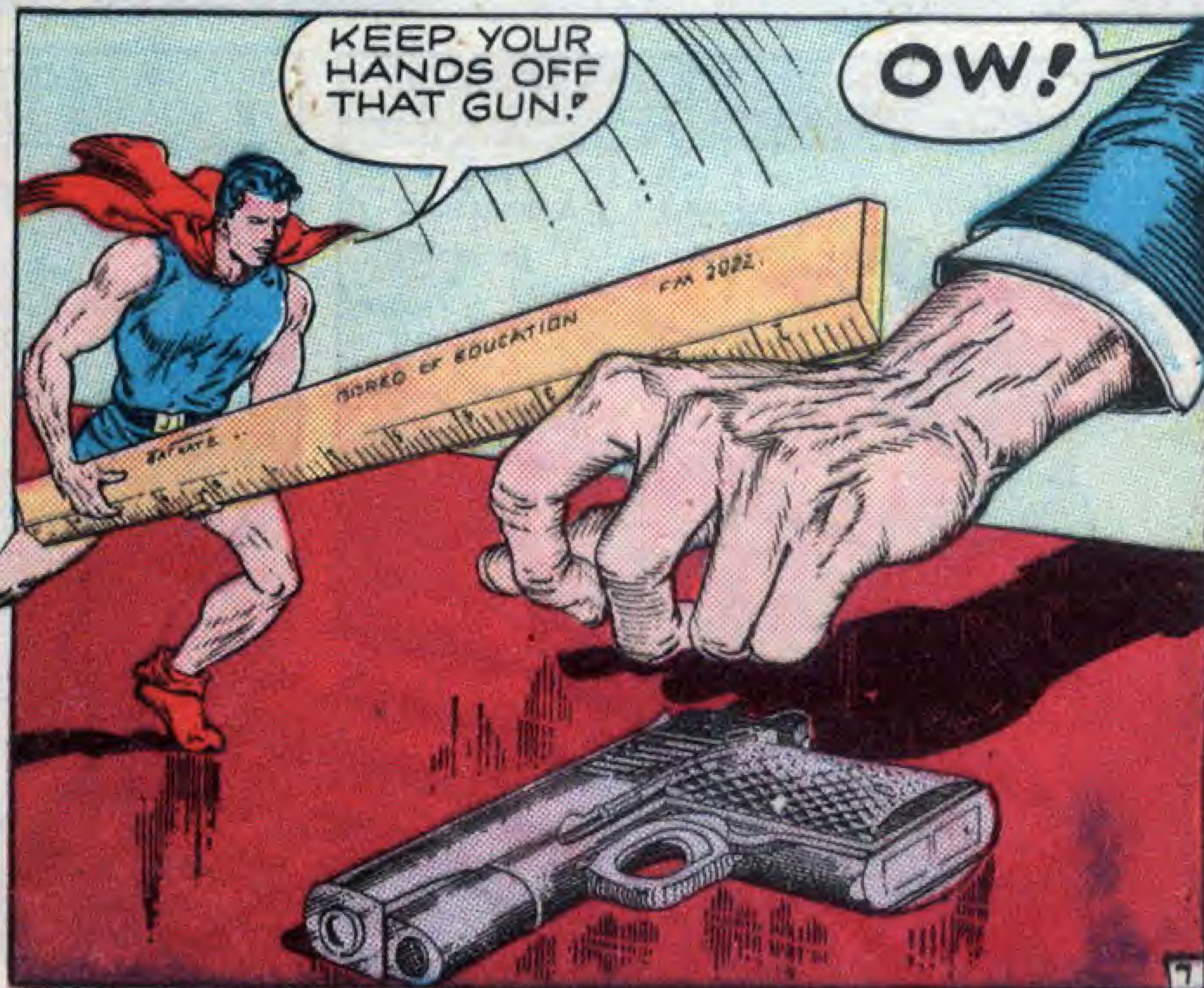
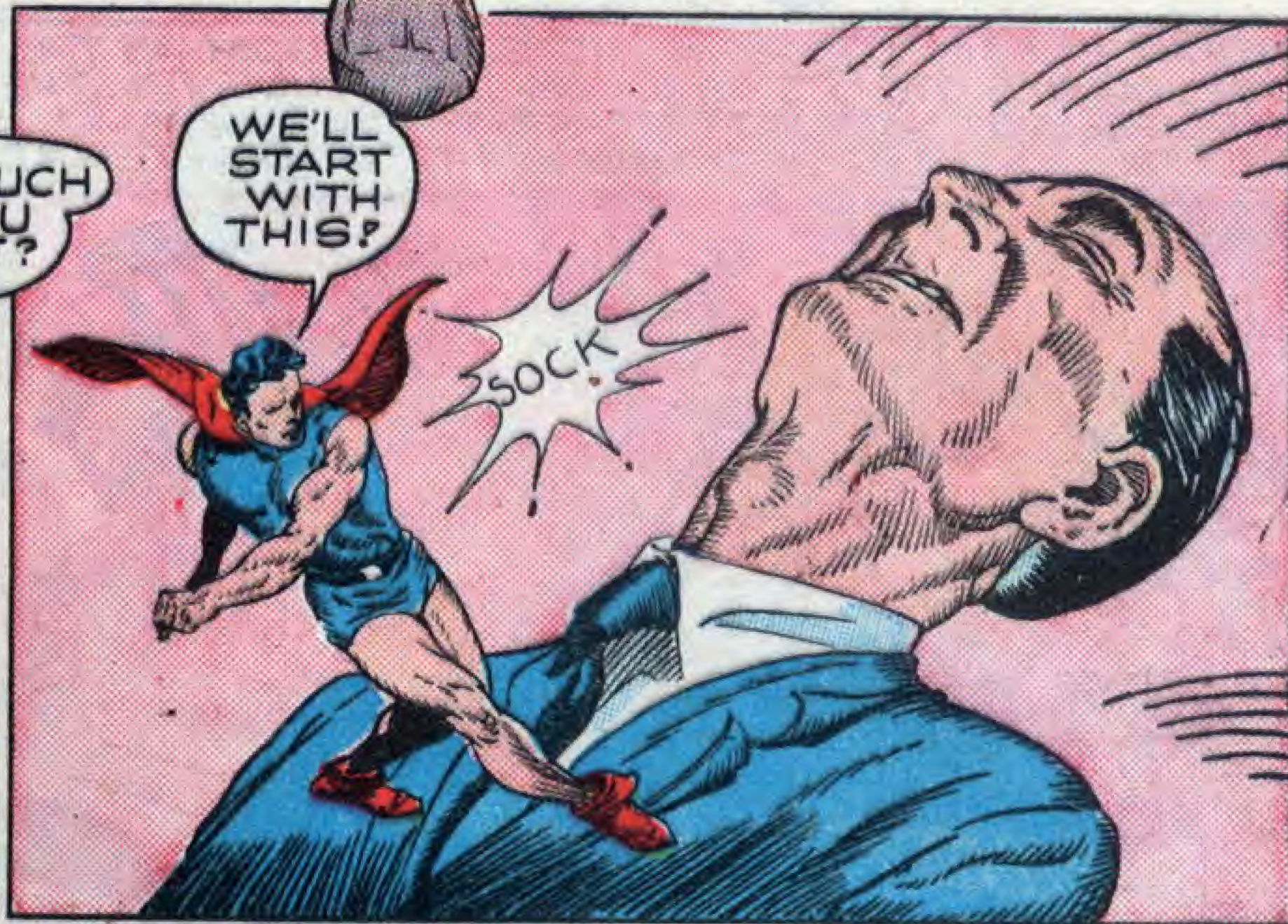
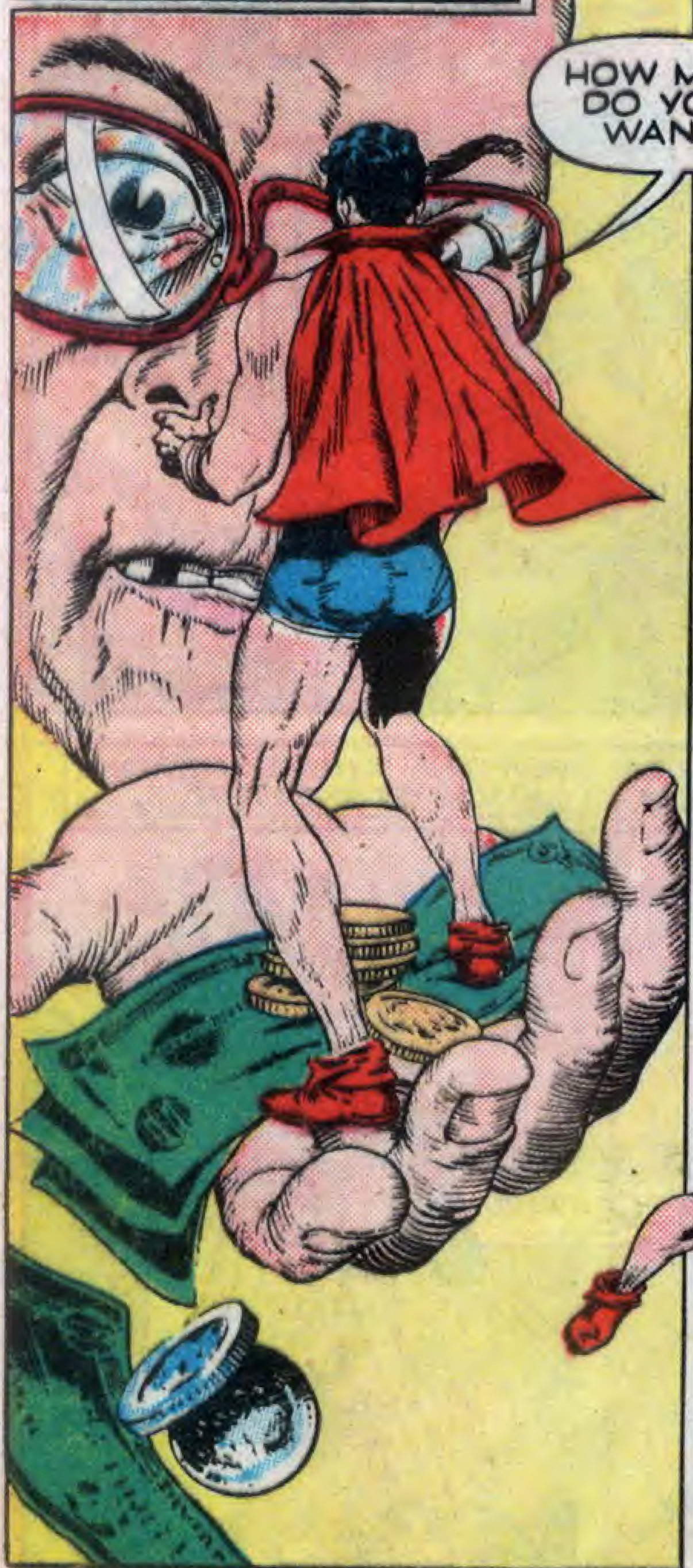


WHERE THEY ENTER A LARGE ROOM.

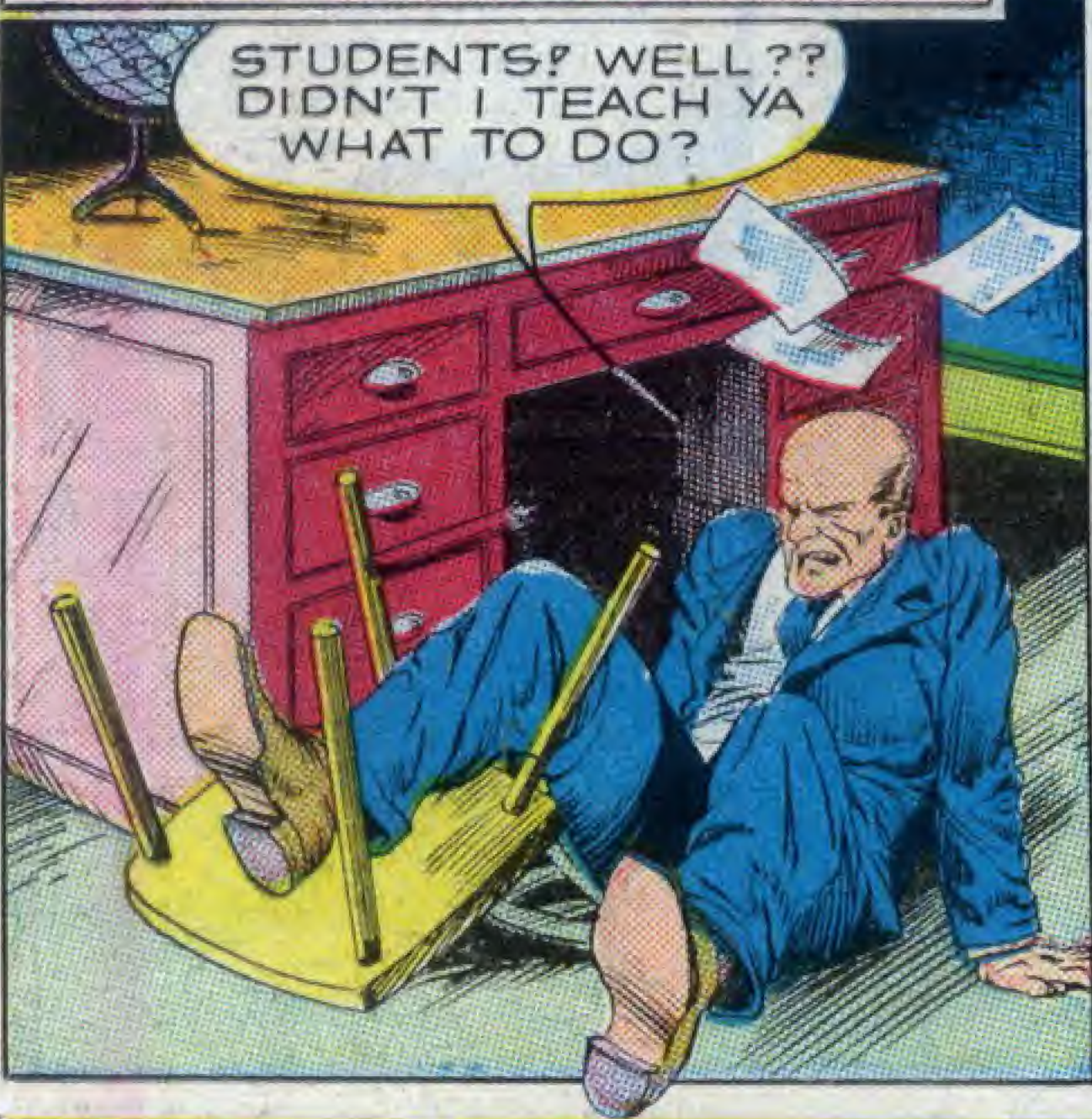




PROFESSOR COFFIN NALE OPENS
THE MONEY BAG AND..



ANGRILY, THE PROFESSOR INSTRUCTS FROM THE FLOOR.



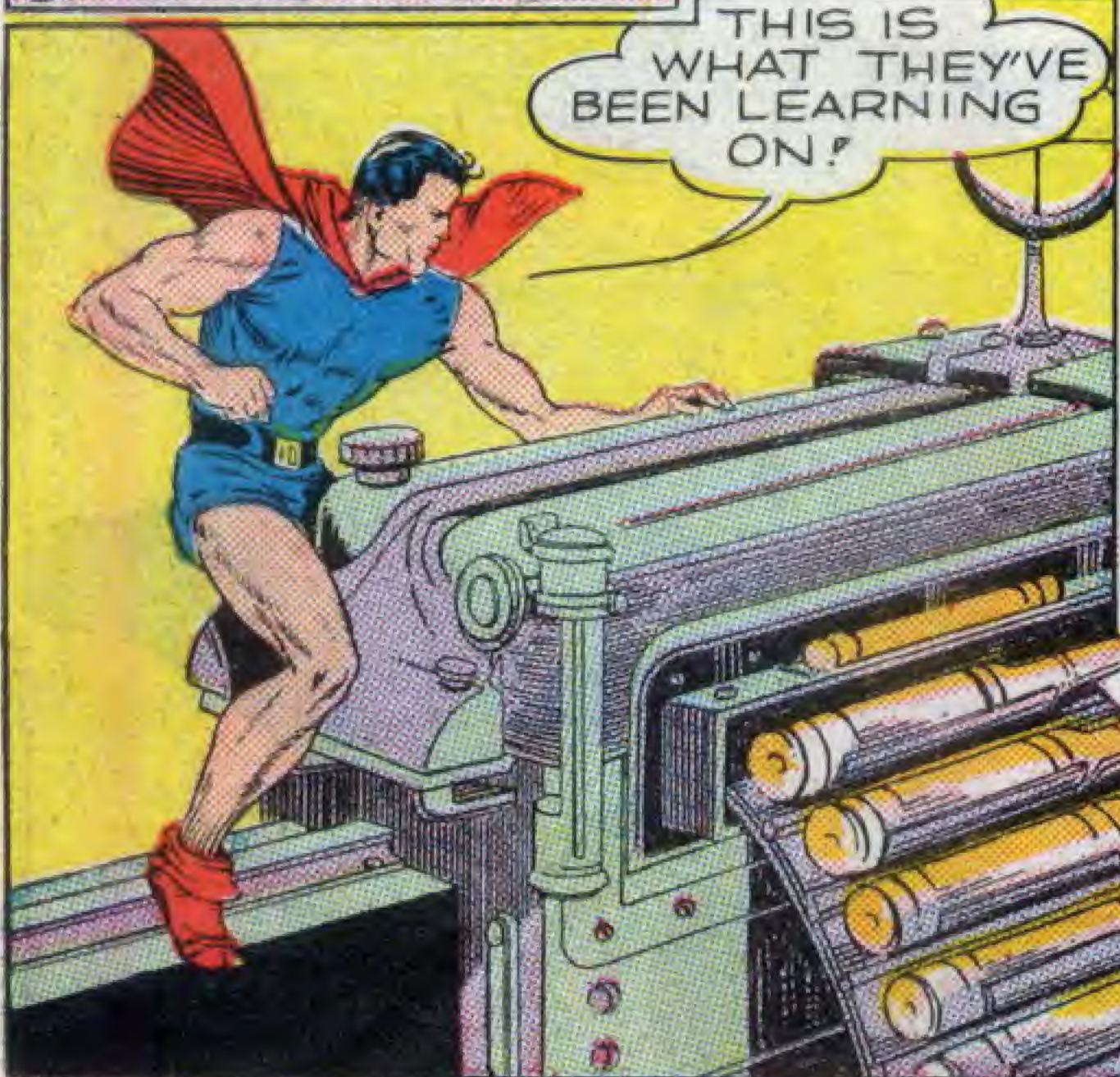
OKAY PROF..WE'LL KILL 'IM, BUT WHERE IS HE?



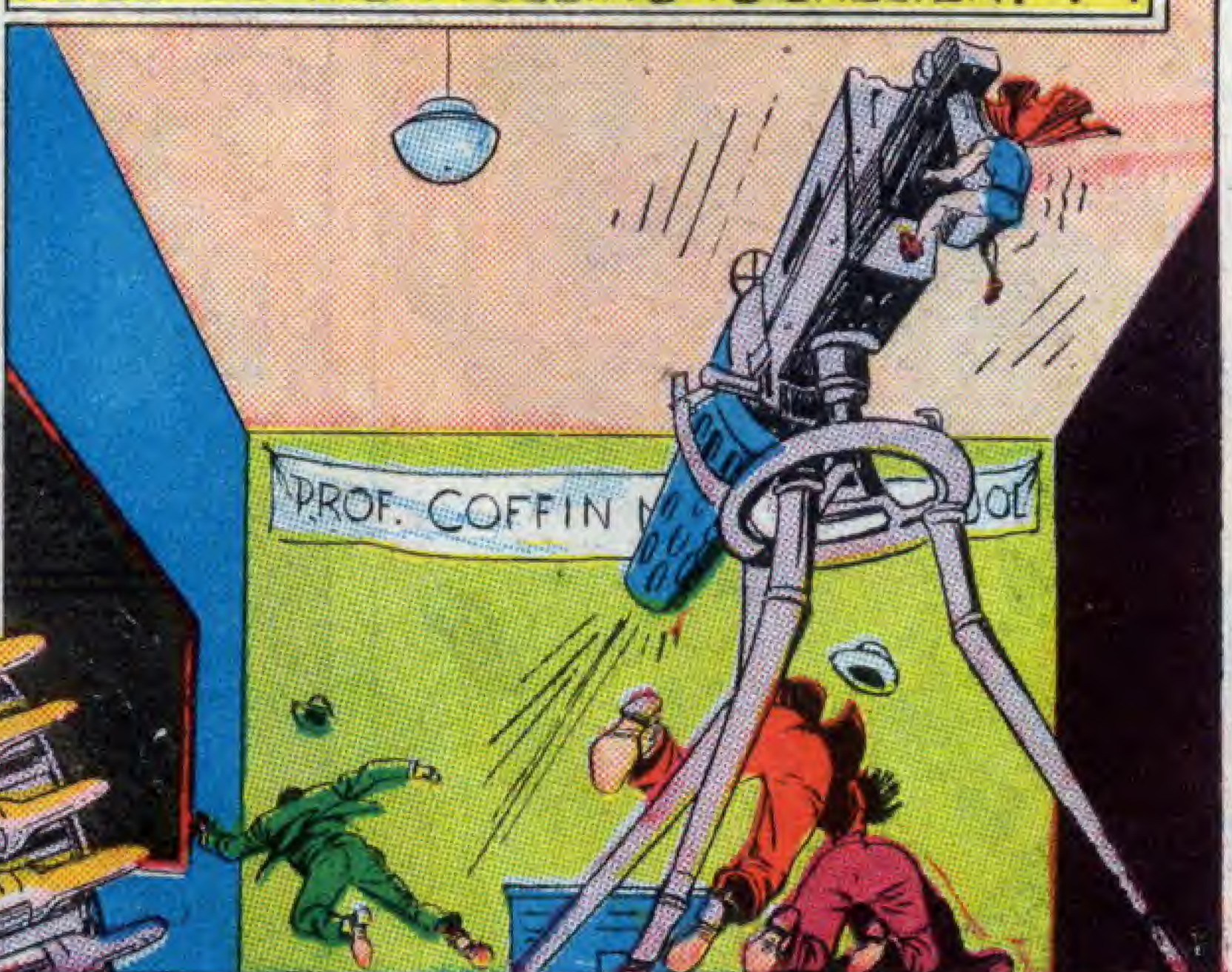
BEDLAM BREAKS LOOSE IN THE SCHOOLROOM AS THE DOLL MAN STREAKS THROUGH THE STUDENTS..THEY STRUGGLE IN VAIN TO CATCH THE TINY DYNAMO AND FALL OVER EACH OTHER IN THE WILD ATTEMPT.



THE DOLL MAN HOPS TO THE BREECH OF A MACHINE GUN.



RAINING BULLETS OVER THE THUGS' HEADS, HE SENDS THEM FLEEING TO SHELTER.

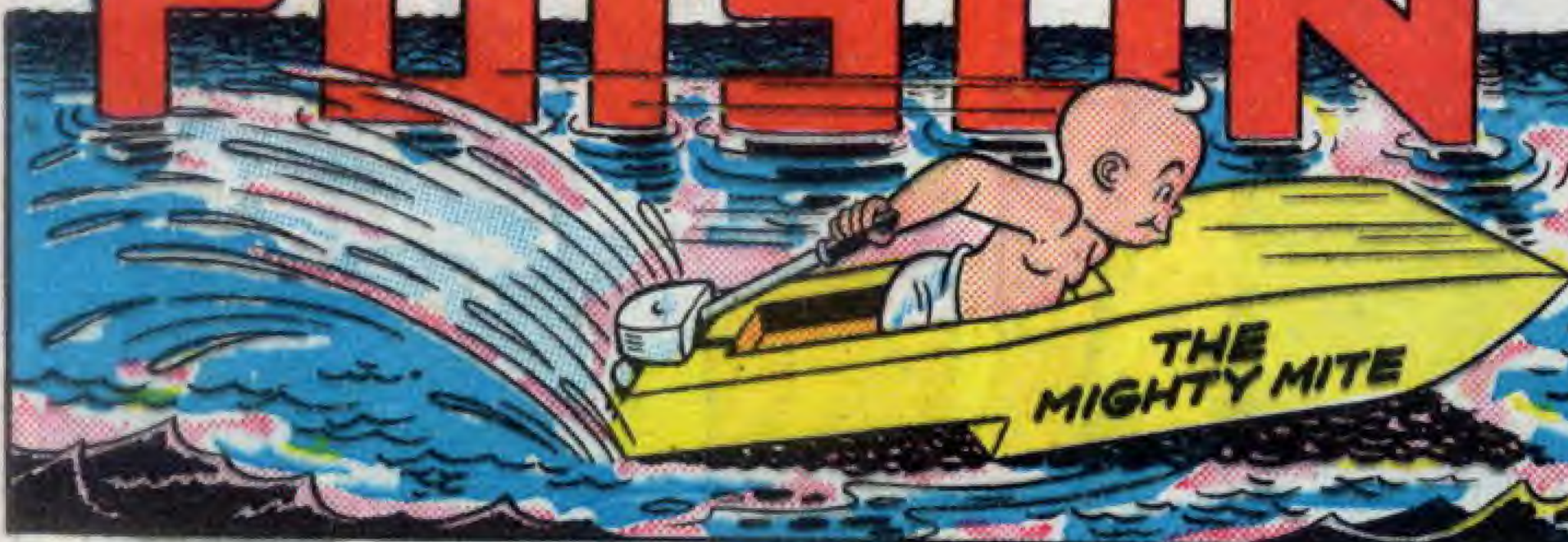




Following the sensational adventures of The Doll Man each month in FEATURE COMICS.

BY - GILL FOX -

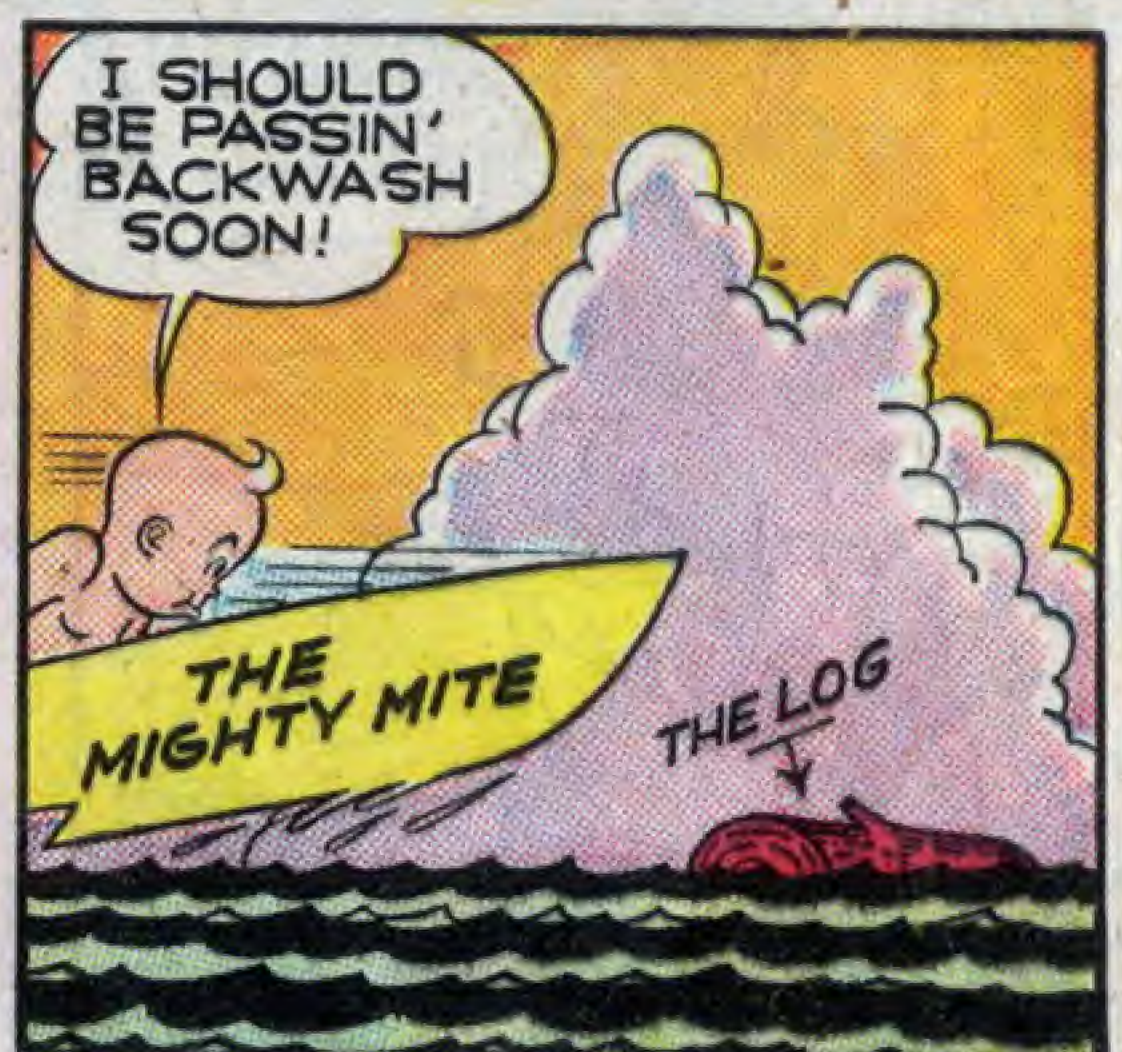
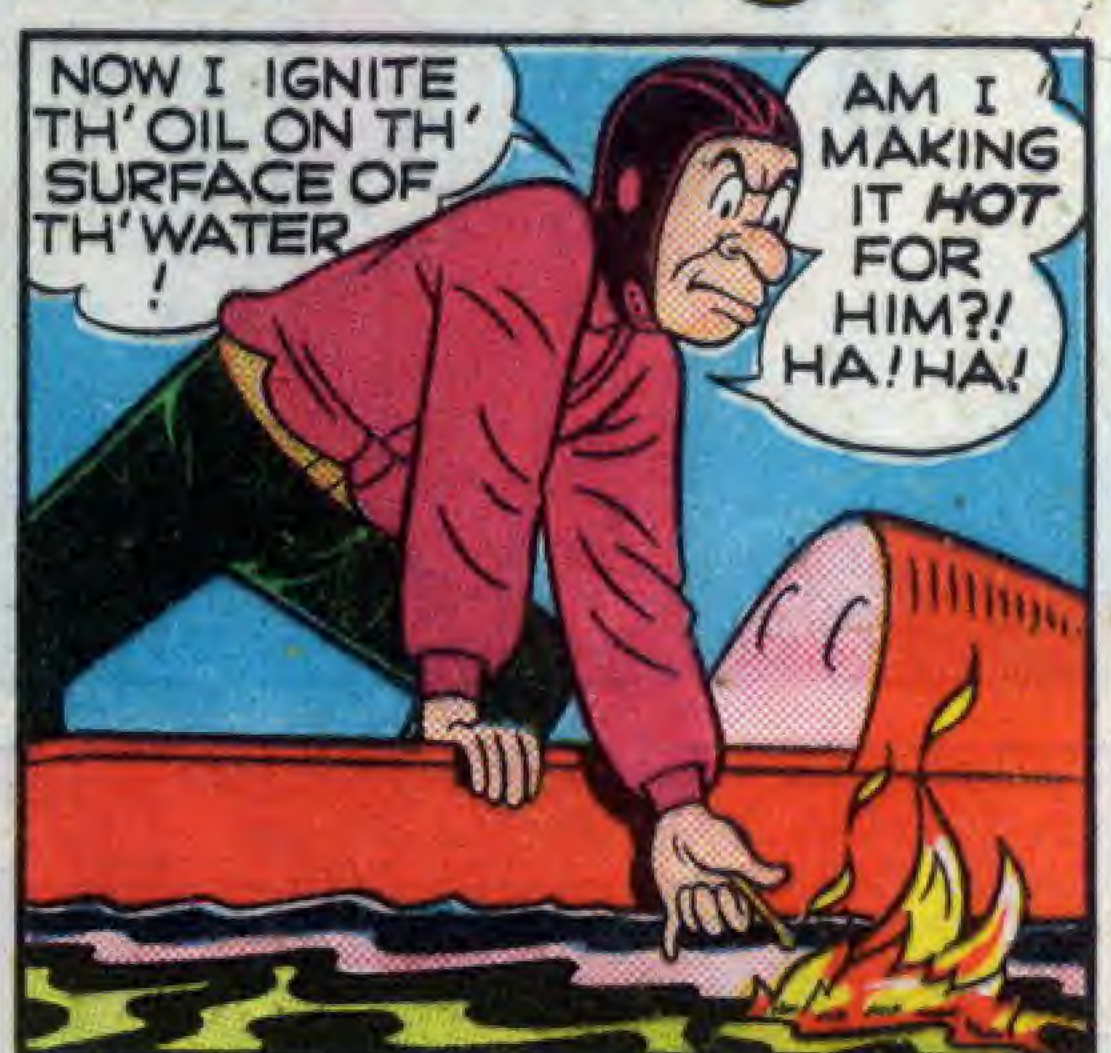
POISON IVY

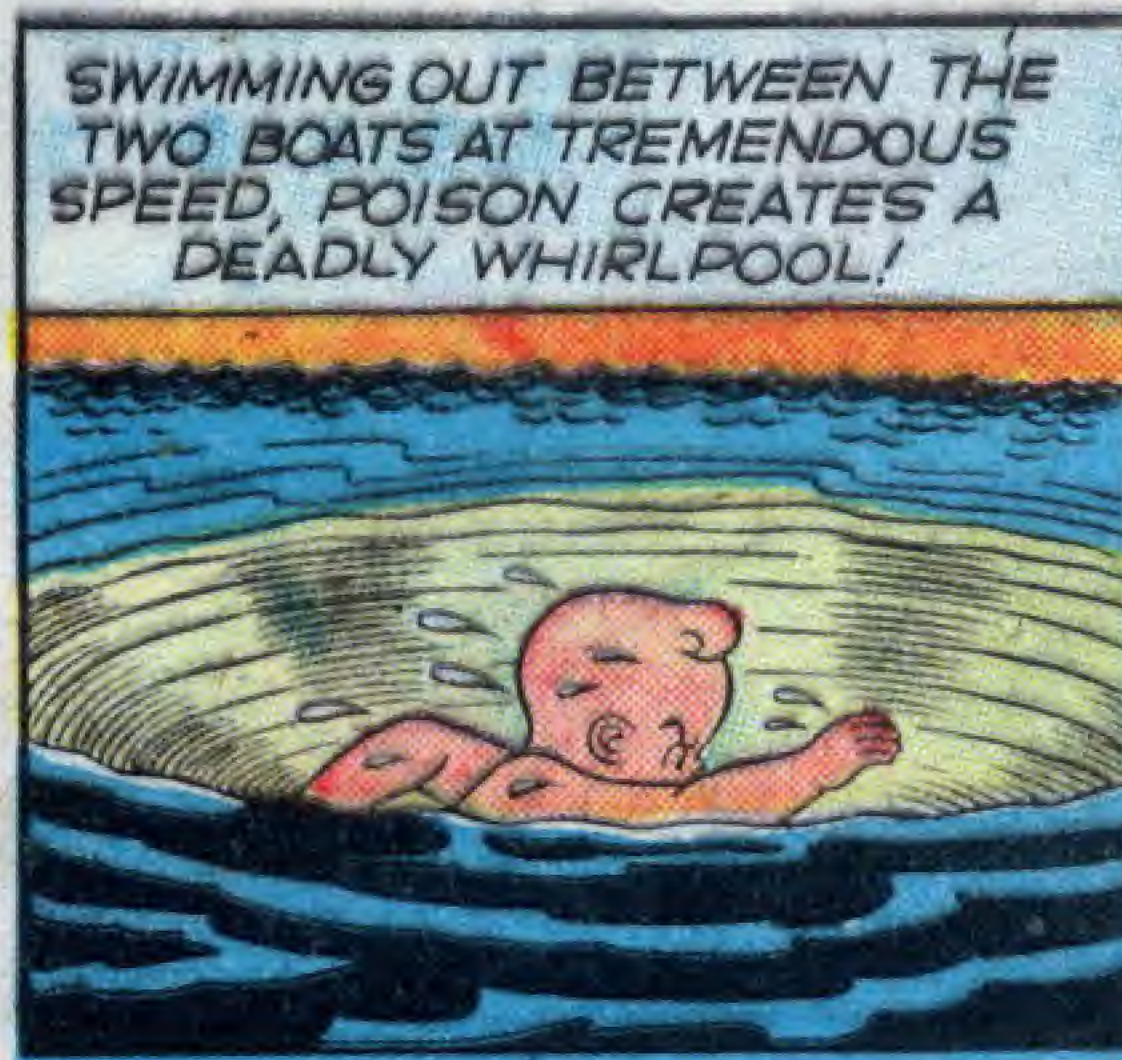
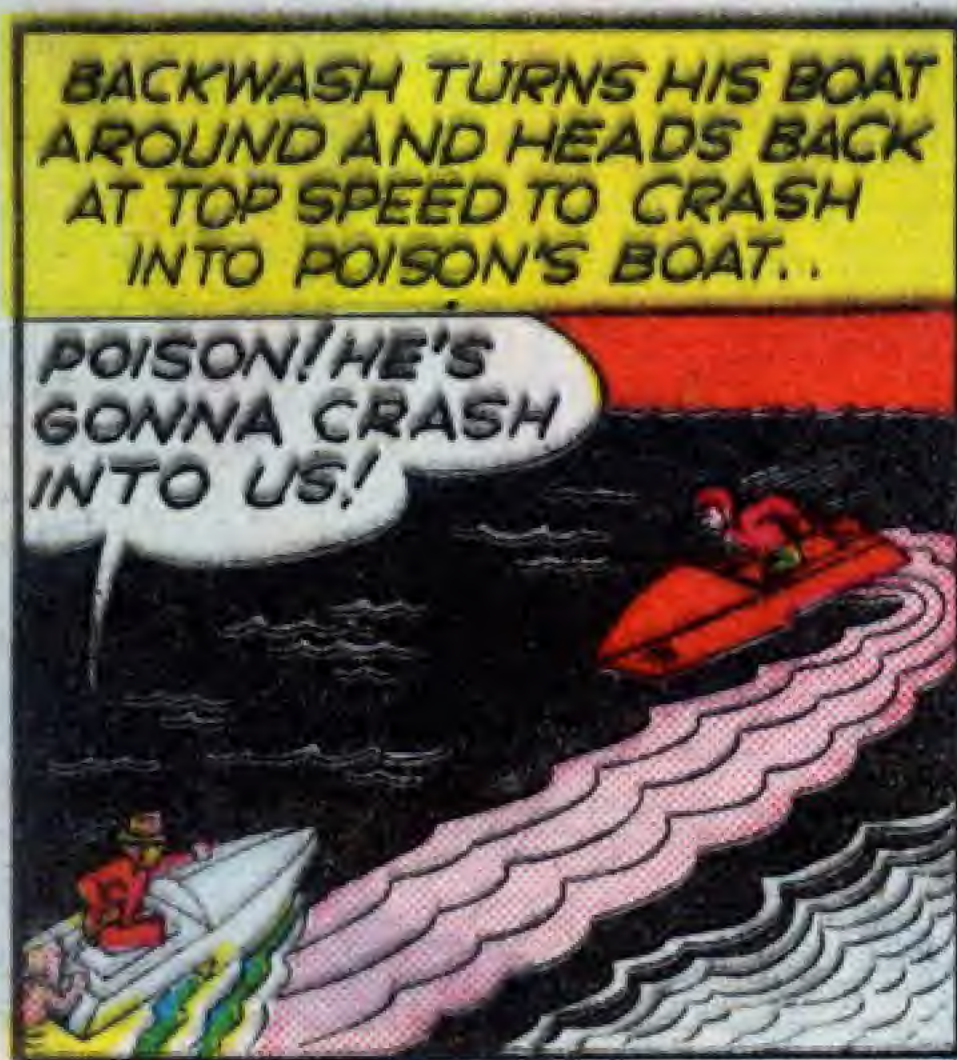
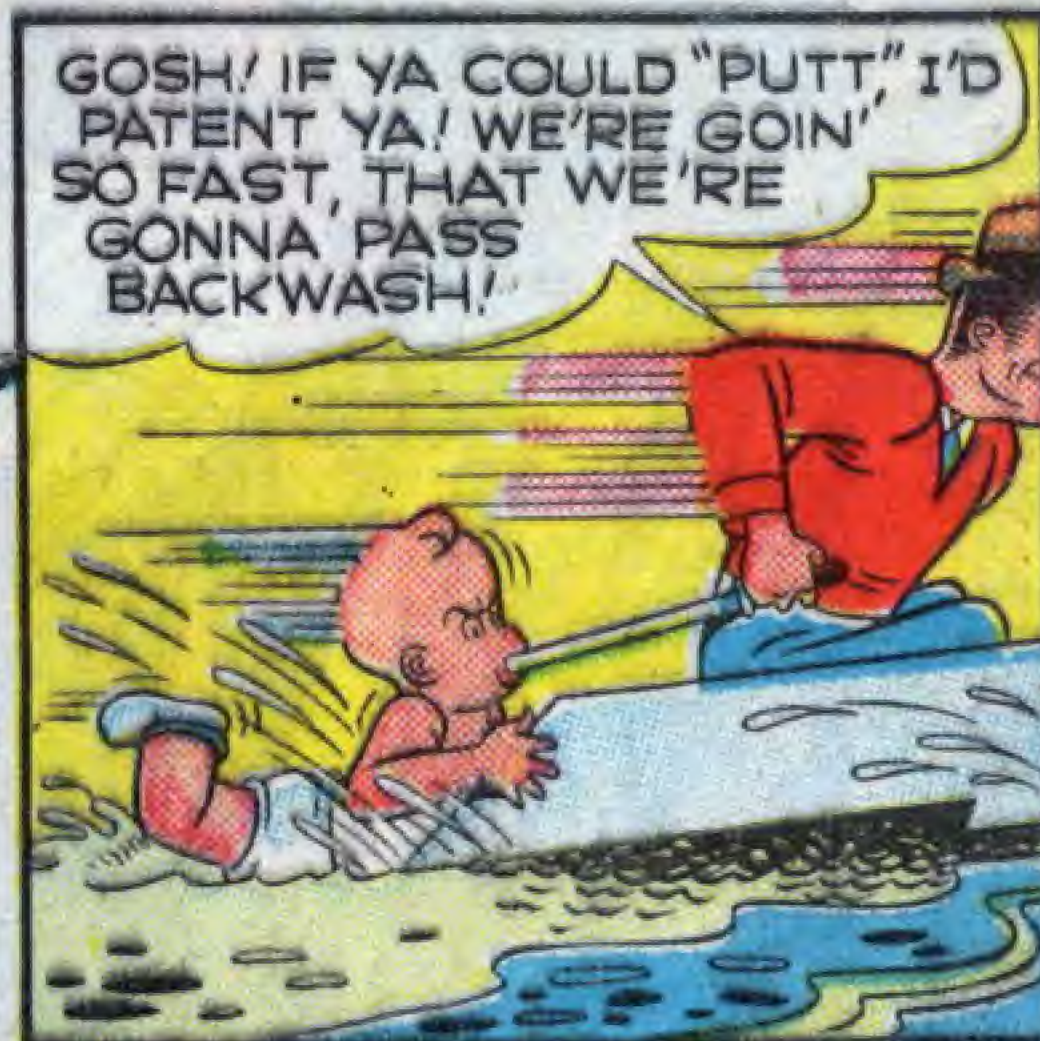
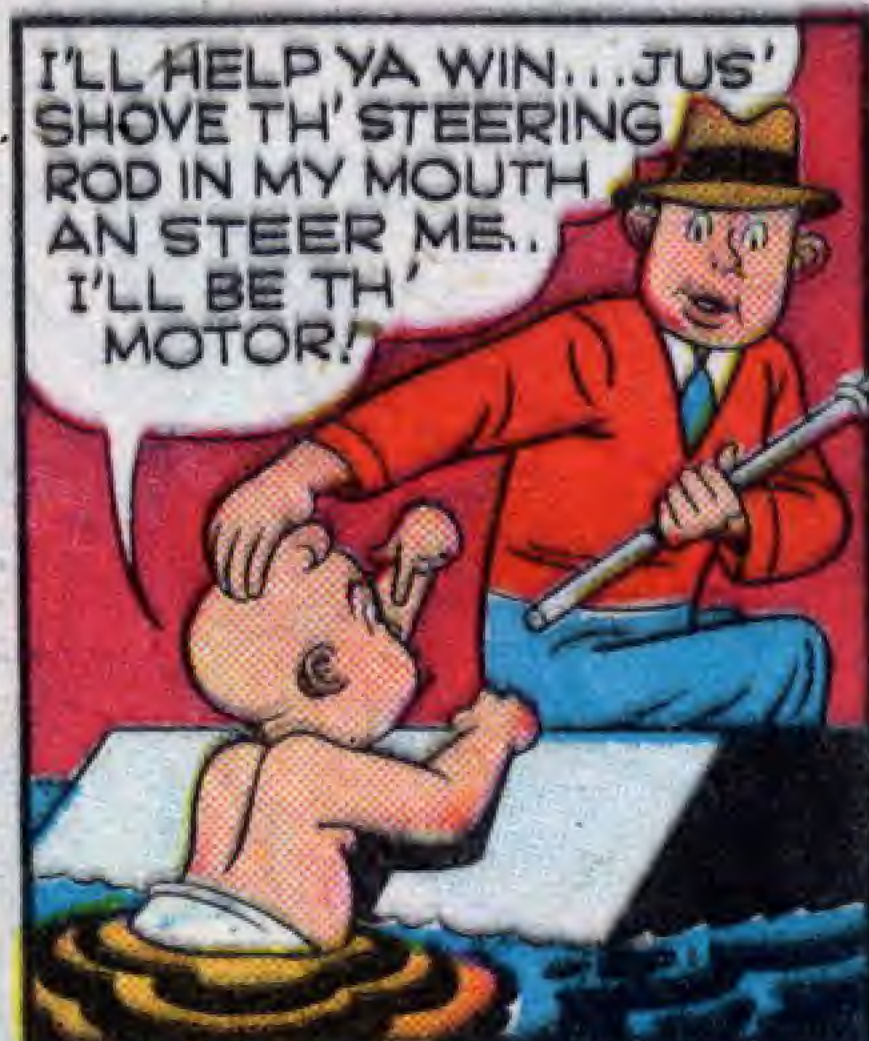
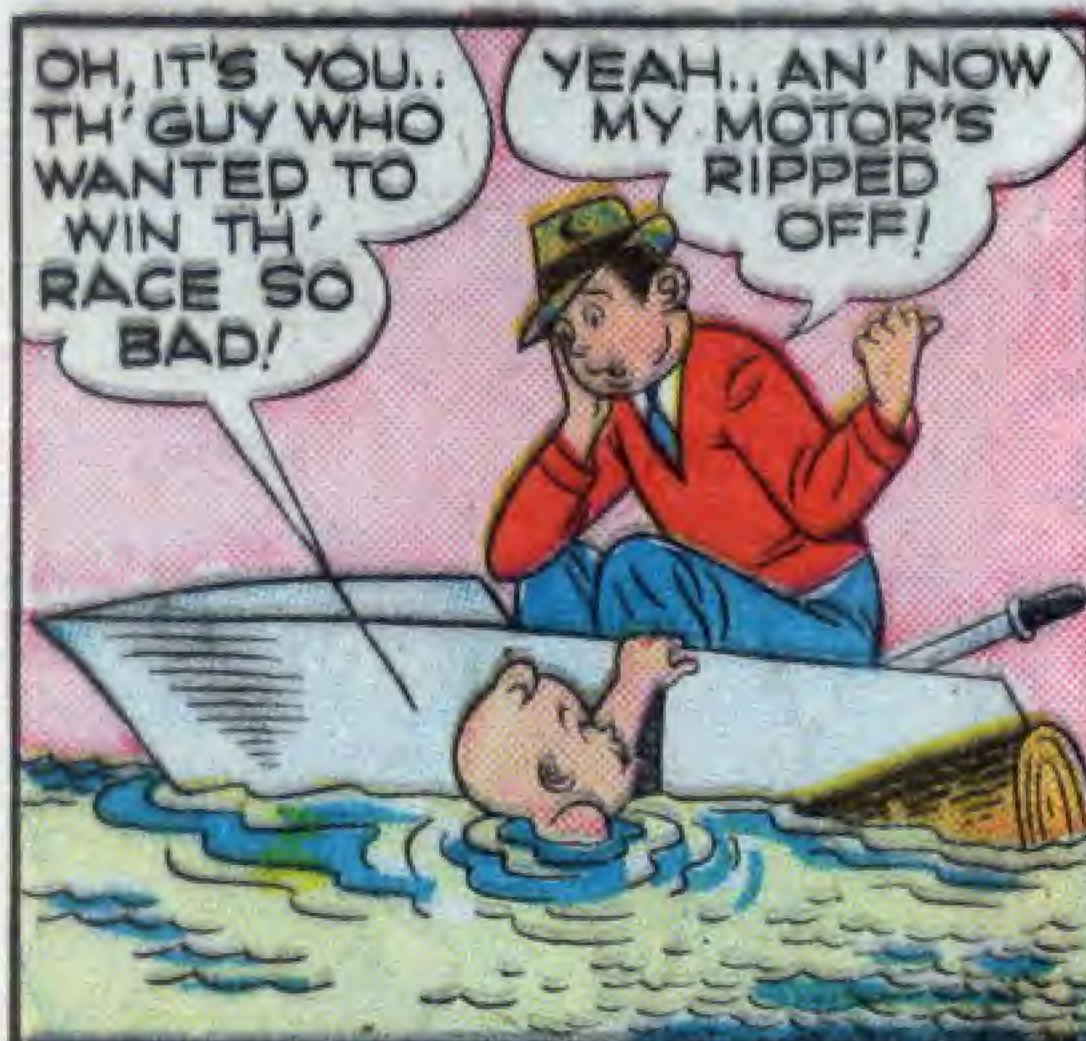
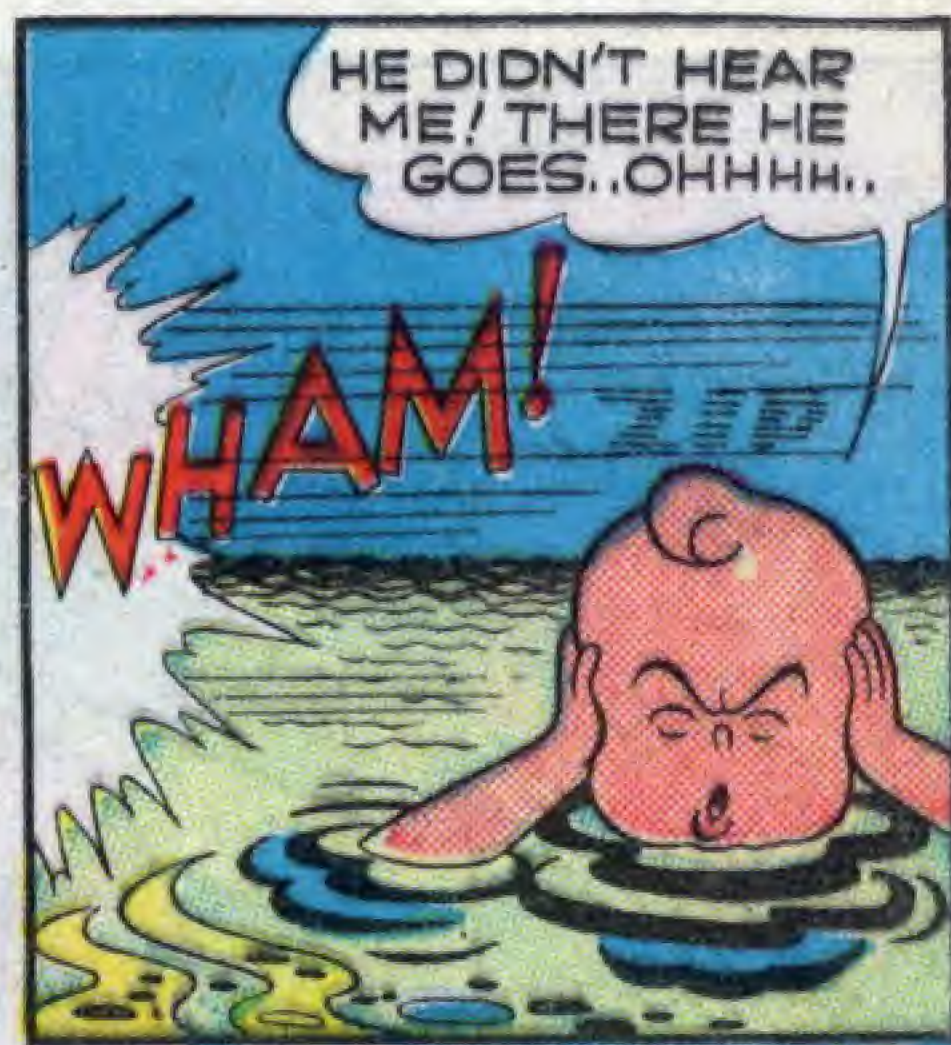
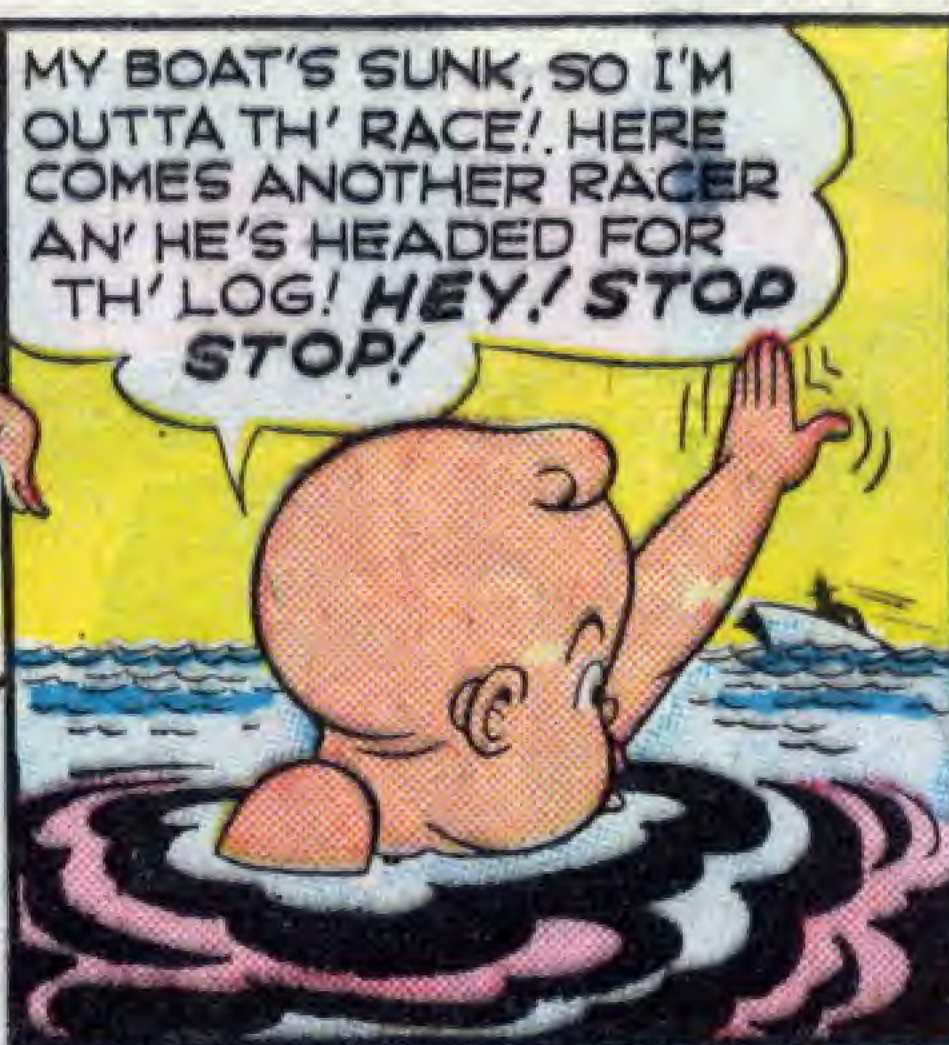
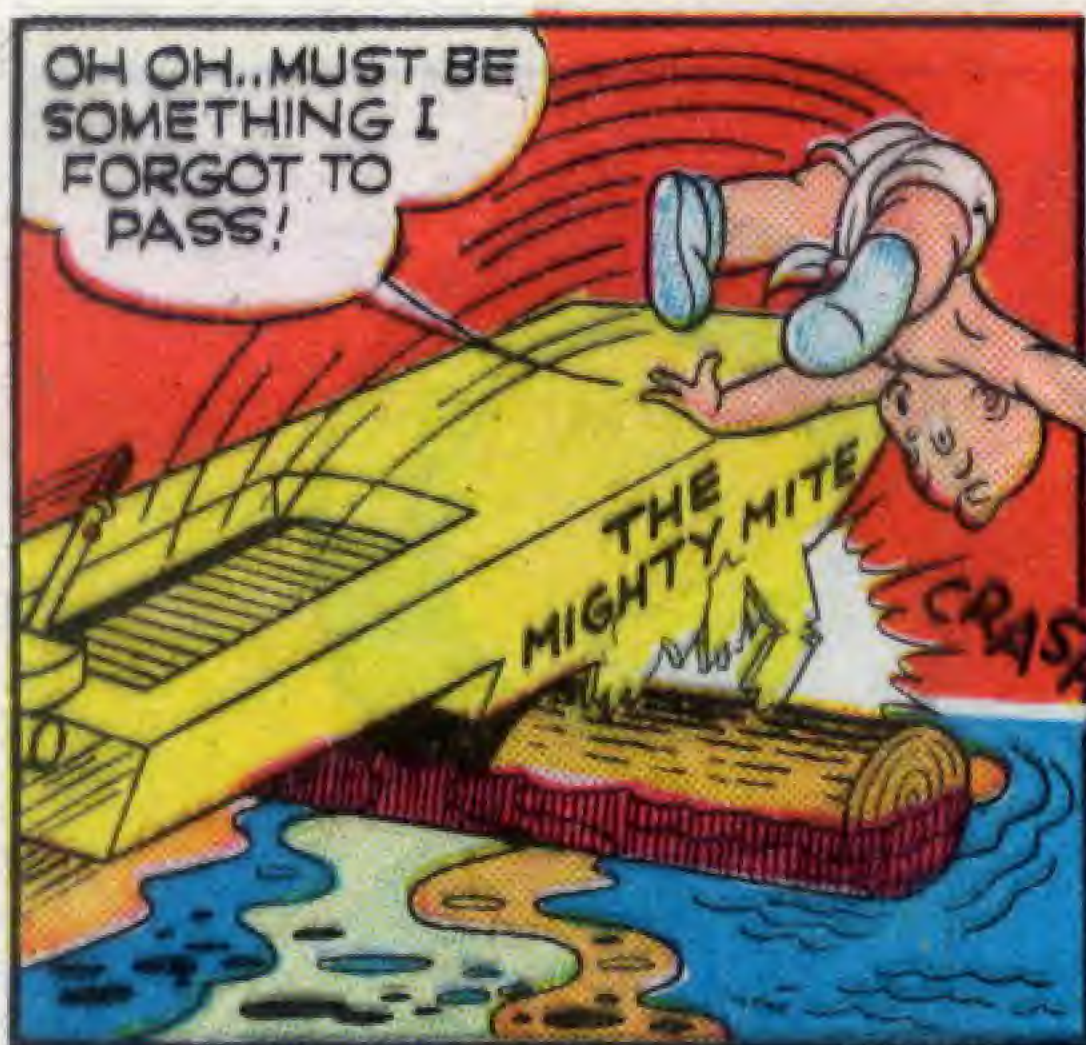


POISON IS TRYING OUT THE OUTBOARD RACING BOAT HE INTENDS TO USE IN THE ANNUAL 100 MILE RACE...



THE NEXT MORNING THE RACE STARTS... BACKWASH LEADS THE WHOLE GROUND.. AFTER ROUNDING THE FIRST TURN, HE STOPS...





ZERO

GHOST DETECTIVE

BY
NOEL
FOWLER



THE SPIRIT OF DOOM
STALKS THE HIGHWAYS,
CASTING TERROR
AND DESTRUCTION
UPON ALL WHO PASS.
BUT ALONE, ZERO
TRAVELS THIS
ROAD TO MEET
DEATH, FACE
TO FACE.

THE GHOST DETECTIVE DRIVES
UP A NARROW MOUNTAIN
ROAD ONE NIGHT.



GOLLY.. DOES
THIS ROAD
GO TO
HILLTOWN?

AT THE FIRST STATION, ZERO
PULLS UP TO ASK DIRECTIONS.

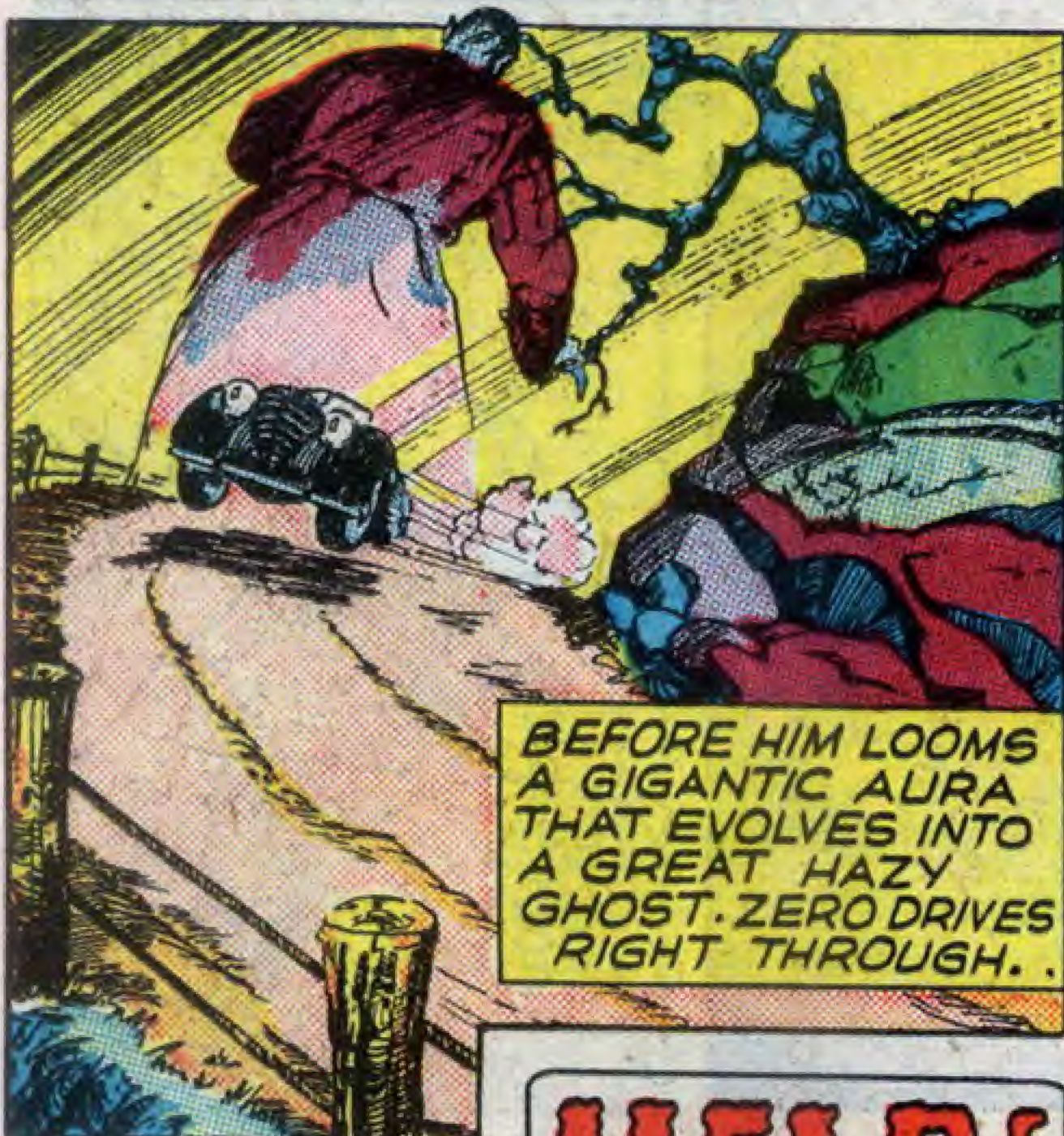


HILLTOWN? STRAIGHT
AHEAD, MISTER.. BUT
DON'T GO THERE!



WHY?

HILLTOWN ROAD'S
HAUNTED.. I AIN'T
KIDDIN'! A GHOST
WRECKS EVERY
CAR THAT
PASSES!





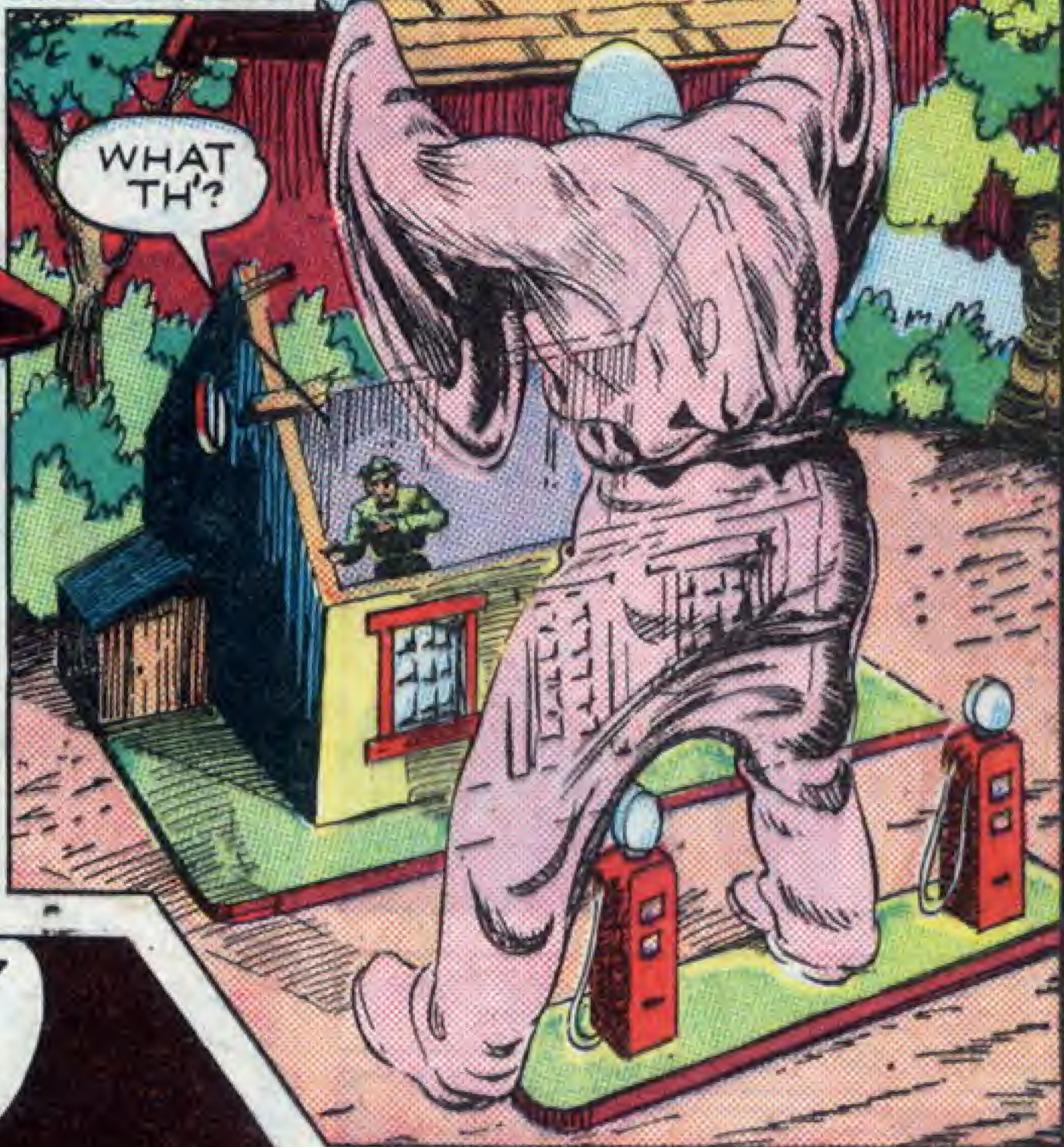
THE GREAT PHANTOM SCURRIES
OVER THE HILLS . . .



HE RACES TO THE
SAME GAS STATION
WHERE ZERO HAD
STOPPED BEFORE.



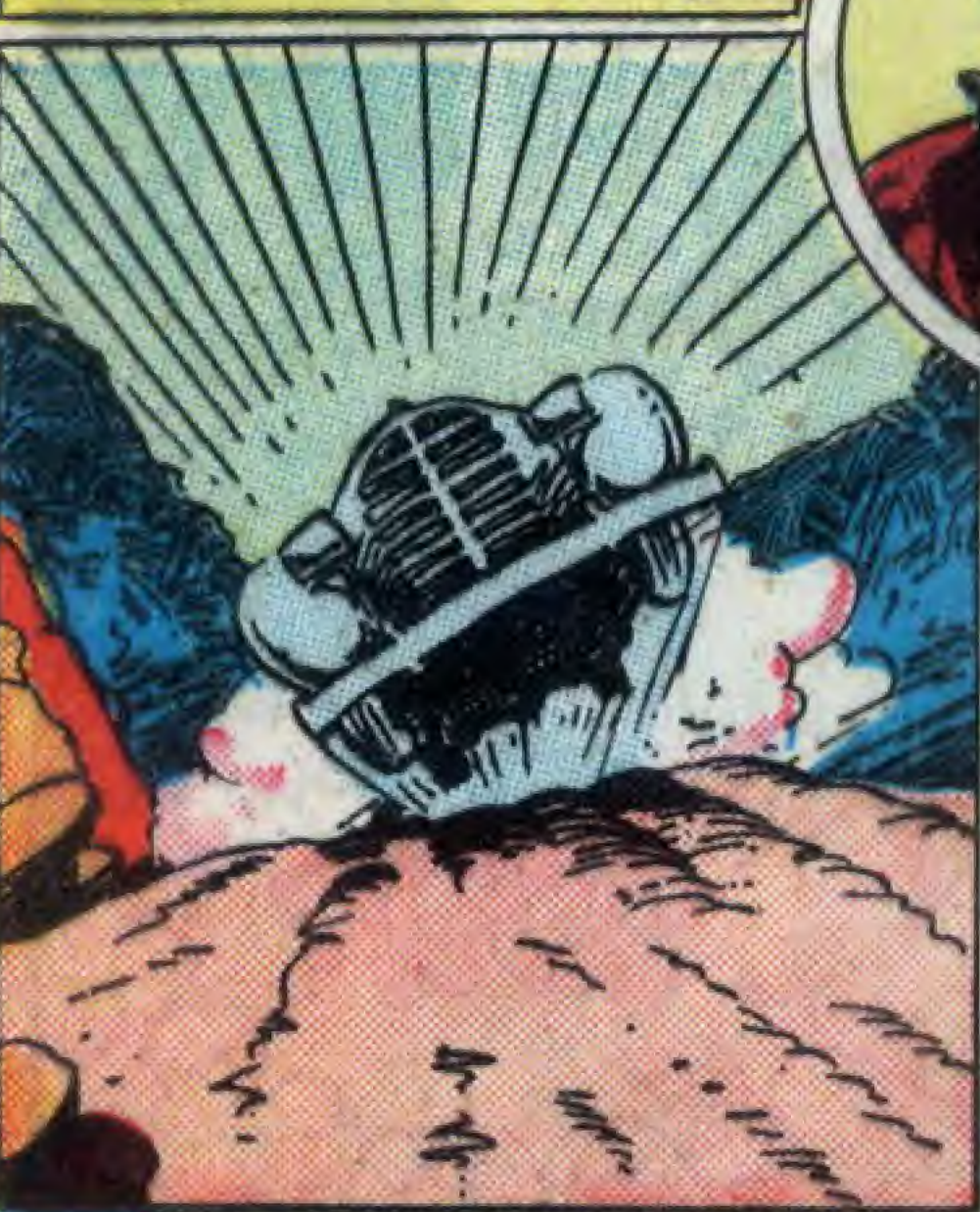
AND RIPS
THE ROOF
RIGHT OFF
THE HOUSE.



ZERO HEARS THE CRY.



HE TEARS TOWARD THE
GAS STATION AT TOP
SPEED.

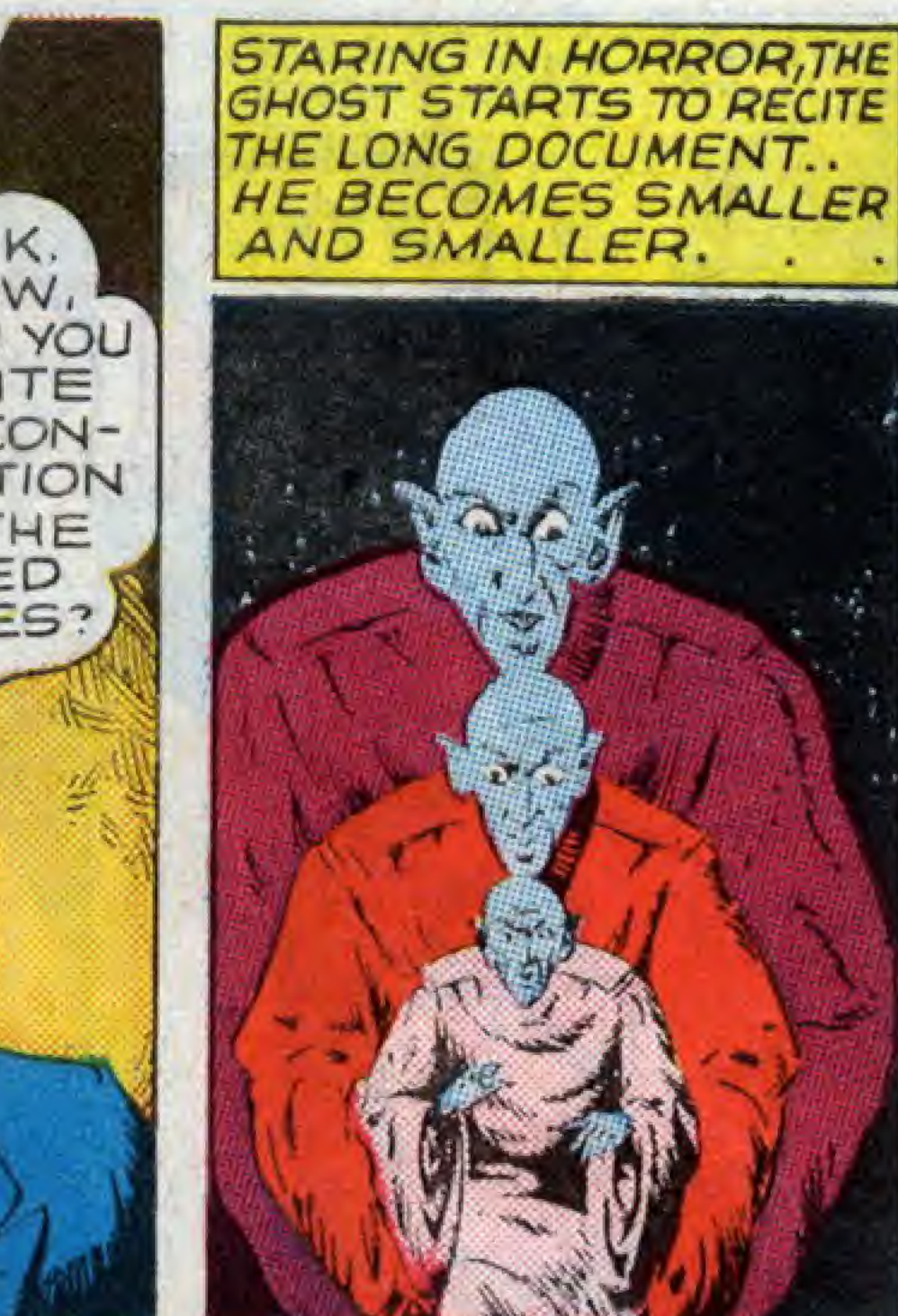
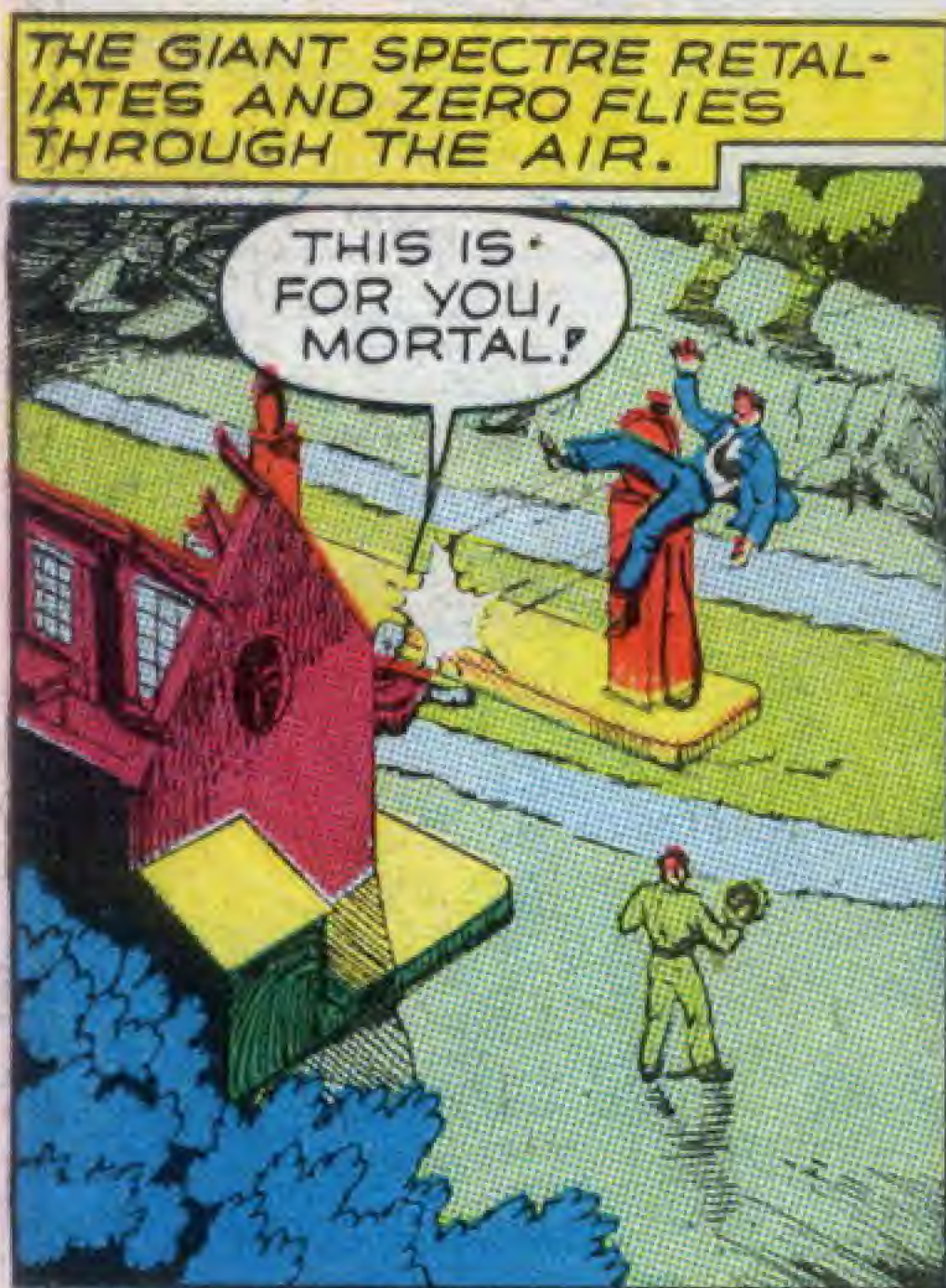


YOU!
ZERO LEAPS FROM
THE CAR. . .



BY THIS TIME, HUMAN CONTACT
HAS SHRUNK THE GHOST TO
A MERE EIGHT FEET, BUT
NOW HE LAUGHS UPROARIOUSLY
AT THE GHOST DETECTIVE.





SAMAR

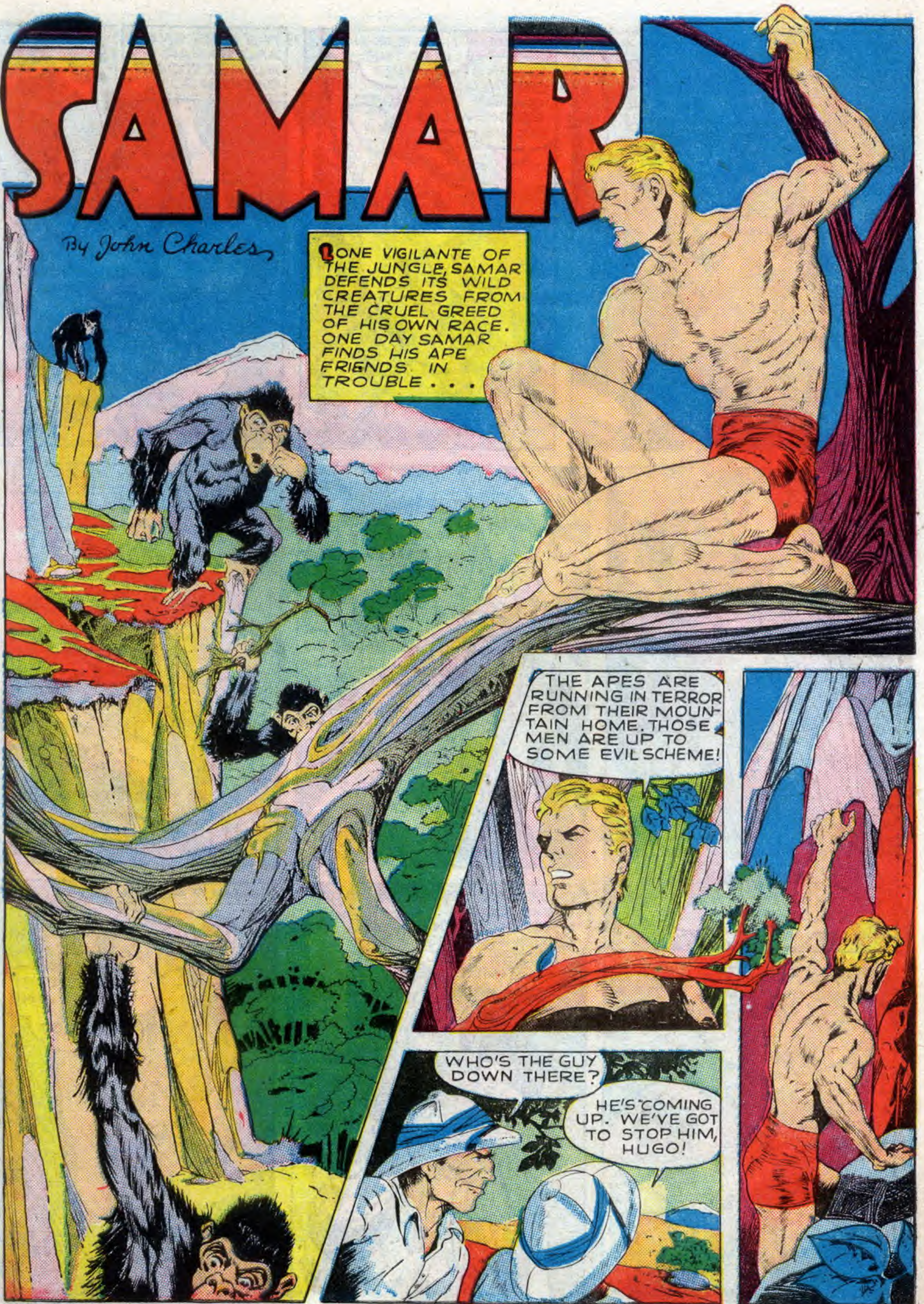
By John Charles

ONE VIGILANTE OF THE JUNGLE, SAMAR DEFENDS ITS WILD CREATURES FROM THE CRUEL GREED OF HIS OWN RACE. ONE DAY SAMAR FINDS HIS APE FRIENDS IN TROUBLE . . .

THE APES ARE RUNNING IN TERROR FROM THEIR MOUNTAIN HOME. THOSE MEN ARE UP TO SOME EVIL SCHEME!

WHO'S THE GUY DOWN THERE?

HE'S COMING UP. WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM, HUGO!



SAMAR CLIMBS RAPIDLY UP A STOUT VINE.



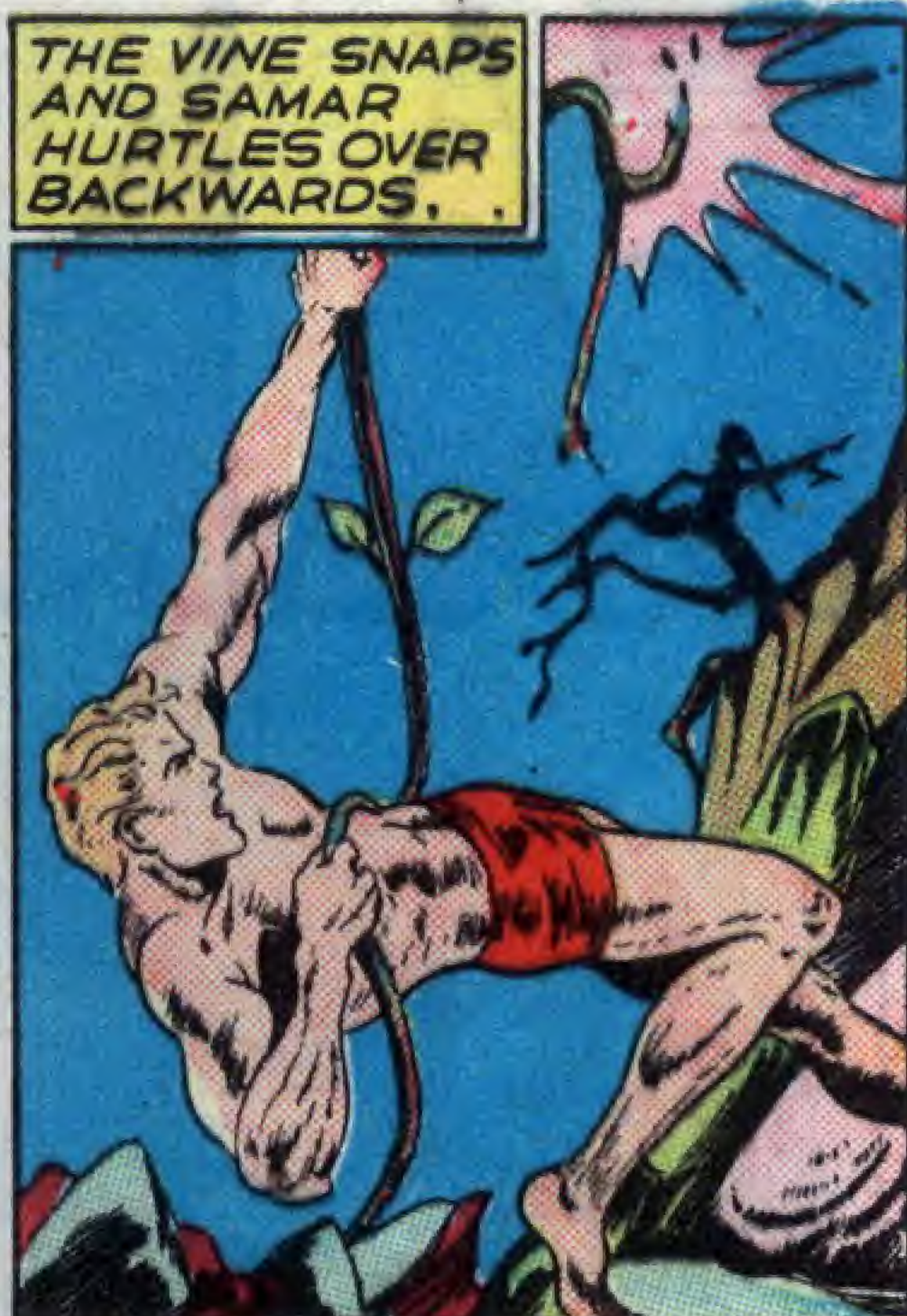
I'LL USE THE SAME METHODS THE APES DO!

FALLING ON THOSE SHARP ROCKS WILL FIX HIM.

THAT'S RIGHT! CUT THE VINE!



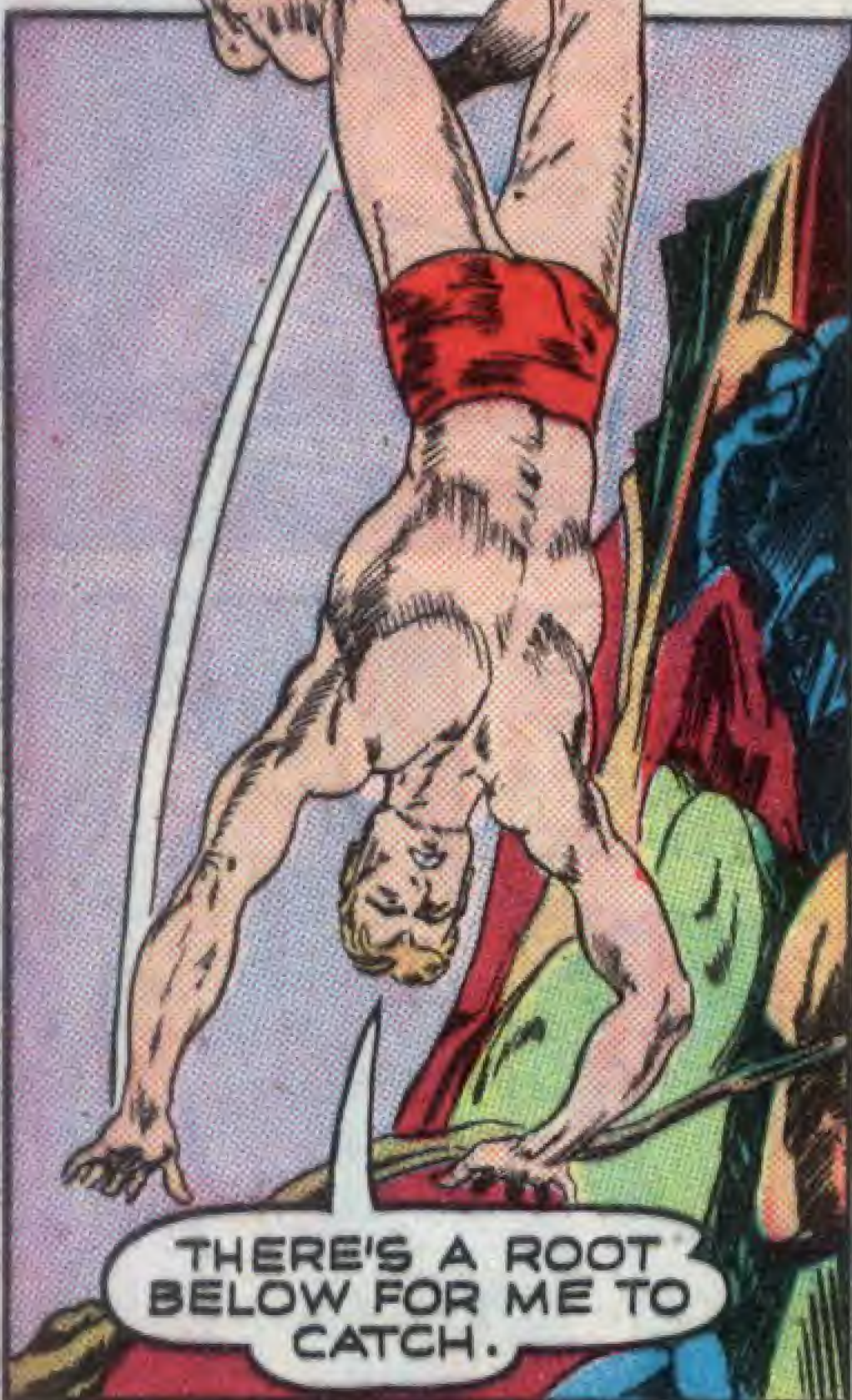
THE VINE SNAPS AND SAMAR HURTTLES OVER BACKWARDS.



BUT SAMAR'S LUCKY FALL IS OBSERVED.



HE CAN'T DUCK THESE ROCKS, GUS?



THERE'S A ROOT BELOW FOR ME TO CATCH.



NOW IF I CAN CRAWL UP THE SHEER WALL, THOSE MEN WILL WISH THEY'D NEVER BEEN BORN.



THOSE ROCKS CAME CLOSE. I REACHED THIS OVERHANGING LEDGE JUST IN TIME!

SAMAR RESUMES HIS CLIMB.



QUIET UP THERE. THEY MUST THINK I WAS KILLED!



WITH THAT GUY AND THE APES OUT OF OUR WAY, WE CAN GET TO WORK!

WITH AGILE SPEED, HE REACHES THE CREST.



HIS KEEN EYES PROVIDE A READY ANSWER.



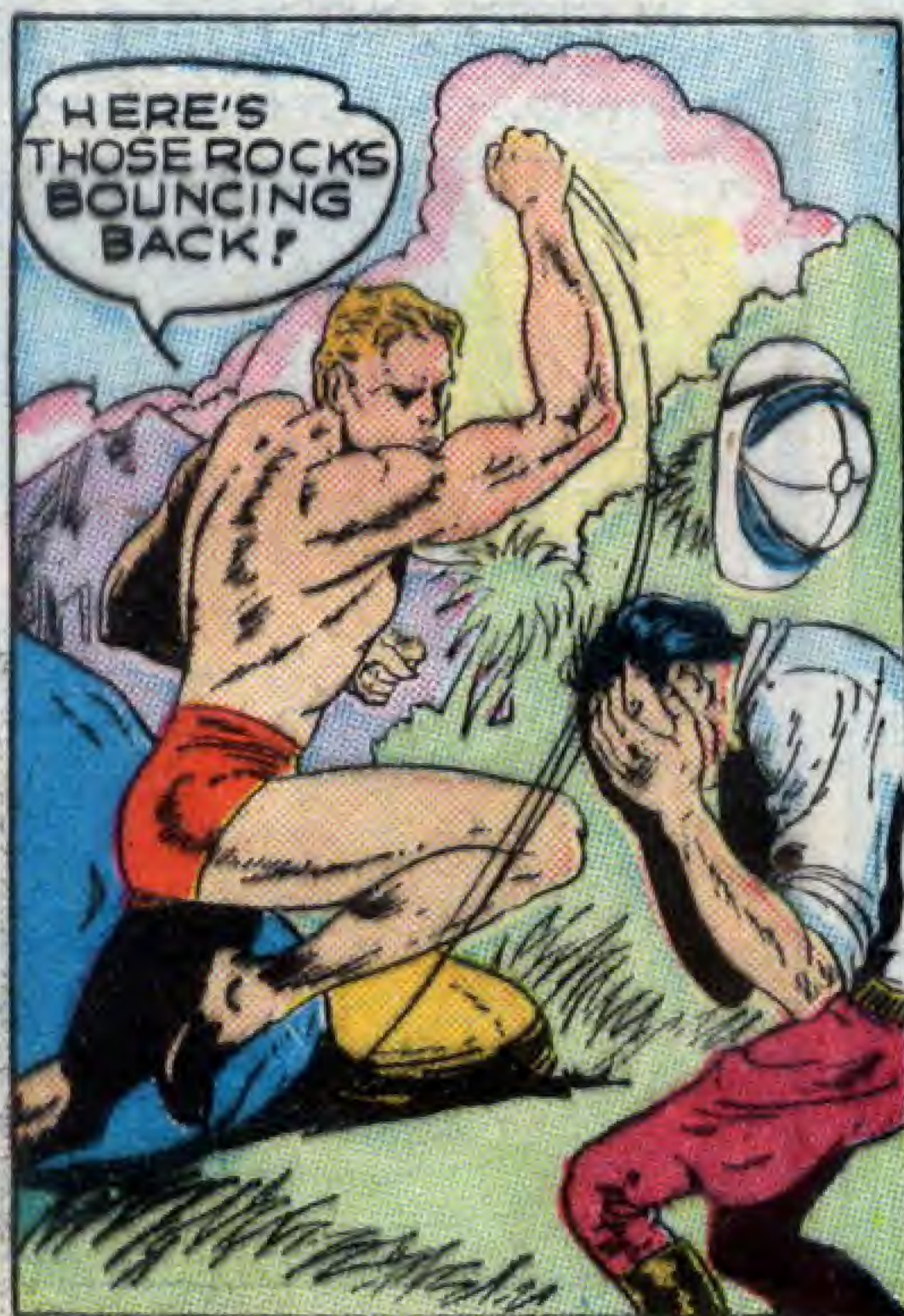
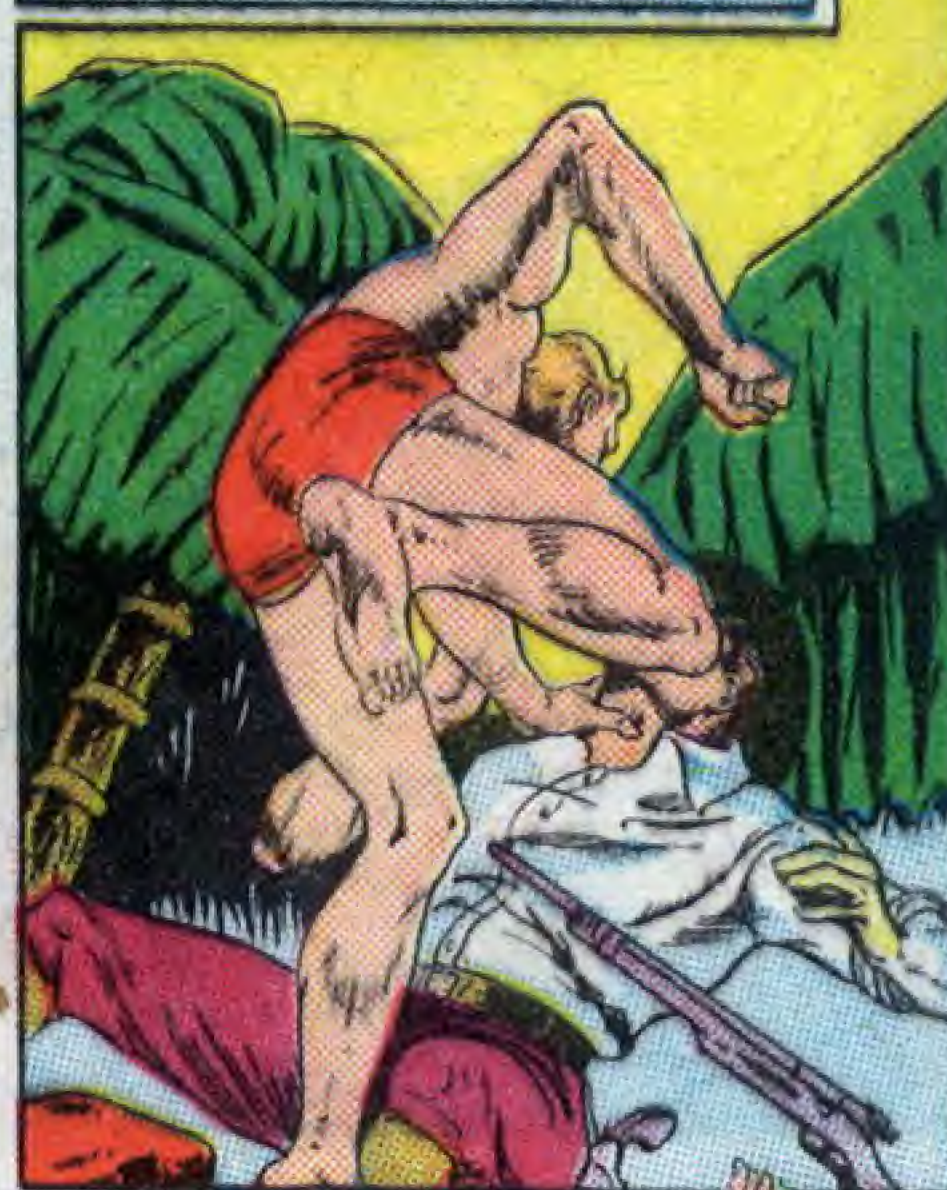
AT THE SIGNS OF DESTRUCTION, SAMAR HALTS. ANGER SEETHES IN HIS BRAIN.



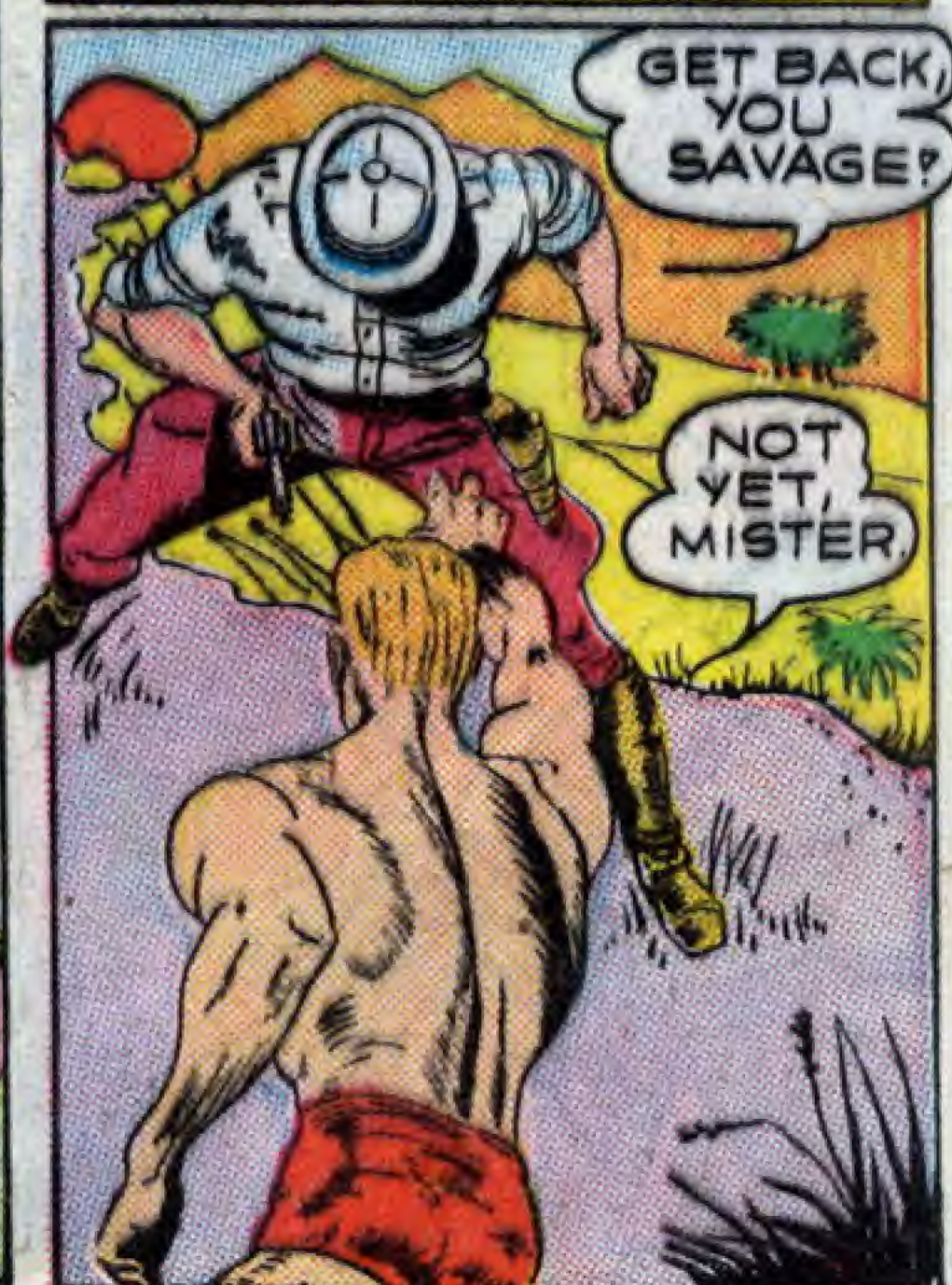
THE MEN ARE UNAWARE OF SAMAR'S STEALTHY APPROACH.



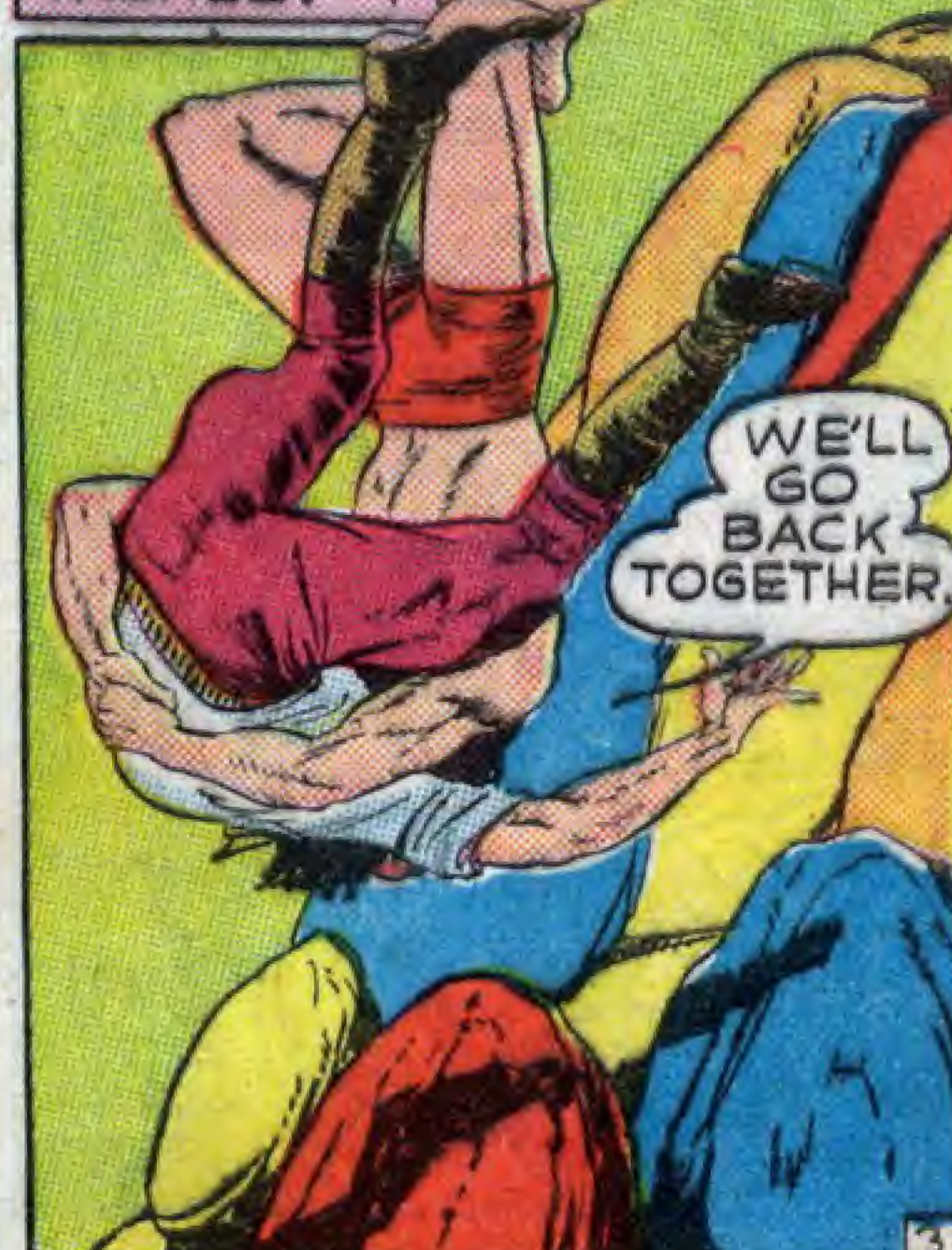
SWIFT AS A LEOPARD, SAMAR SPRINGS.



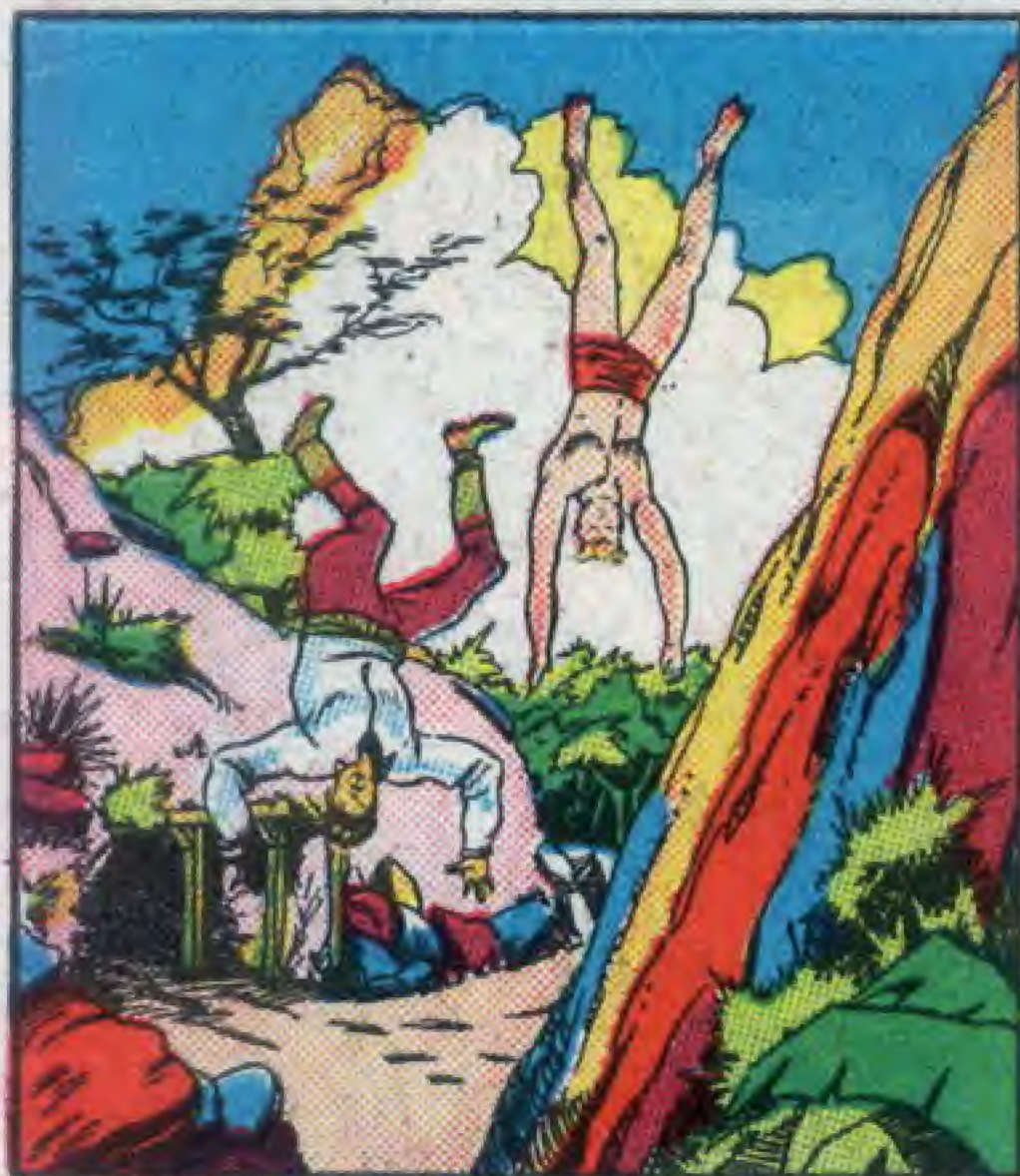
BUT HUGO FIRES BEFORE SAMAR IS UPON HIM.



SAMAR MAKES A FLYING TACKLE.



THEY ROLL DOWN THE STEEP INCLINE INTO THE MOUTH OF A FRESHLY DUG PIT.



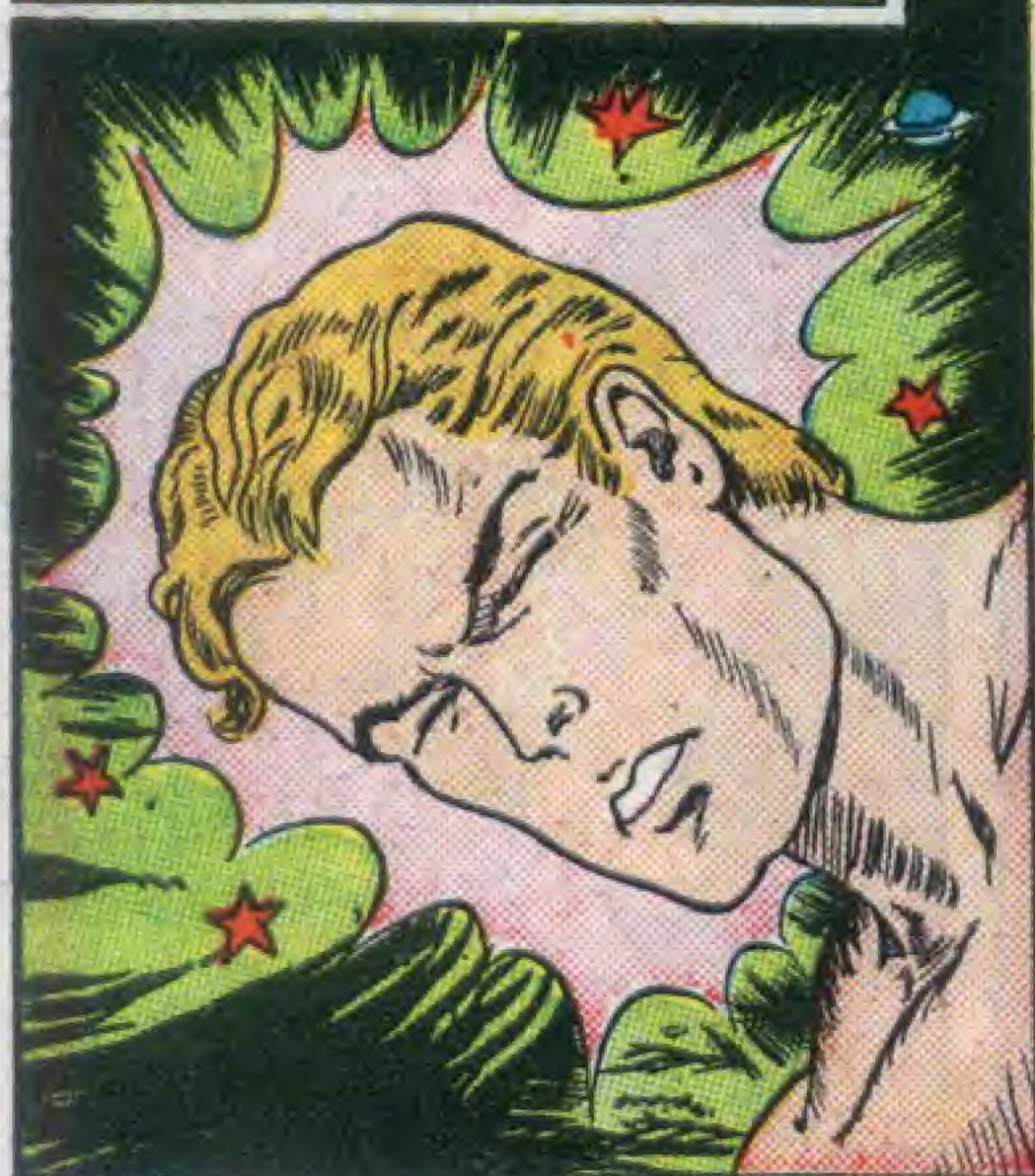
AND SAMAR LANDS NIMBLY ON HIS FEET.



BUT AS THEY ENTER THE DARK TUNNEL, HUGO SPRINGS A QUICK STRATEGY.



HANDS SLIPPING ON THE MOIST EARTH, SAMAR'S HEAD STRIKES A ROCK.



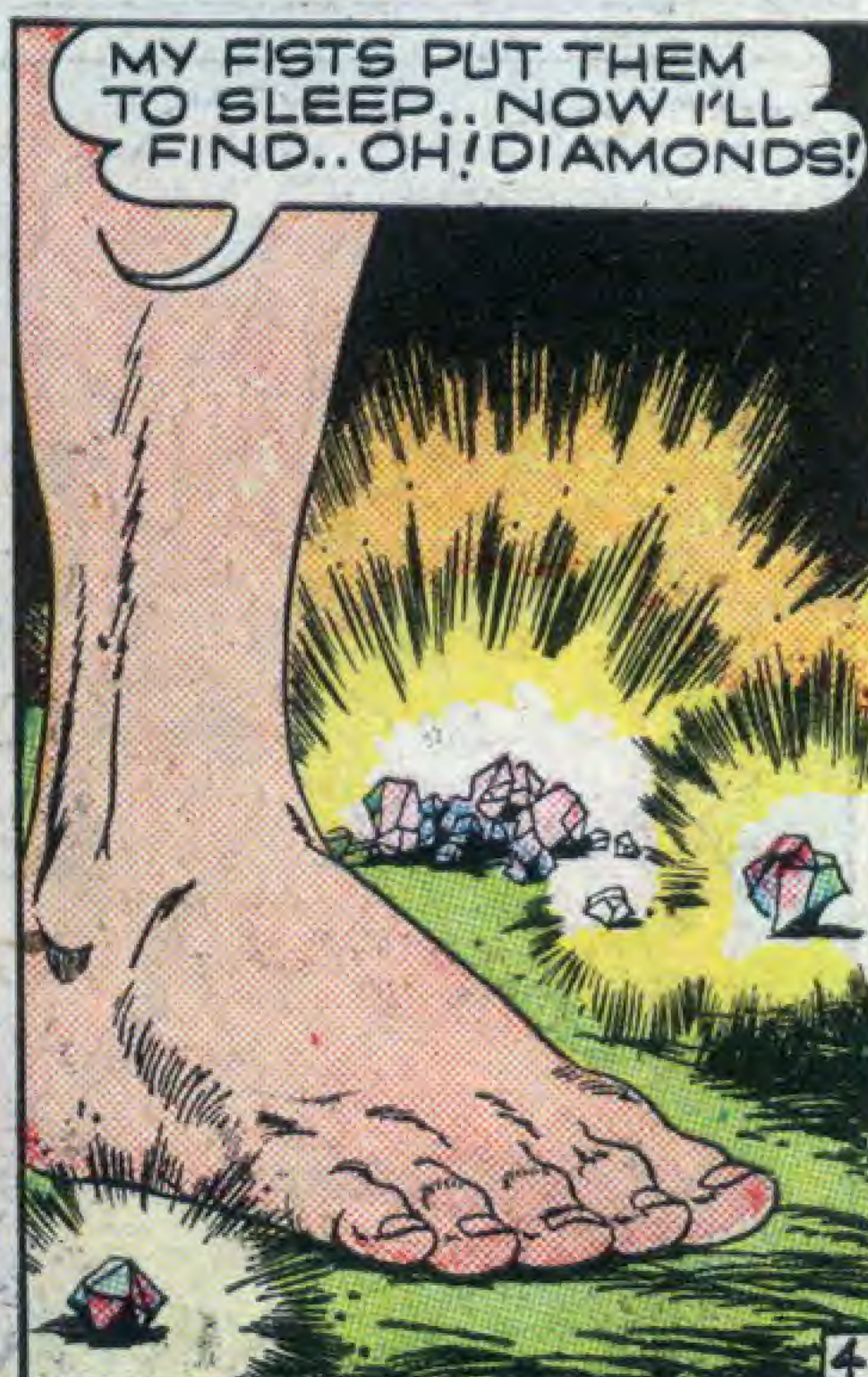
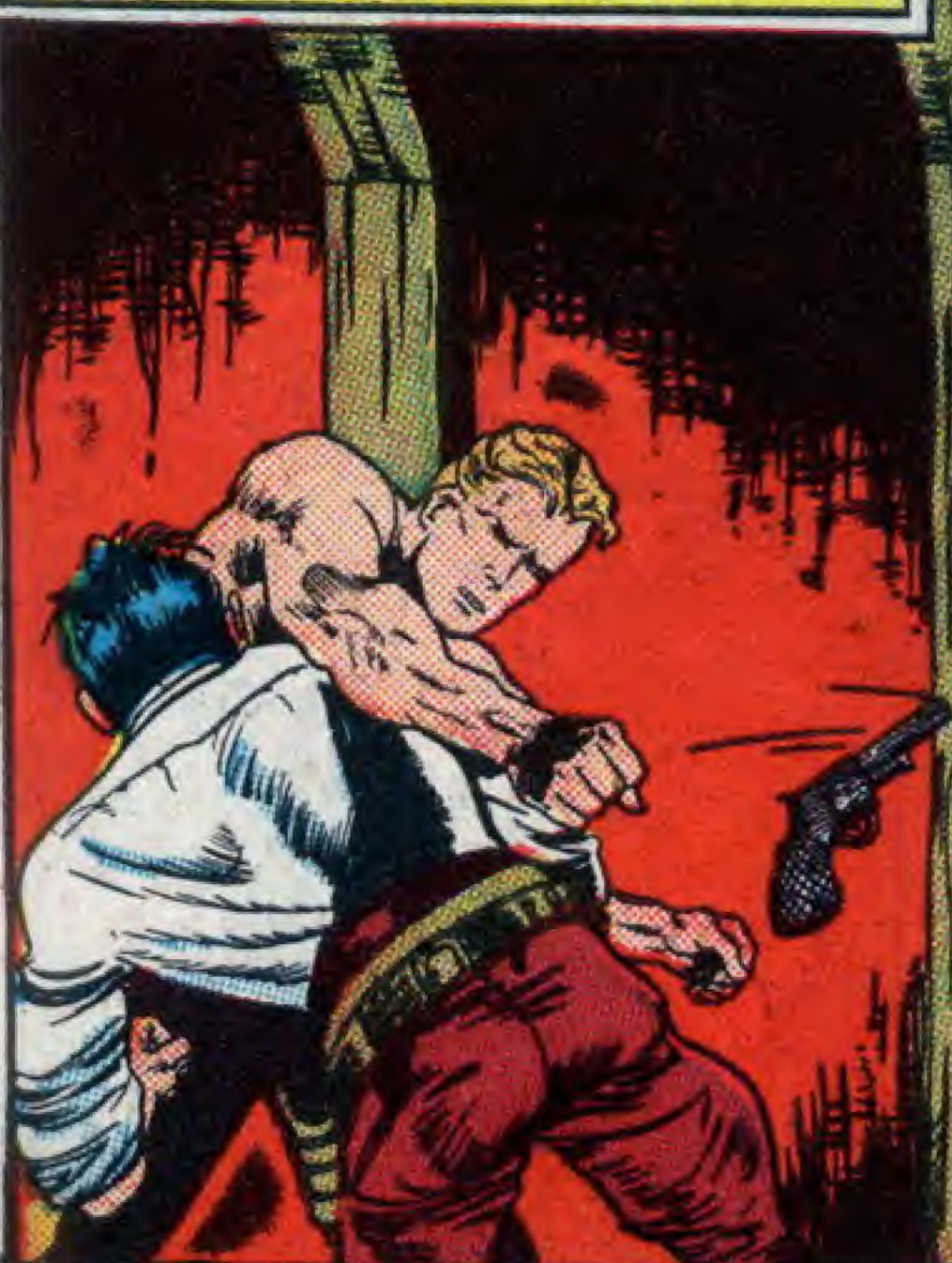
THE MINER SNATCHES UP A PICKAXE.



AS SAMAR GRABS AT HUGO, A SHOT ROARS OVER HIS HEAD.



RUSHING THROUGH THE SHADOWS, SAMAR LEAPS UPON THE OTHER MINER.



BUT BEHIND SAMAR'S BACK, THE MINERS ARE WIDE AWAKE.



GINGERLY, HIS ACCOMPLICE HOLDS A MATCH TO THE OILY RAG.



BEFORE THE MINER CAN HURL THE FLAMING MISSILE, THE GAS EXPLODES.



SAMAR WHIRLS ABOUT.



QUICKLY, SAMAR DISARMS THE MEN AND DRAGS THEM OUTSIDE.



LEAVE THIS COUNTRY AT ONCE! YOU'LL FIND A TRAIL DOWN THERE.

OKAY.. BUT HOW CAN WE GET THROUGH WITHOUT GUNS AND FOOD?



DOWN THE TRAIL, A HUNGRY LION LIES IN WAIT FOR PREY.



THE KING OF BEASTS SPRINGS UPON THE UNARMED PAIR.



SERVES THEM RIGHT.. JUNGLE LAWS MUST BE ENFORCED BY THE ANIMALS.



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

WHY DIDN'T YOU HIT TH' LAST ONE INSTEAD OF DUCKIN'?

I THOUGHT IT WAS GONNA HIT ME, BUT IT CURVED OVER TH' PLATE!



WELL, HE WON'T MAKE ME DUCK!



STRIKE THREE!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

LOOK OVER IN THAT LOT, MICKEY.. IT'S A FREE-FOR-ALL!

GOSH! THAT'S BIFF JORDAN'S MOB FIGHTIN' SLUG WADE'S GANG!



KEEP PUNCHIN' KEEP PUNCHIN'

GIVE IT TO 'EM.. MAKE 'EM LIKE IT!



BIFF JORDAN IS TH' ONE ON THIS SIDE, YOU TAKE HIM.. I'LL TAKE SLUG!

OKAY!



WE AIN'T GONNA ARREST ANY OF YA! COME BACK!



WHAT WERE YOU FIGHTIN' FOR?

BIFF CLAIMS THIS IS HIS BALL LOT, AND SLUG CLAIMS IT'S HIS



WELL, IT'S A BIG LOT.. IT OUGHTA BE BIG ENOUGH FOR ALL OF YOU TO PLAY IN!

SURE.. BUT BIFF DON'T THINK SO!

AND NEITHER DOES SLUG!



THEN WE'LL LET BIFF AND SLUG SETTLE THIS THEMSELVES!



WHAT'CHA WAITIN' FOR? YA BEEN DANCIN' AROUND FOR TEN MINUTES!

AW.. ONE'S AFRAID AN' TH OTHER WON'T!

PILE IN- TO HIM SLUG OR ARE YA YELLOW?



DON'T YOU SEE FELLAS? THEY'RE WILLIN' TO LET YOU GET HURT FOR THEM.. BUT THEY'RE AFRAID TO DO ANY FIGHTIN' THEMSELVES!



YOU'RE RIGHT, MICKEY!

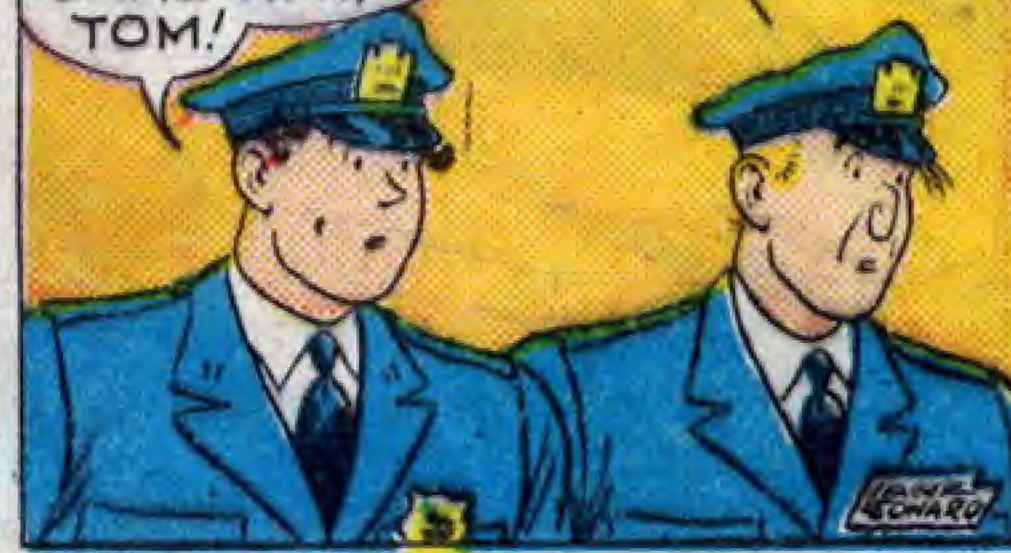
WHAT SUCKERS WE'VE BEEN!

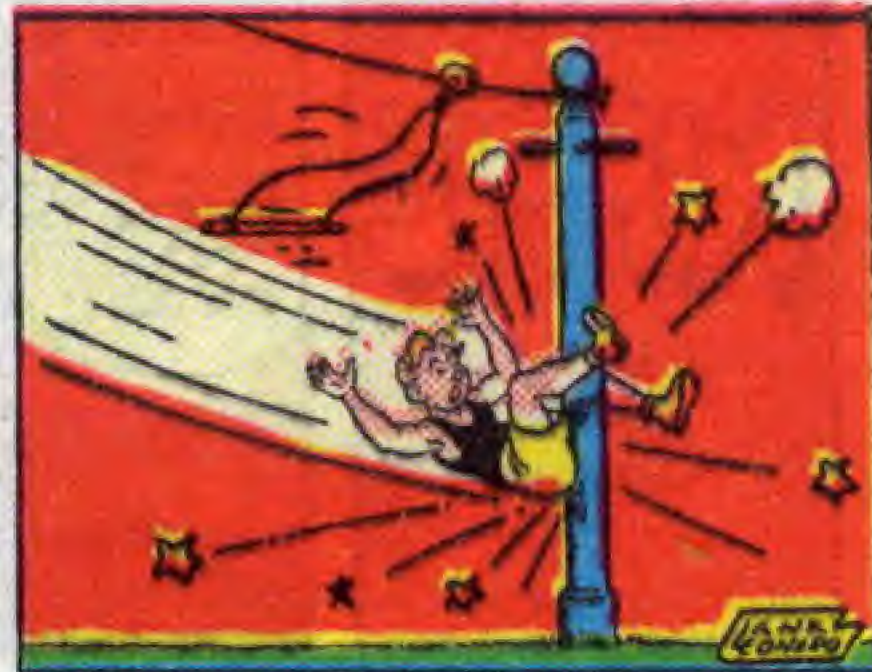
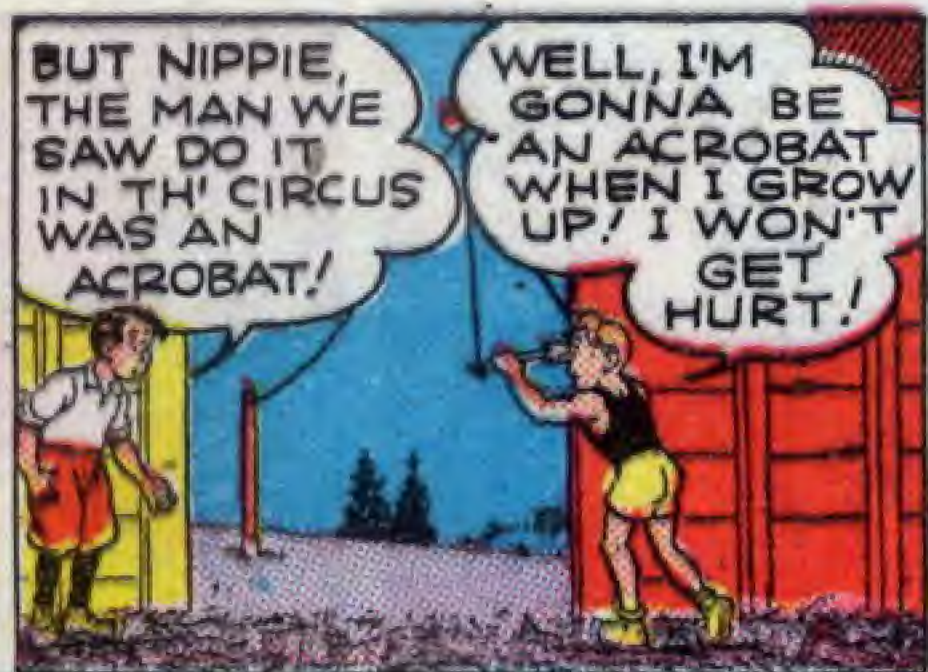
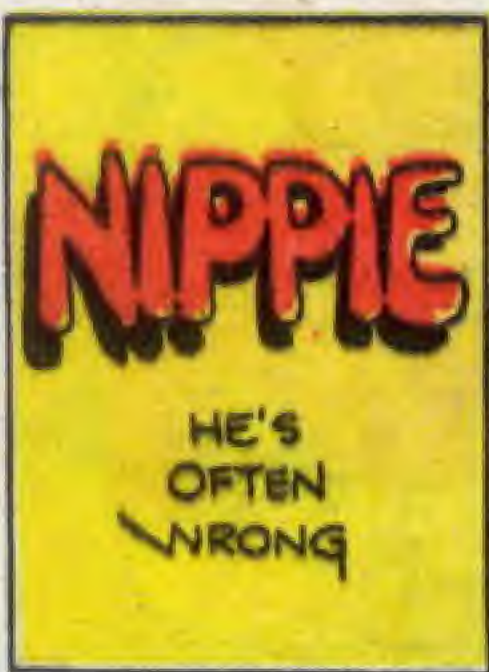
TURN 'EM OVER TO US WE'LL FIX 'EM!



I BET A LOT OF TROUBLE IN THIS WORLD COULD BE AVOIDED TH' SAME WAY, TOM!

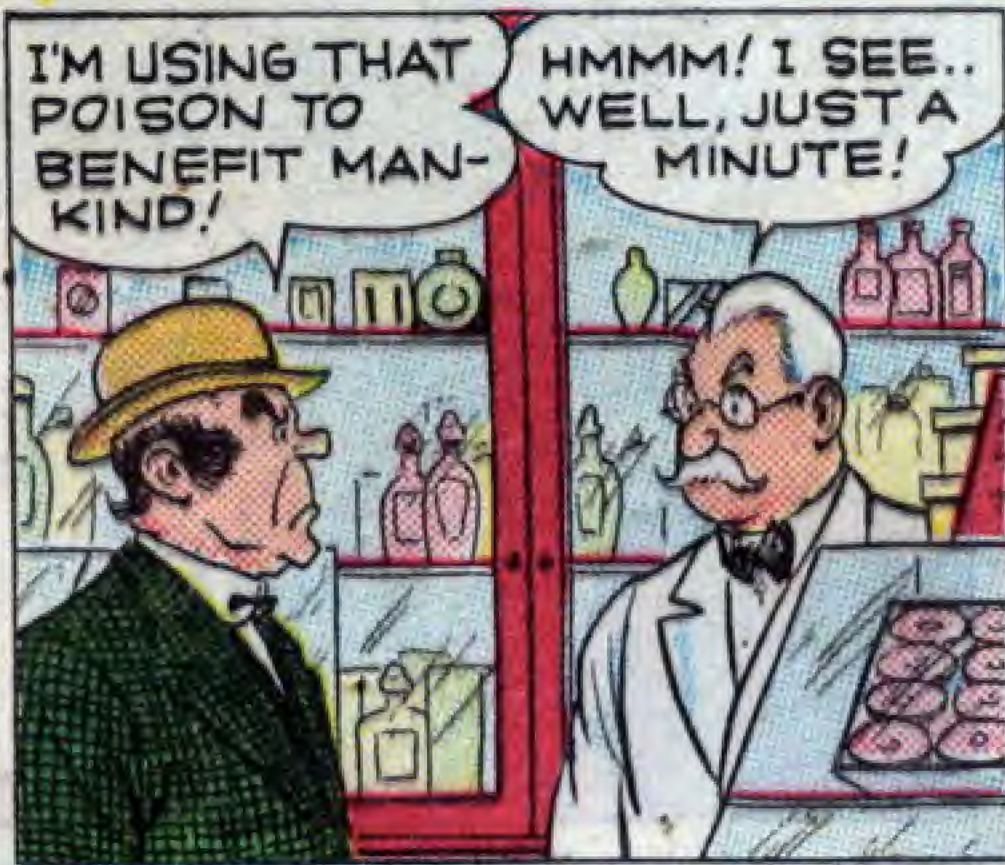
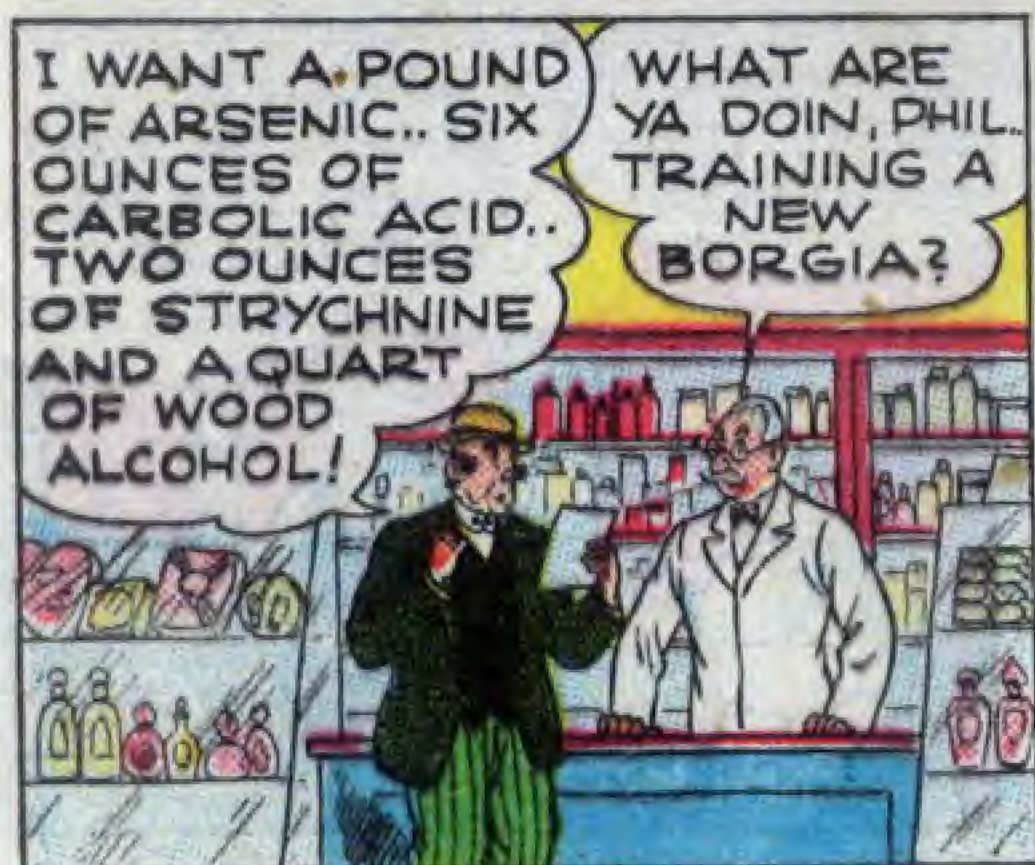
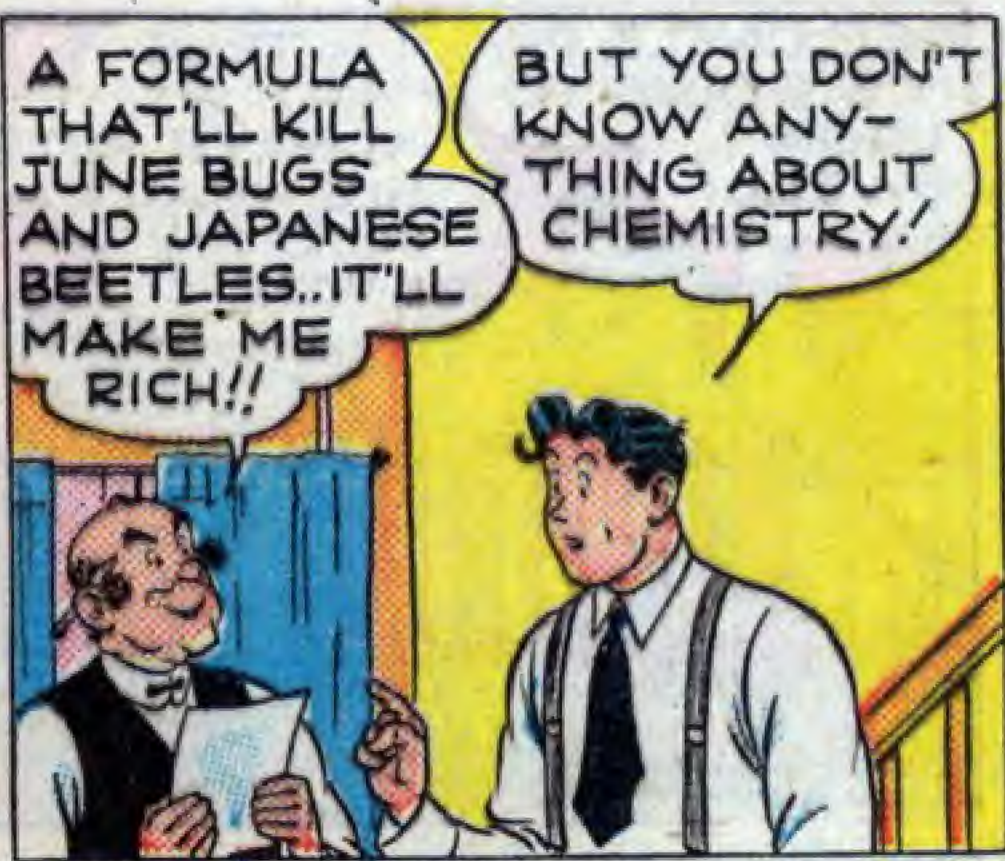
YOU SAID IT!

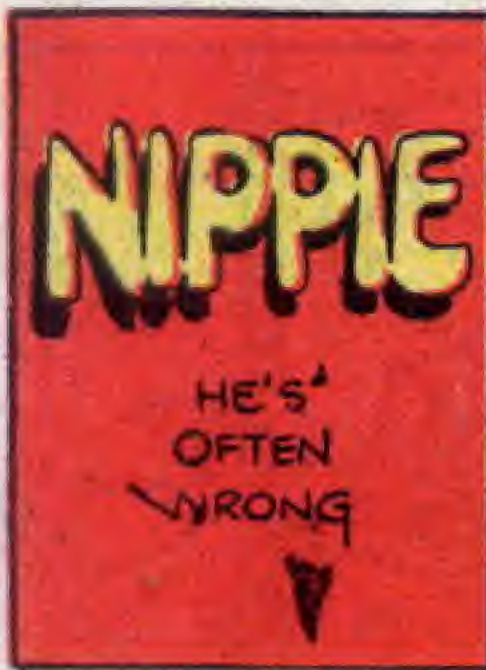




MICKEY FINN

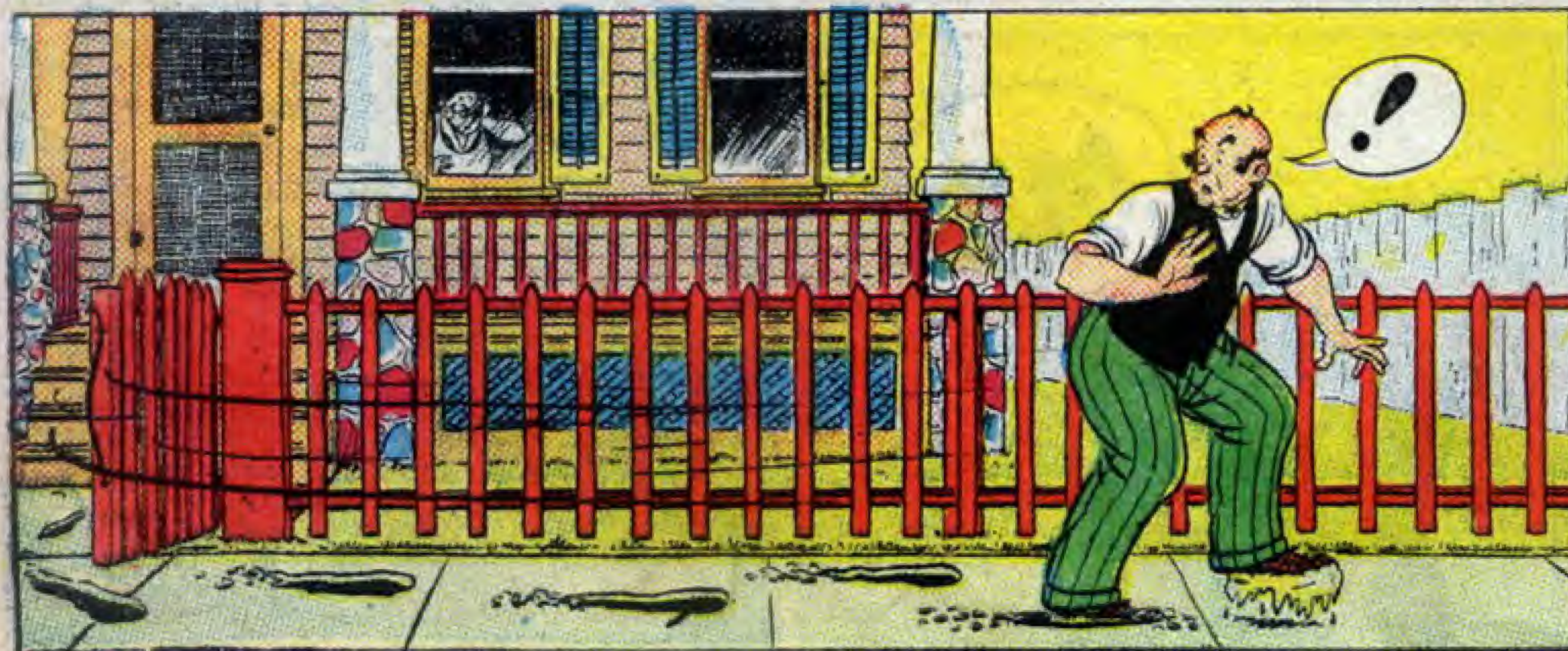
By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

GOODBYE
MISS
JOHNSON!

GOODBYE AND I
HOPE YOU HAVE
A HAPPY
VACATION!

WERE YOU
PROMOTED
TO THE
FIFTH GRADE,
TOO,
NIPPIE?

YEAH! AND
AM I GLAD
I'M OUTTA
MISS
JOHNSON'S
CLASS..TH'
OLD CRANK!

I'M SORRY TO
DISAPPOINT YOU,
NIPPIE..BUT I'M
TEACHING THE
FIFTH GRADE
NEXT YEAR!

MICKEY FINN

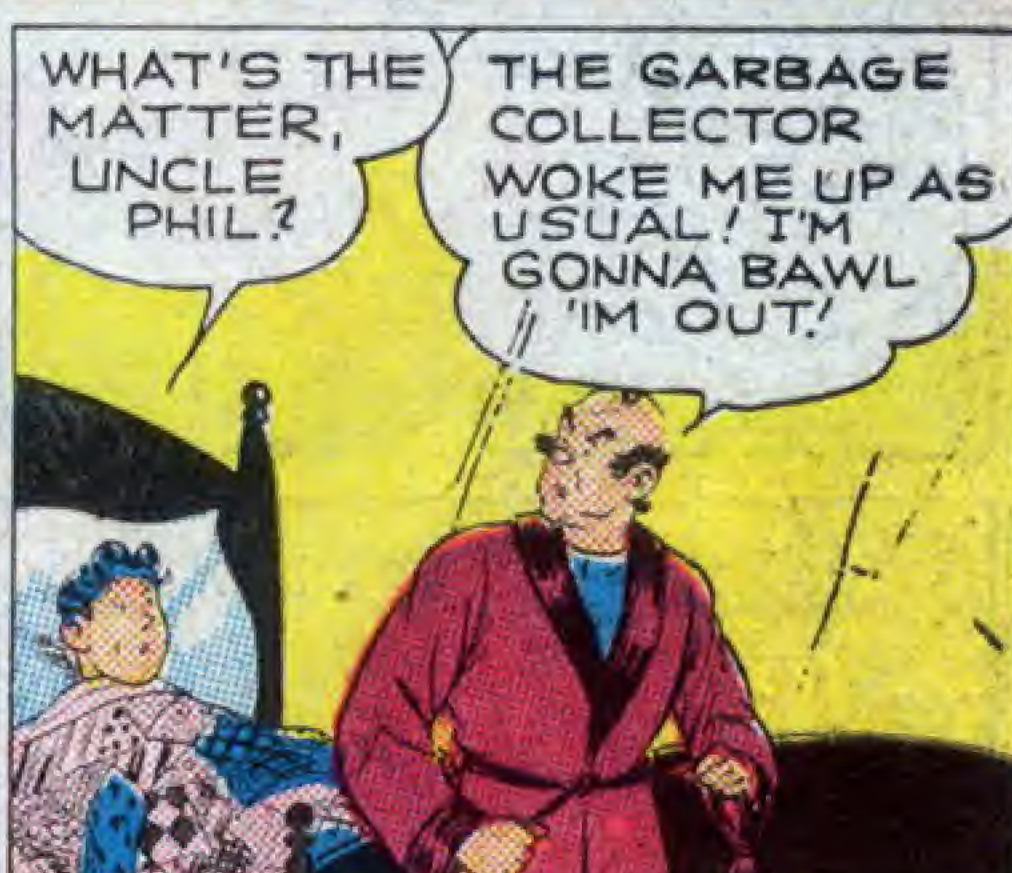
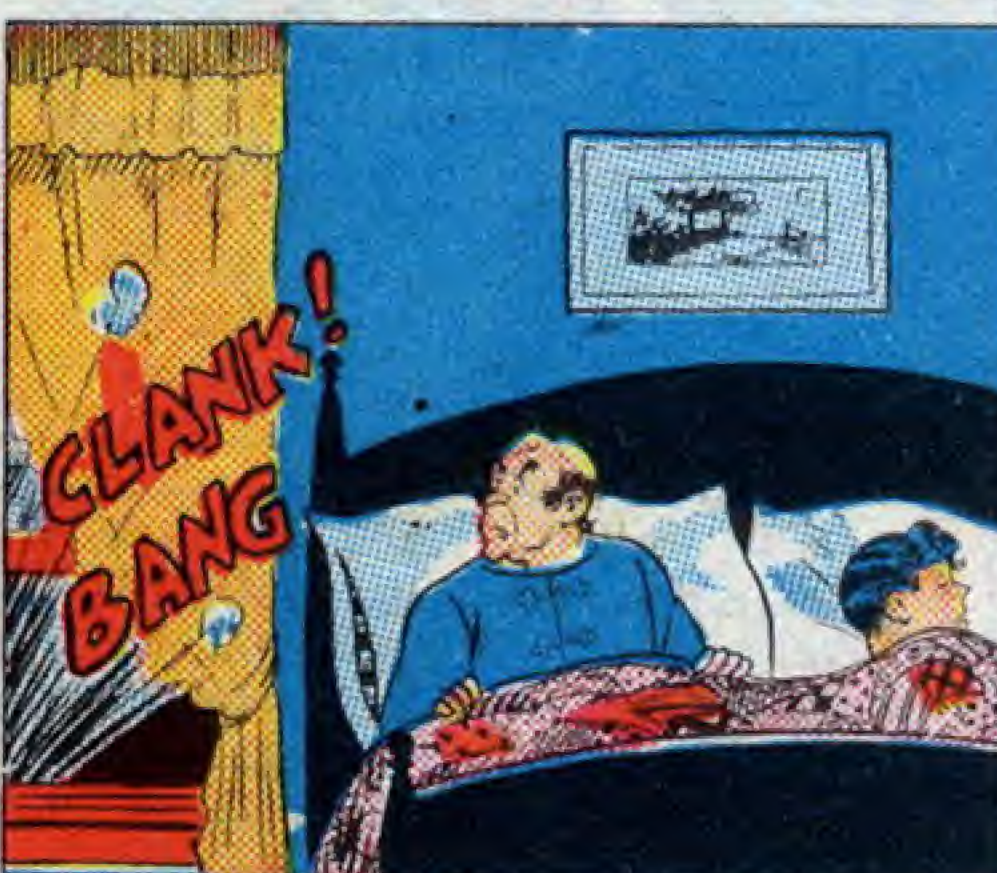
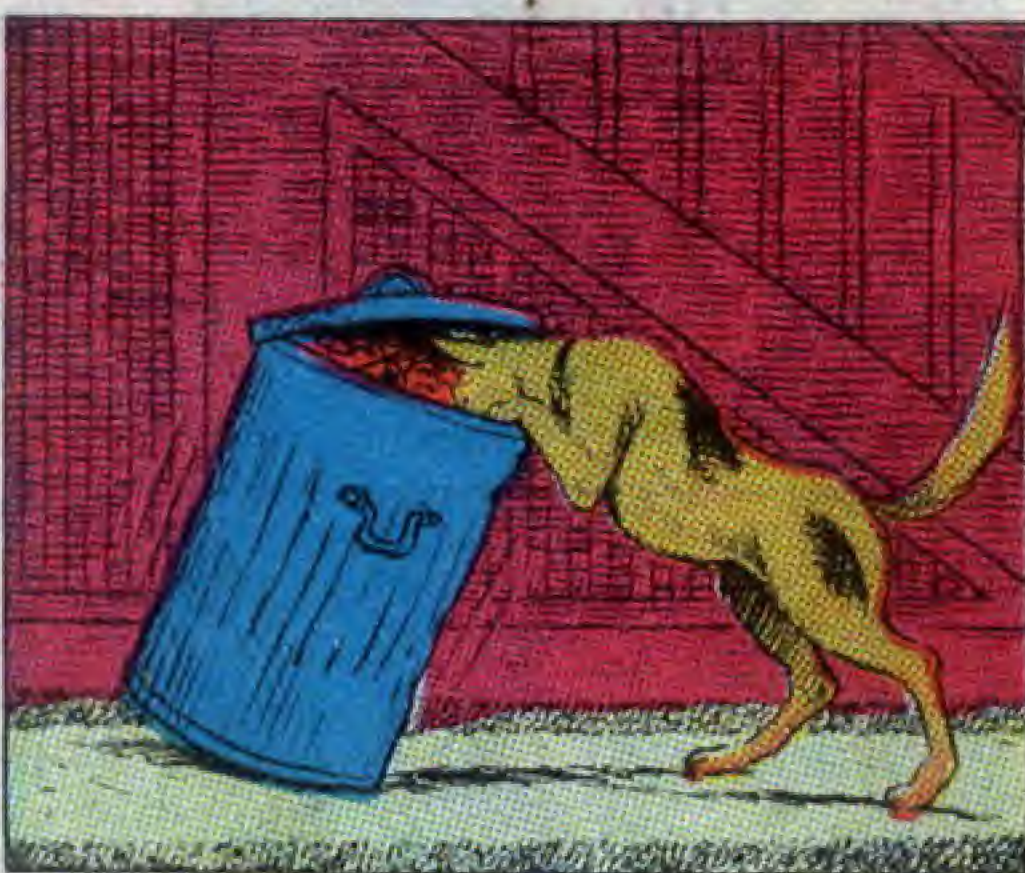
By LANK LEONARD

THE CITY
GARBAGE
COLLECTORS
HAVE AGREED
TO COOPERATE
WITH THE CITY'S
LESS-NOISE
CAMPAIGN!

IT'S ABOUT
TIME, THEY
WAKE ME
EVERY
MORNING!

TAKE IT EASY,
SHORTY! REMEMBER,
NO NOISE!

OKAY,
I'M
WATCHIN'
IT!

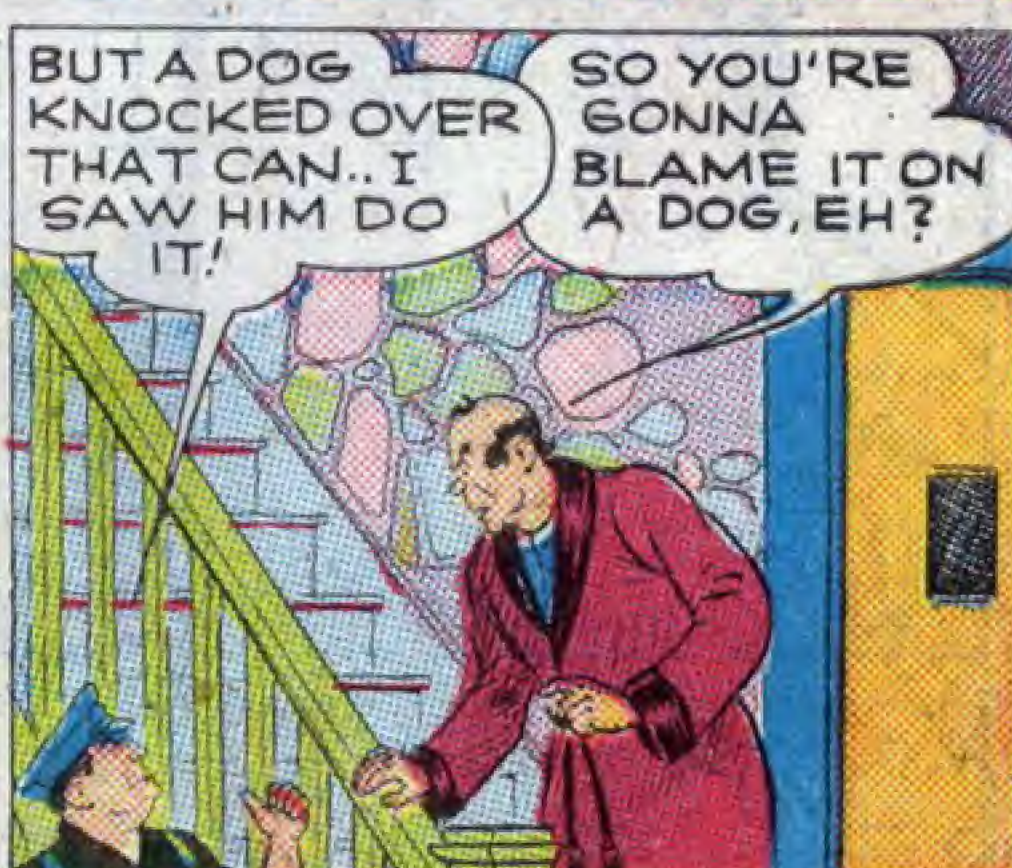


THAT'S WHERE
THAT OLD CRANK
UNCLE PHIL
LIVES, SO DON'T
MAKE A SOUND!

DON'T
WORRY,
I'M GETTIN'
A VELVET
TOUCH!



SO! YOU'RE HELPIN'
WITH THE CITY'S
"LESS NOISE
CAMPAIGN, ARE YA?
YOU BUNGLING
DONKEY!



BUT A DOG
KNOCKED OVER
THAT CAN..I
SAW HIM DO
IT!

SO YOU'RE
GONNA
BLAME IT ON
A DOG, EH?

LISTEN, MISTER!
ALL I'VE GOTTA
TAKE IS
GARBAGE, I
DON'T HAFTA
TAKE ANY
GUFF FROM
YOU!

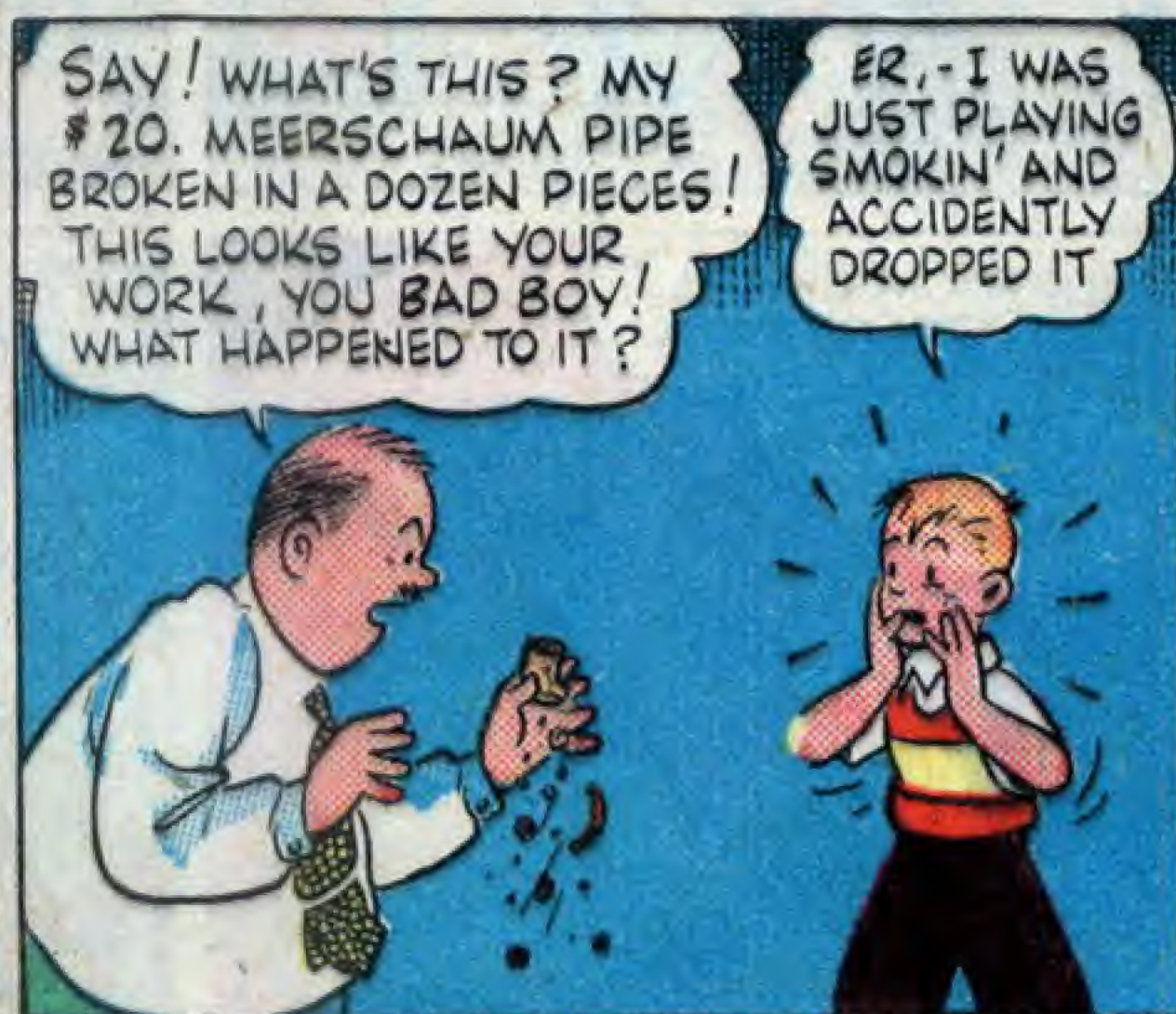
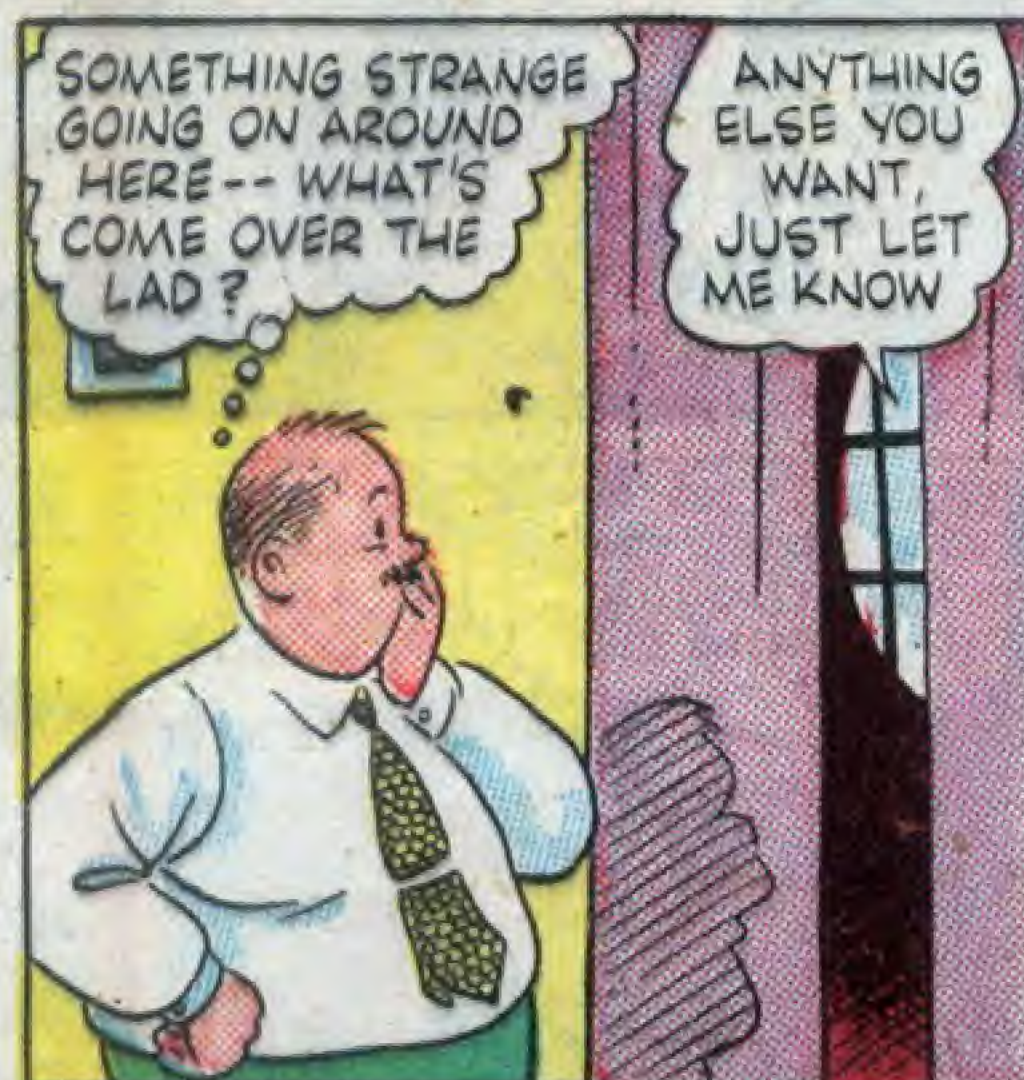
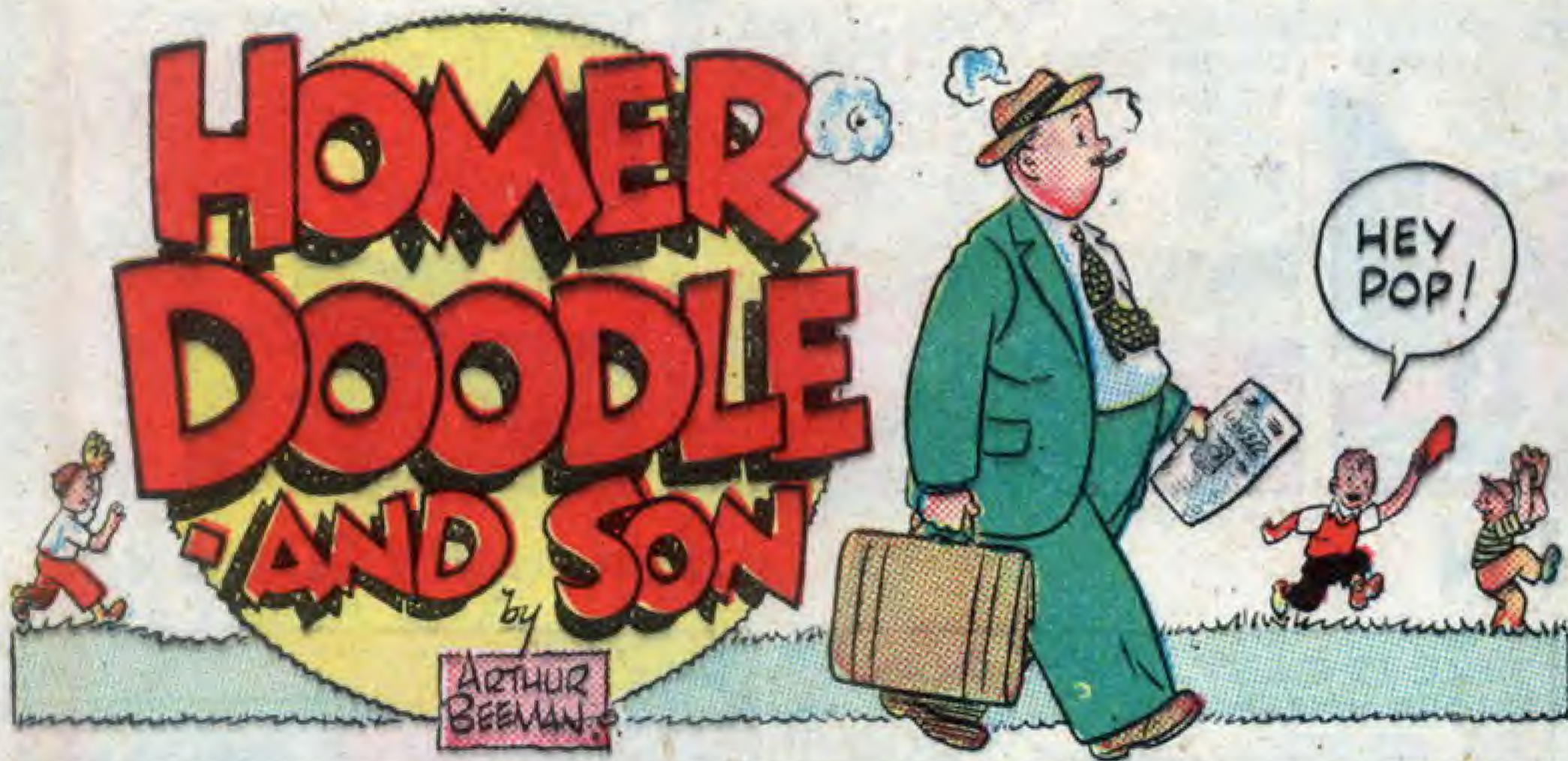
WHY YOU LIL'
SHRIMP..FOR
TWO CENTS
I'D WRAP
THAT CAN
AROUND YOUR
NECK!



HURRY, MICHAEL!
PHIL STARTED A
FIST FIGHT
WITH THE
GARBAGE
MAN!



STOP LAUGHIN'
AND GET ME
OUT OF
THIS!



REYNOLDS

by ART PINAYAN

OF THE MOUNTED

SERGEANT—
A BAND OF FUR
THIEVES ARE PREYING
ON THE TRAPPERS UP NORTH.
THE STRANGE PART OF IT IS
THAT SOMEHOW THEY DISAPPEAR
INTO THE NIGHT AND LEAVE NO
TRACKS... YOU'VE GOT TO
STOP THIS THIEVRY AND
ROUND UP THAT GANG!



IT IS NIGHT AND A LONELY
TRAPPER'S CABIN IS SEEN
IN THE MIDST OF A HOWLING
BLIZZARD...



LET THE WIND HOWL....HAHA—
WITH THE MONEY FROM
THESE FURS YOU'RE
GOING TO GET THAT
COLLEGE EDUCATION
AFTER ALL, JOHNNY—
YES—WE'VE BEEN
VERY LUCKY!

WAIT—
WHAT'S
THAT, POP?



SUDDENLY THE DOOR OF THE
CABIN IS FLUNG OPEN.....

UP WITH YOUR
HANDS,
WOODS!









SO YOUR HIDEOUT IS HIDDEN AMONG THESE TREES, EH?

SHUT UP, COPPER!



BLAZES! IT'S TRUE...WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT O' HERE RIGHT AWAY!



YOUR GAME IS UP, NIGHT RIDERS.... THE BOY KNOWS WHERE THIS CABIN IS-HE'LL BRING TRAPPERS HERE!

YOU FOOLS! I THOUGHT YOU LEFT 'IM TO DIE! WELL-YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE, MOUNTIE!



THAT NIGHT....

GELLER! THE TRAPPERS HAVE SURROUNDED THE PLACE...WE'RE DONE FOR!

WHAT? I'LL GO OUT AND HAVE A LOOK!

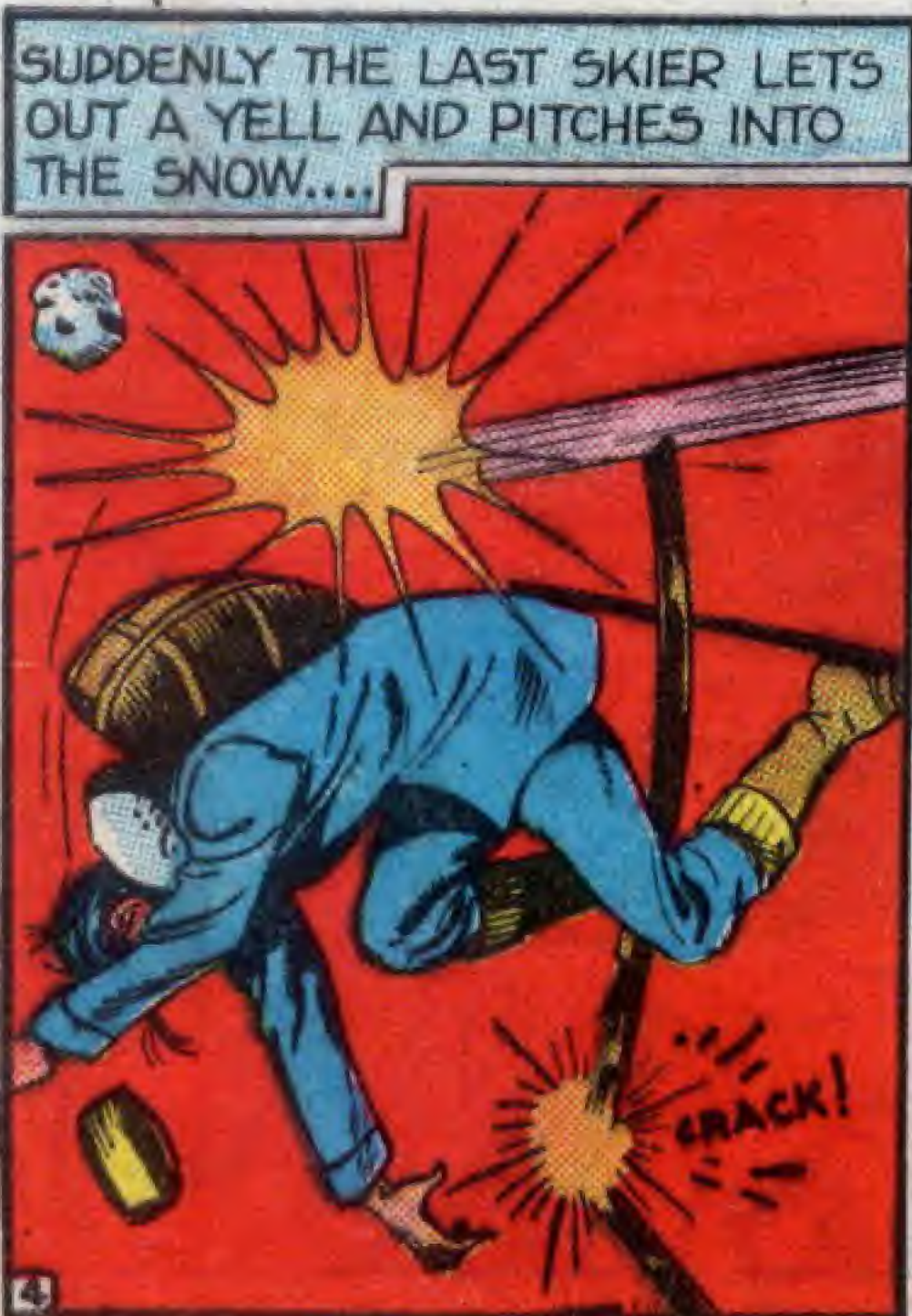


SO LONG, MOUNTIE! THE STOLEN FURS ARE PACKED AND WE'RE MOVIN' TO ALASKA WHERE YOU'LL NEVER TOUCH US!! WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE SO FAST THOSE TRAPPERS WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE US! HA HA HA!!



THE NIGHT RIDERS GLIDE OUT OF THE FOREST AND HIT THE TRAIL...

LET 'EM HAVE IT, MEN!



SUDDENLY THE LAST SKIER LETS OUT A YELL AND PITCHES INTO THE SNOW....

CRACK!



GOOD SHOT JOHNNY! THAT ROCKY SNOWBALL NAILED HIM!

ROUND TWO COMIN' UP! LET'S GO, POP!



THE NIGHT RIDERS ZOOM LOW UNDER A HIGH SNOW EMBANKMENT..

LET 'ER GO!



MEANWHILE, REYNOLDS HAS WORKED HIS BONDS LOOSE....



IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING HE FOLLOWS THE TRACKS OF HIS ENEMIES...



TWO OF THE NIGHT RIDERS GO DOWN.....



GREAT SCOTT! THERE GO TWO OF THE NIGHT RIDERS...WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER THREE -- A SHORTCUT WILL DO THE TRICK!



I'LL HAVE TO LEAP OVER THAT TREE...



...MADE IT -- HERE THEY COME!



YOU NIGHT RIDERS WILL SPEND YOUR NIGHTS IN JAIL AFTER THIS!



YOU SEE - POP AND I USED THESE OLD COATS AND HATS TO SCARE THE NIGHT RIDERS AWAY, SERGEANT!

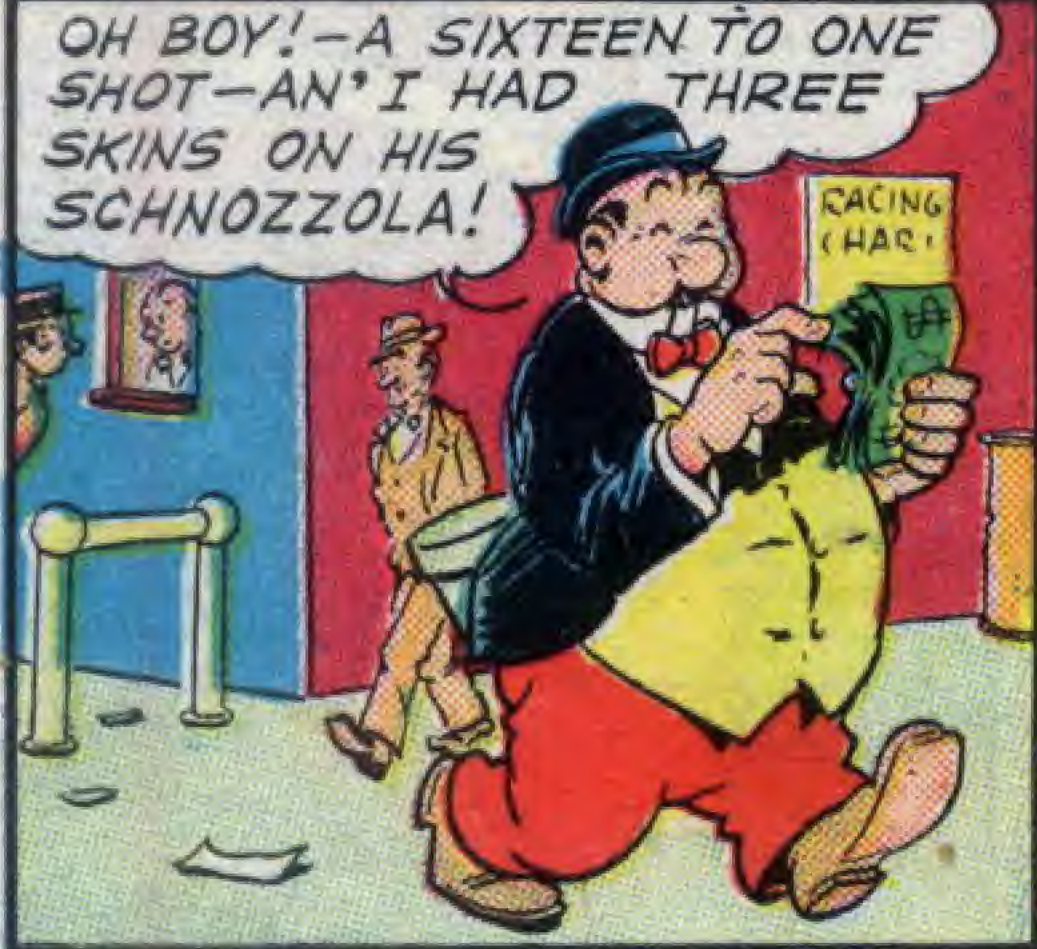
FAST THINKING SON-THANKS A LOT!

Reynolds Of The Mounted will thrill you in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS.

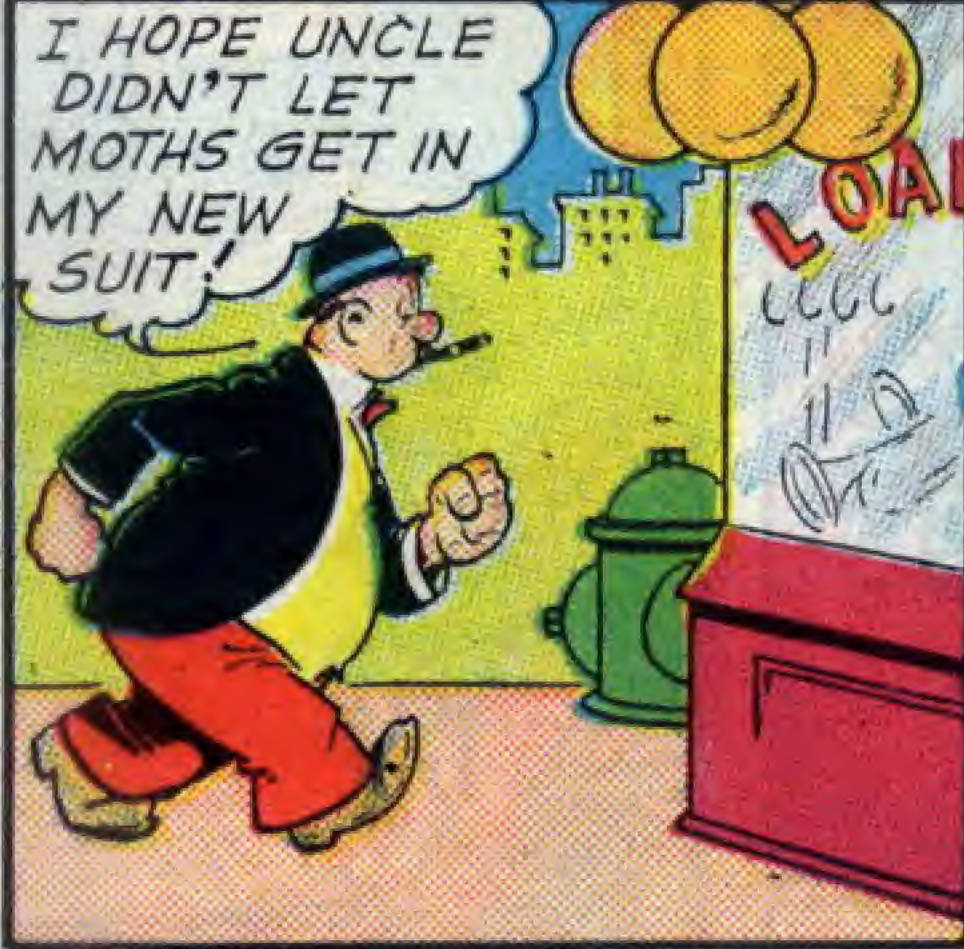
LALA PALOOZA

FLAT
FOOT
FLOOGIE
WINS

OH BOY!—A SIXTEEN TO ONE
SHOT—AN' I HAD THREE
SKINS ON HIS
SCHNOZZOLA!



I HOPE UNCLE
DIDN'T LET
MOTHS GET IN
MY NEW
SUIT!



NOW, I'LL STOP IN THE
BARBER'S AND THEN
HOME FOR A
SHOWER!



WHO THREW
THE OVERALLS
IN MISSUS
MURPHY'S
CHOWDER

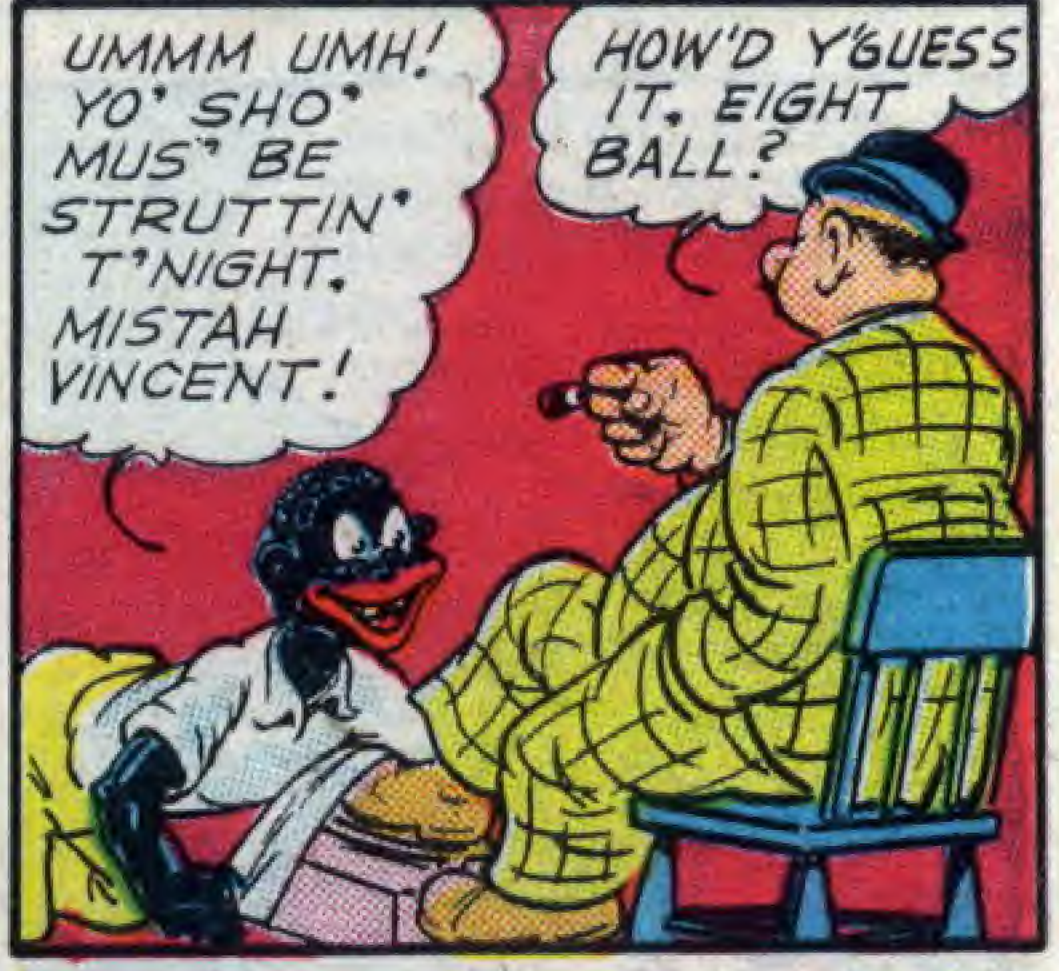


A FEW DASHES OF LALA'S
PERFUME...

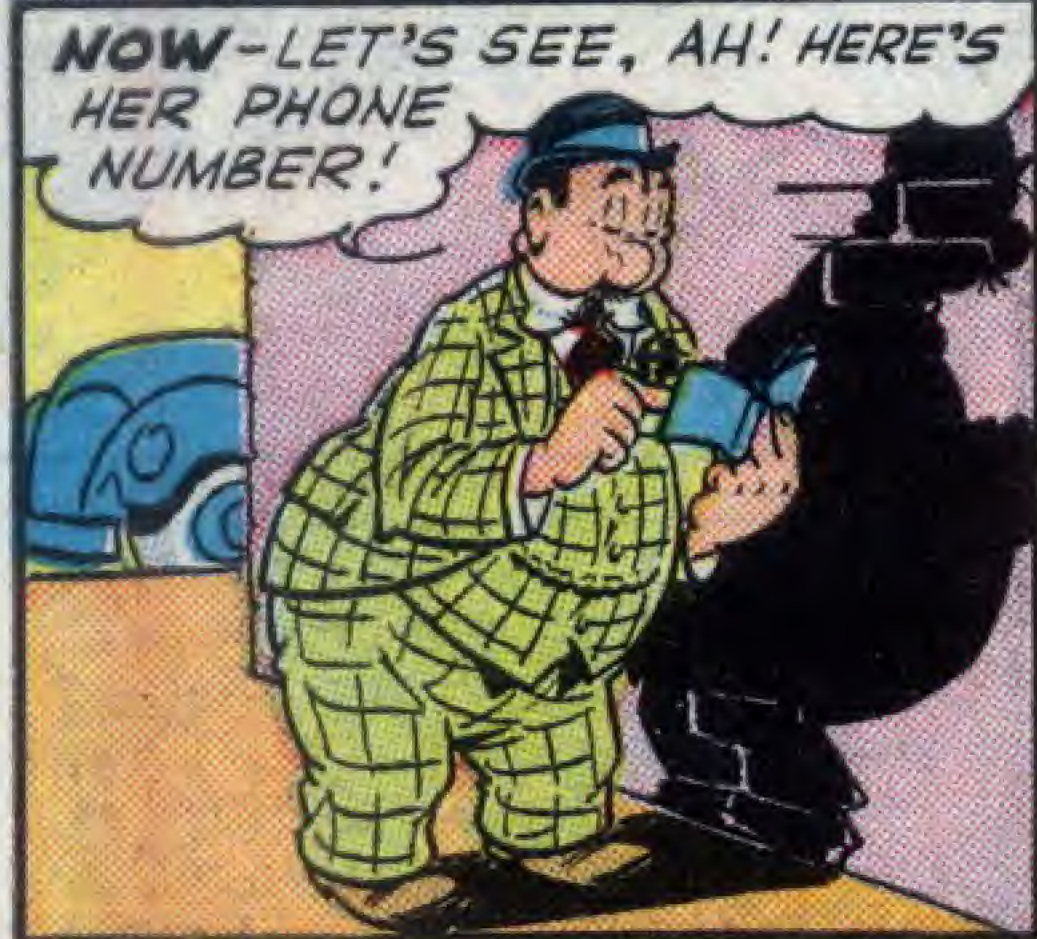


UMMM UMH!
YO' SHO'
MUS' BE
STRUTTIN'
T'NIGHT,
MISTAH
VINCENT!

HOW'D Y'GUESS
IT, EIGHT
BALL?



NOW—LET'S SEE, AH! HERE'S
HER PHONE
NUMBER!

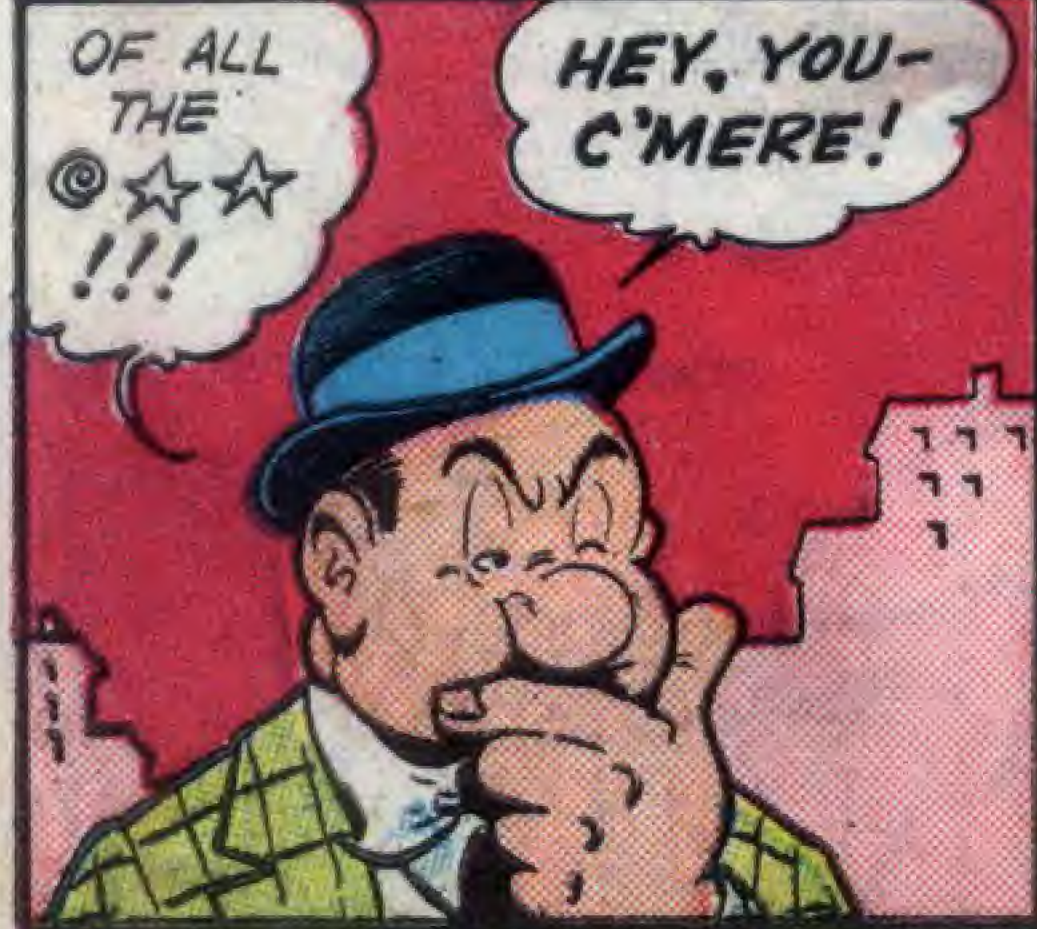


HELLO—THIS IS VINCENT—
HOW'D Y'LIKE TO STEP
OUT, T'NIGHT WITH
ME?

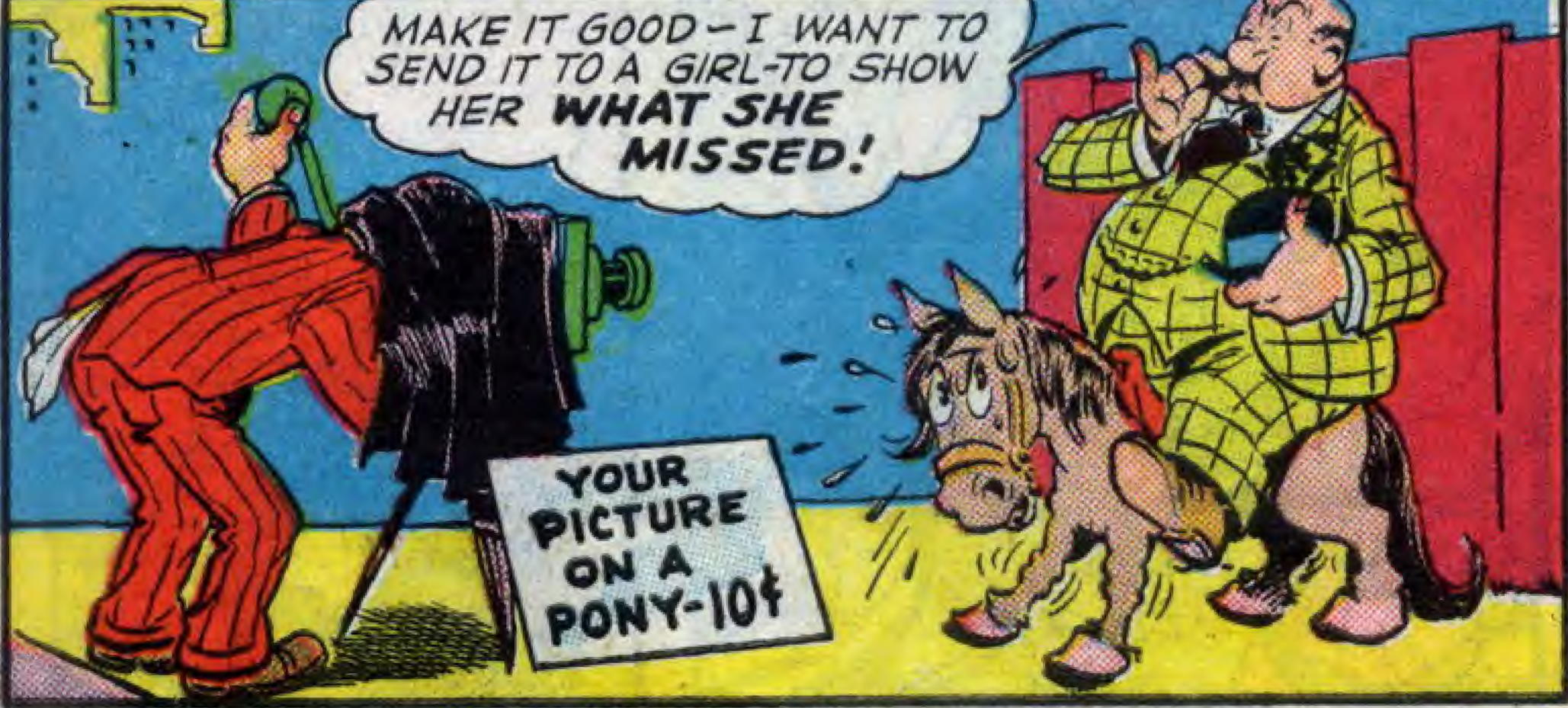


OF ALL
THE
☆☆☆
!!!

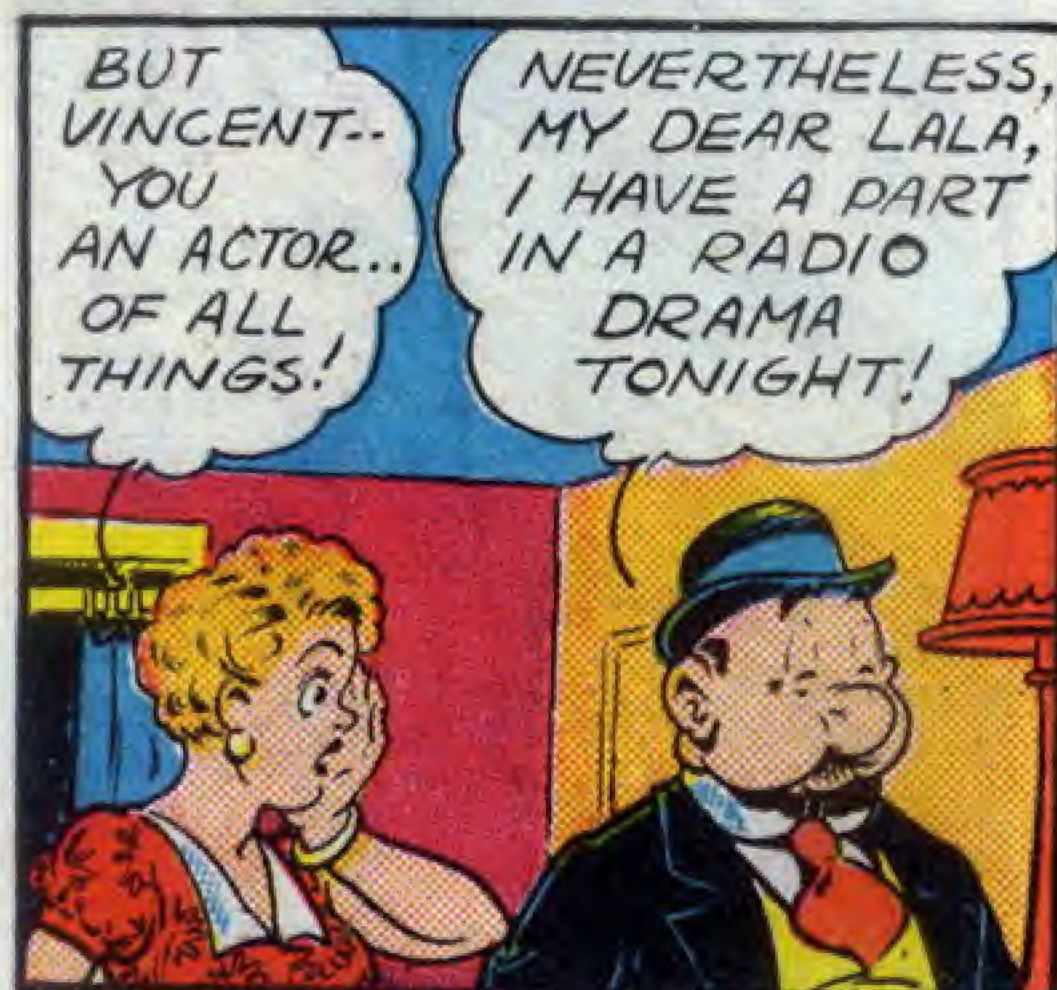
HEY, YOU—
C'MERE!



MAKE IT GOOD—I WANT TO
SEND IT TO A GIRL—TO SHOW
HER WHAT SHE
MISSED!



LALA PALOOZA



Follow Lala Palooza and Vincent each month in FEATURE COMICS.

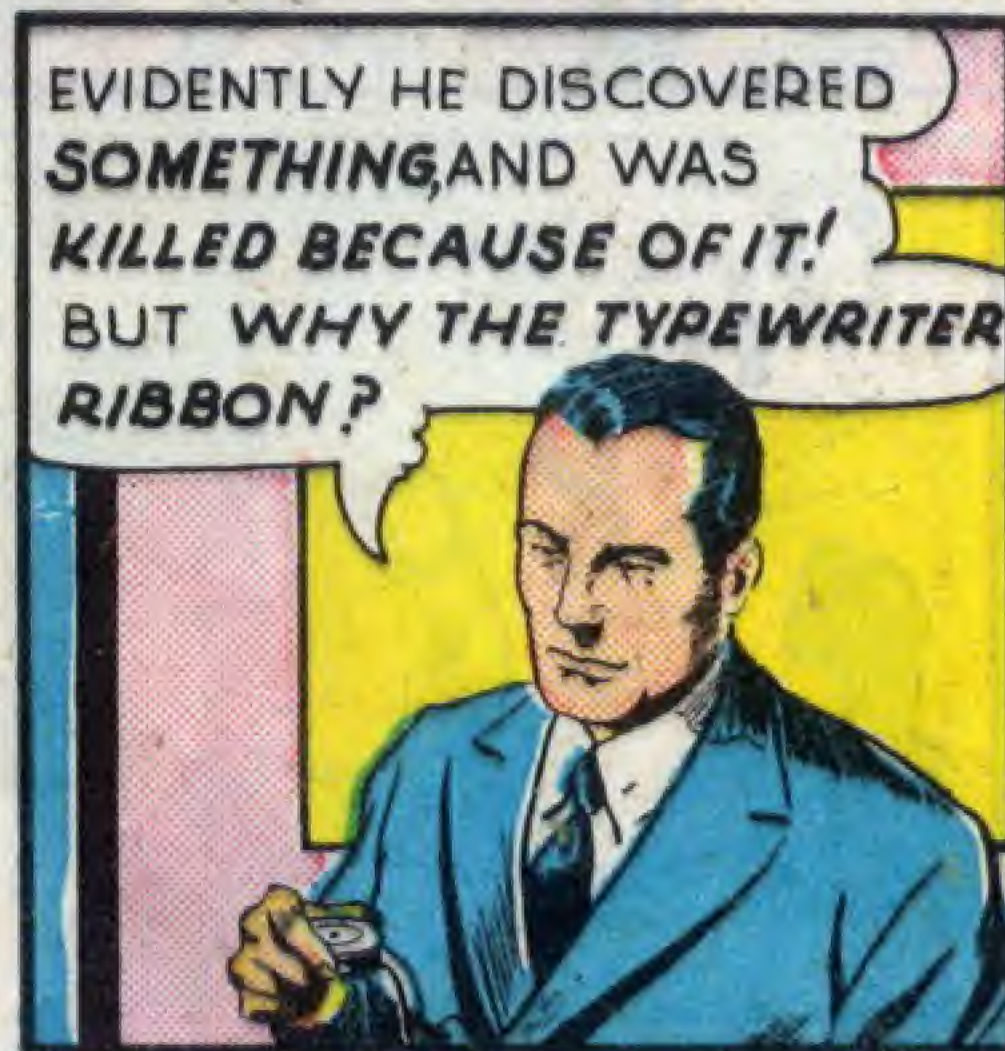
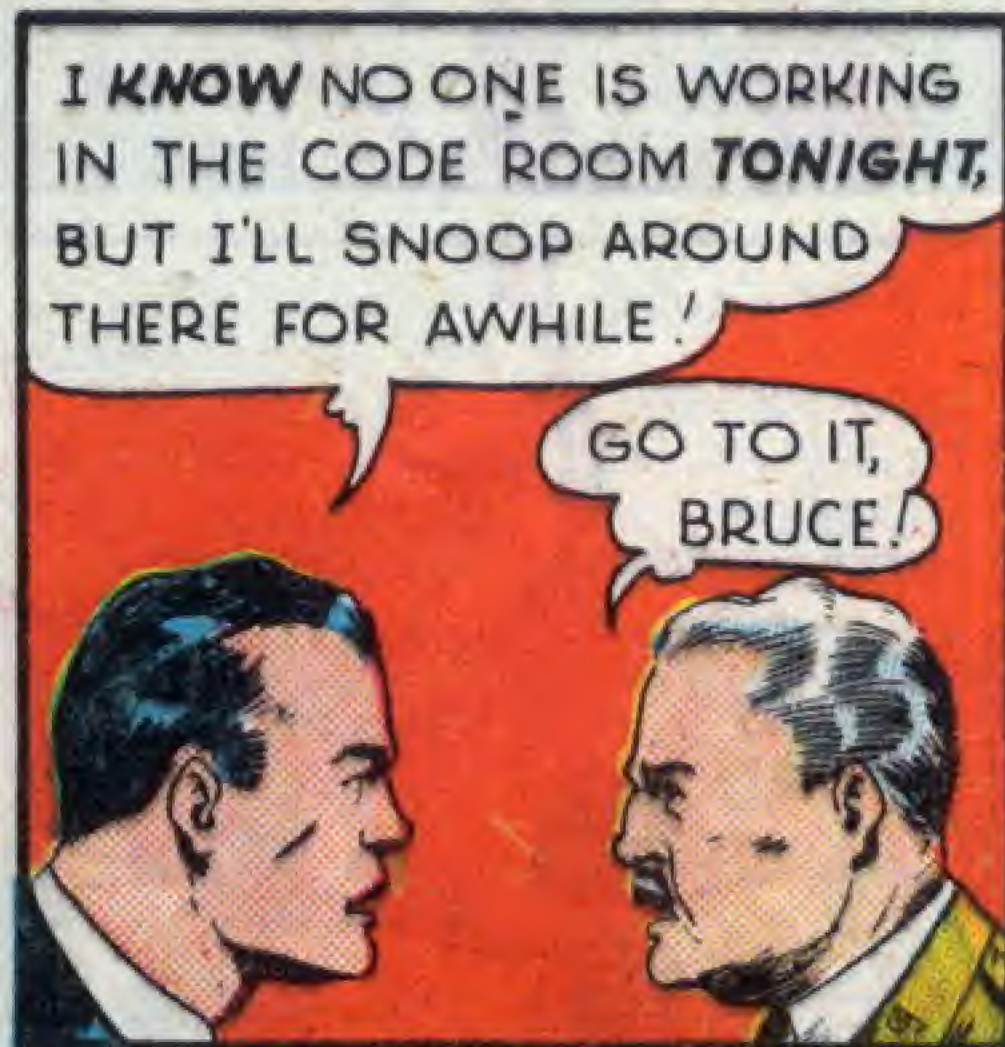
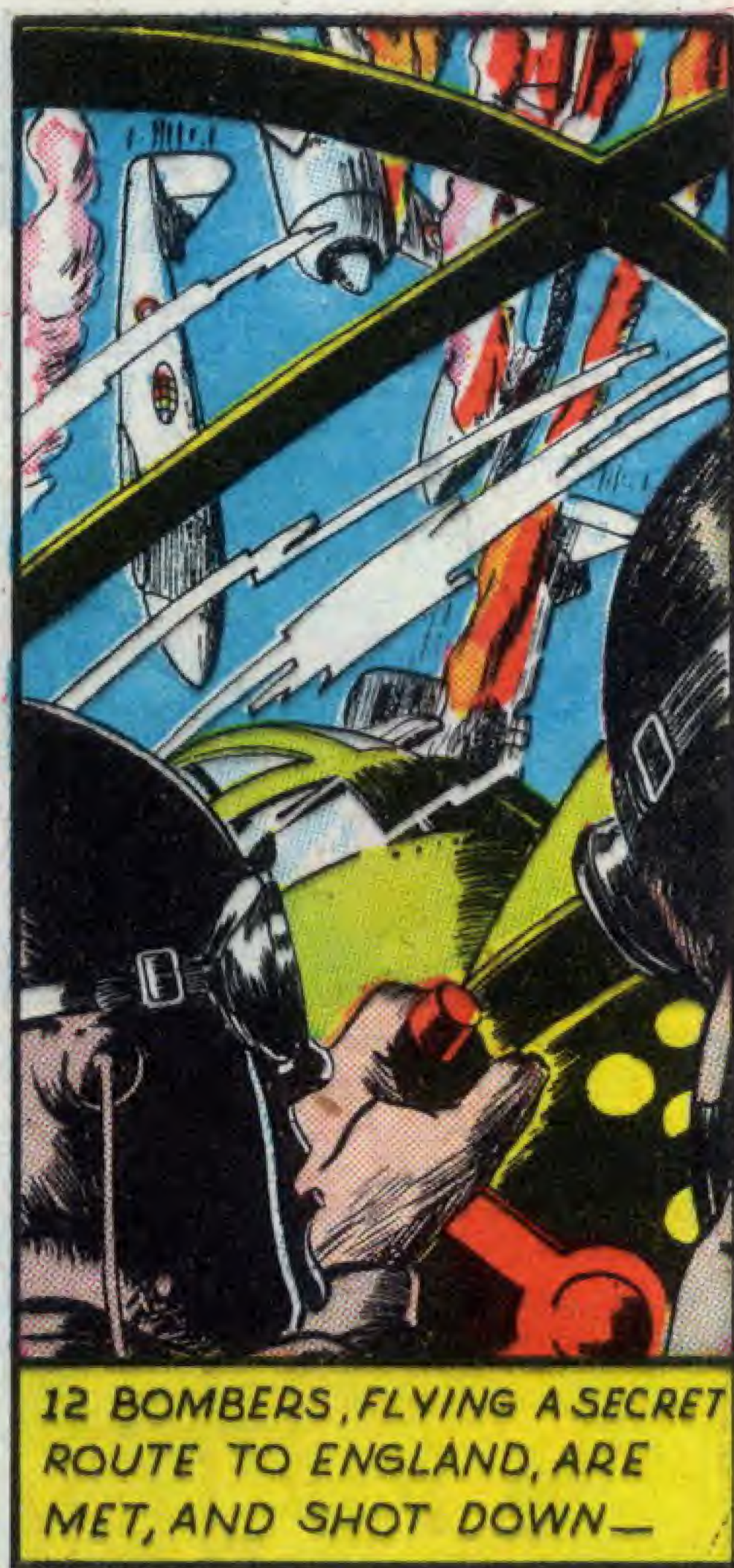
Captain BRUCE BLACKBURN

CAPT. BRUCE BLACKBURN, ACE OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, AND HIS DOUBLE, JACKSON, HAVE MET A WORTHY ADVERSARY IN SONYA, SPY SUPREME, AND DAUGHTER OF THE NOTORIOUS FRAULEIN DOKTOR

by Herby FRANCES CAMPBELL

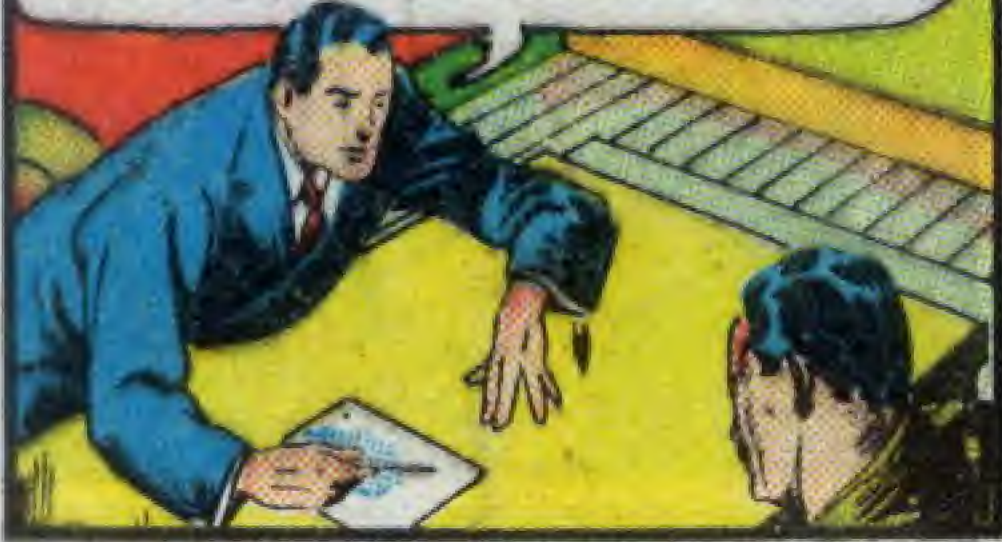
COUNTERSPY

RIBBONS OF DEATH



THE NEXT MORNING —

COLONEL, TO PLAY **SAFE**, CHANGE THE PERSONNEL IN THE CODE ROOM TODAY - BUT I FEEL THE **SPY WORKS AT NIGHT!**



LATER, WITH HIS DOUBLE ----

JACKSON, I'M HIDING IN THE CODE ROOM CLOSET TONIGHT. IF I **LEAVE**, **FOLLOW ME!**



I KNOW! IF YOU'RE OUT OF MY SIGHT FOR **45 MINUTES**, I COME TO THE RESCUE.

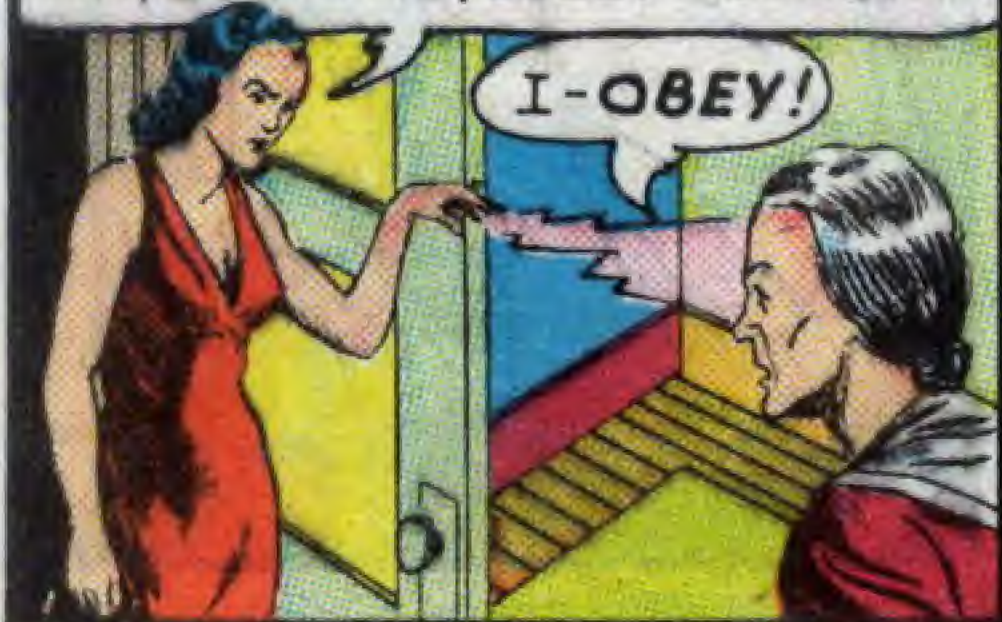
THAT NIGHT, BRUCE GOES INTO THE CODE ROOM CLOSET.

I CAN WATCH THROUGH THIS CRACK.



MEANWHILE, AT THE HOME OF THE CODE ROOM CHAR-WOMAN, THE SPY, SONYA —

AH, OLD ONE, **SLEEP-SLEEP.**

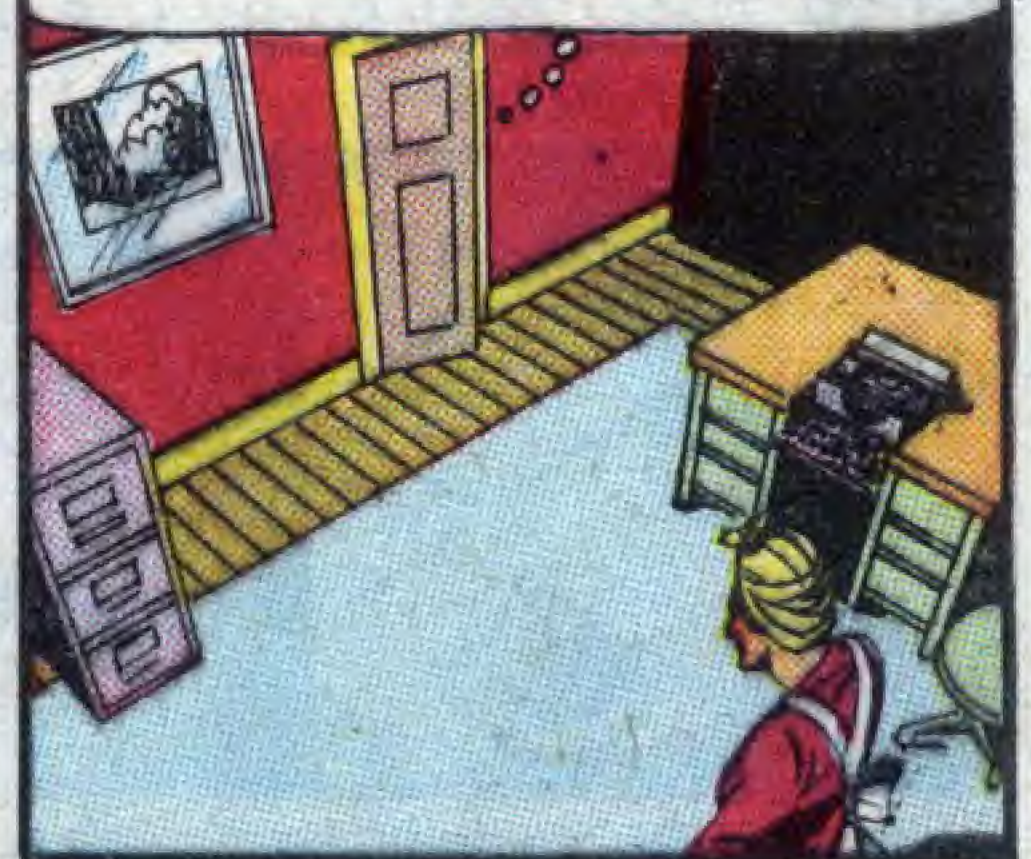


I-OBEY!

AND WITH ARTFUL DISGUISE, SONYA BECOMES THE CHAR-WOMAN.



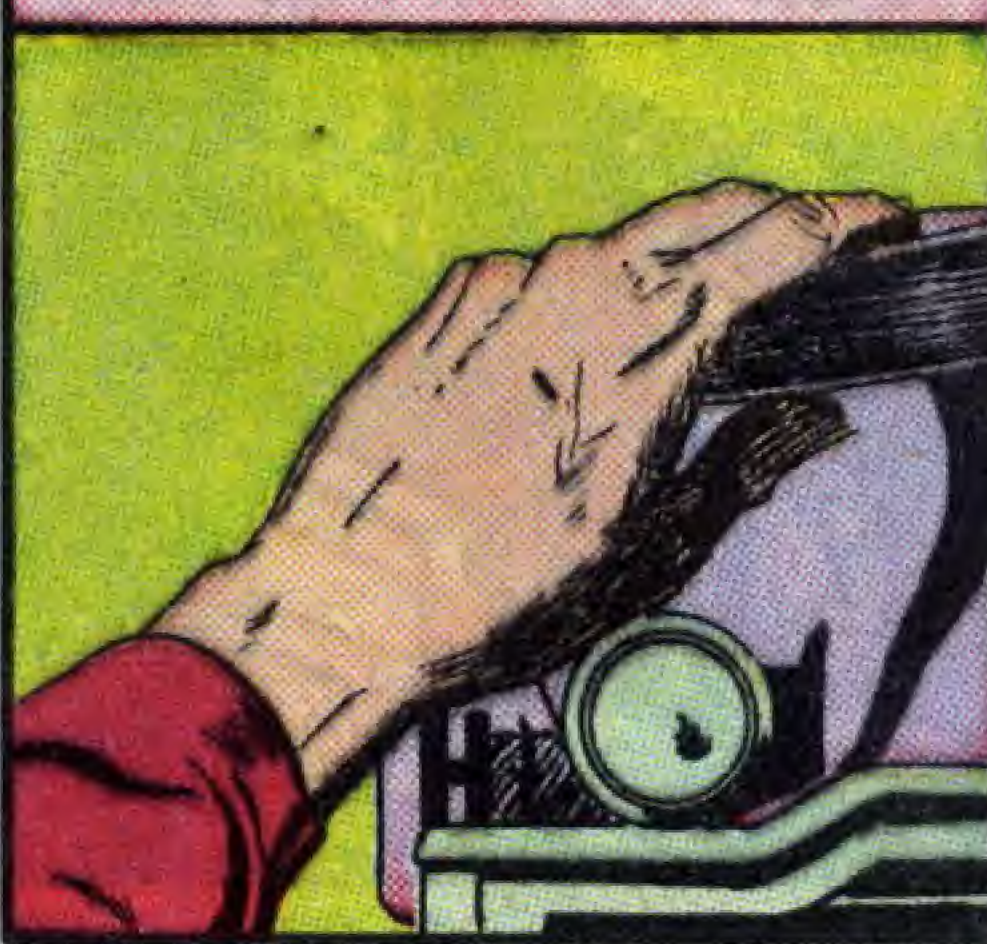
HERE'S THE CLEANING WOMAN WHO FOUND SIMPSON'S BODY.



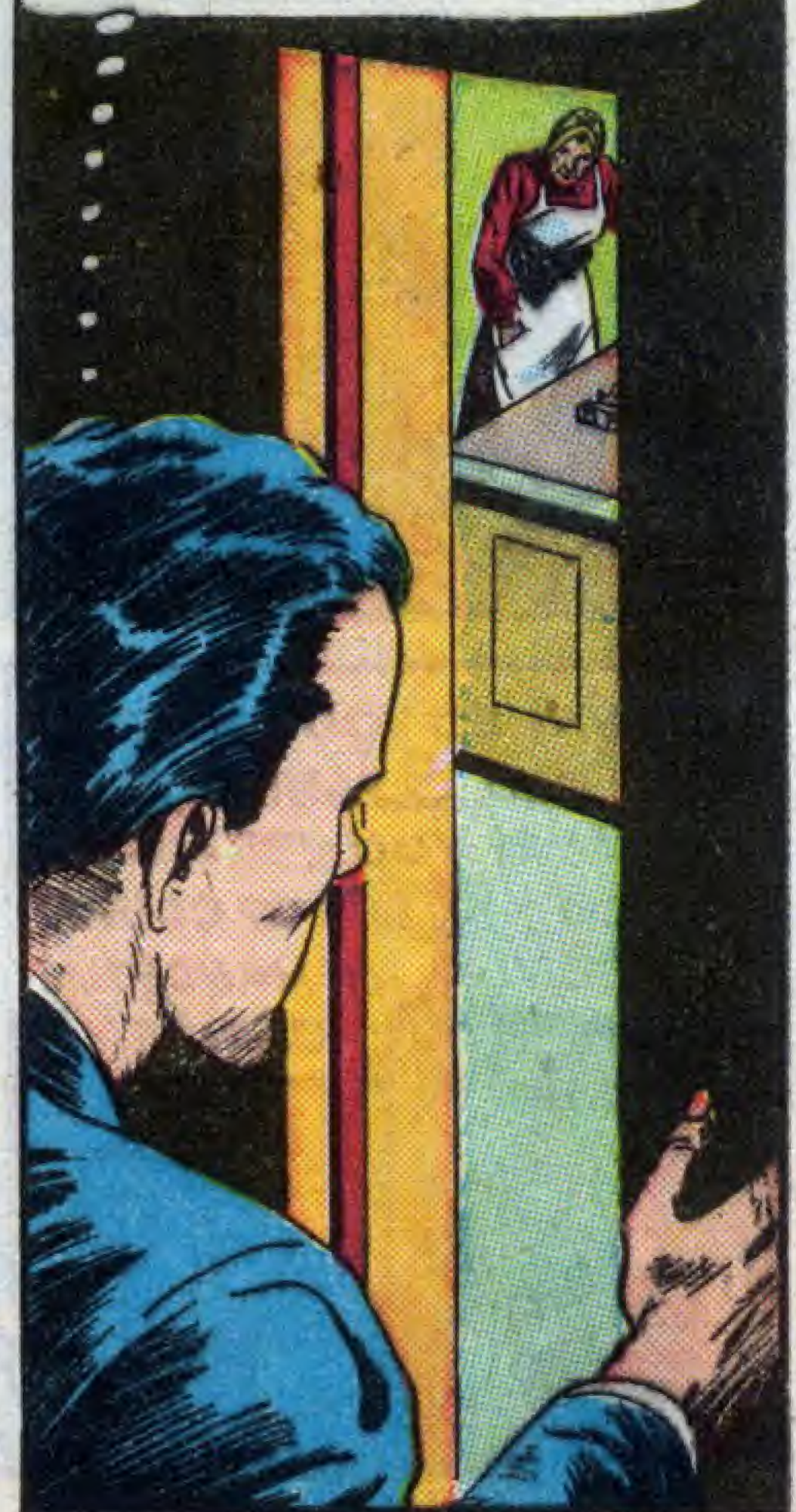
AS SHE DUSTS THE TYPEWRITER DESK —



SHE REMOVES THE RIBBON



HEY! WHY DID SHE PUT THAT RIBBON IN HER POCKET?



SHE PUTS ON A NEW RIBBON.



SINCE WHEN DID CLEANING WOMEN HAVE TO CHANGE TYPEWRITER RIBBONS?



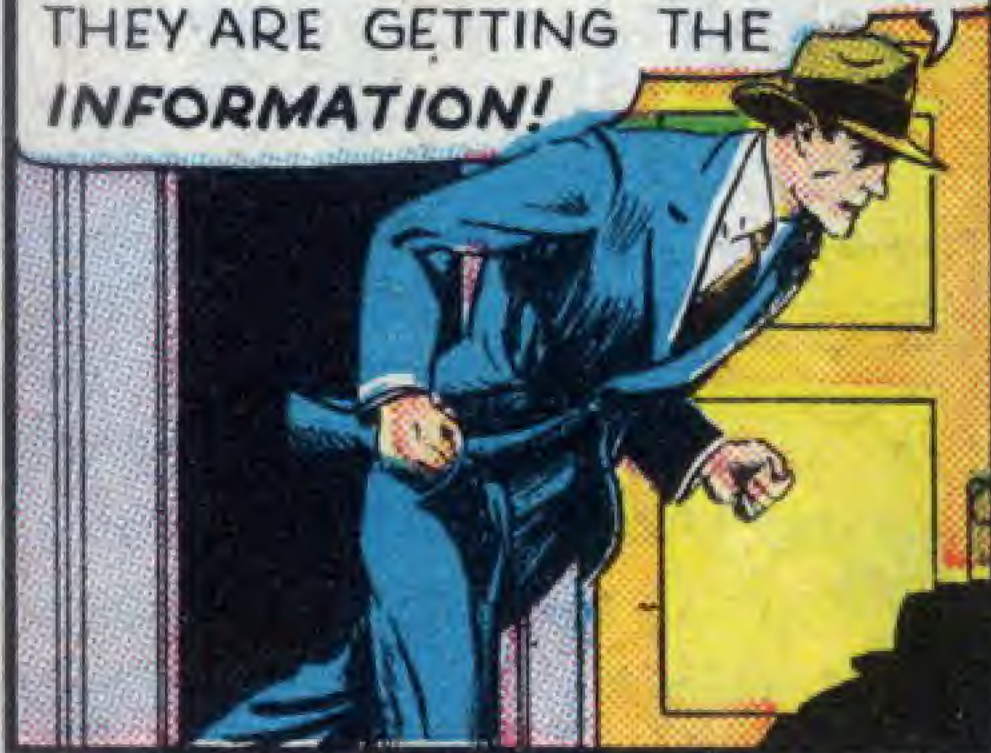
AS THE CHAR-WOMAN LEAVES

AND WHY MUST SHE TAKE THE OLD RIBBON EVERY NIGHT AND PUT ON A NEW ONE!

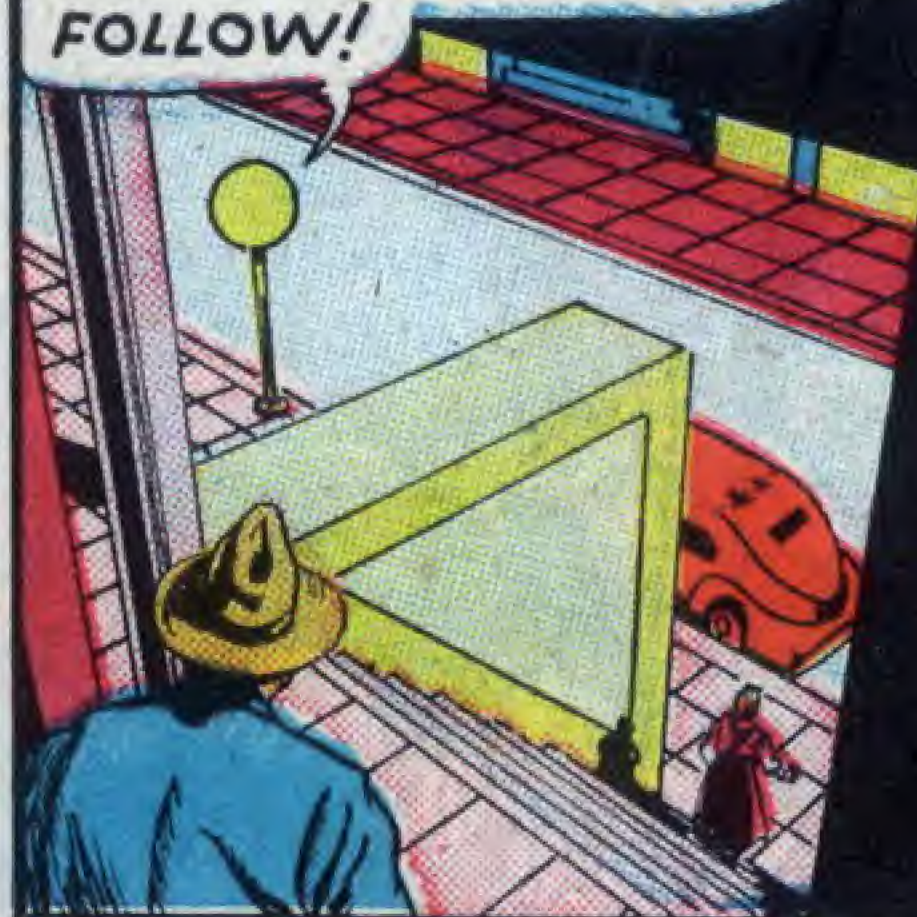


2 MINUTES LATER —

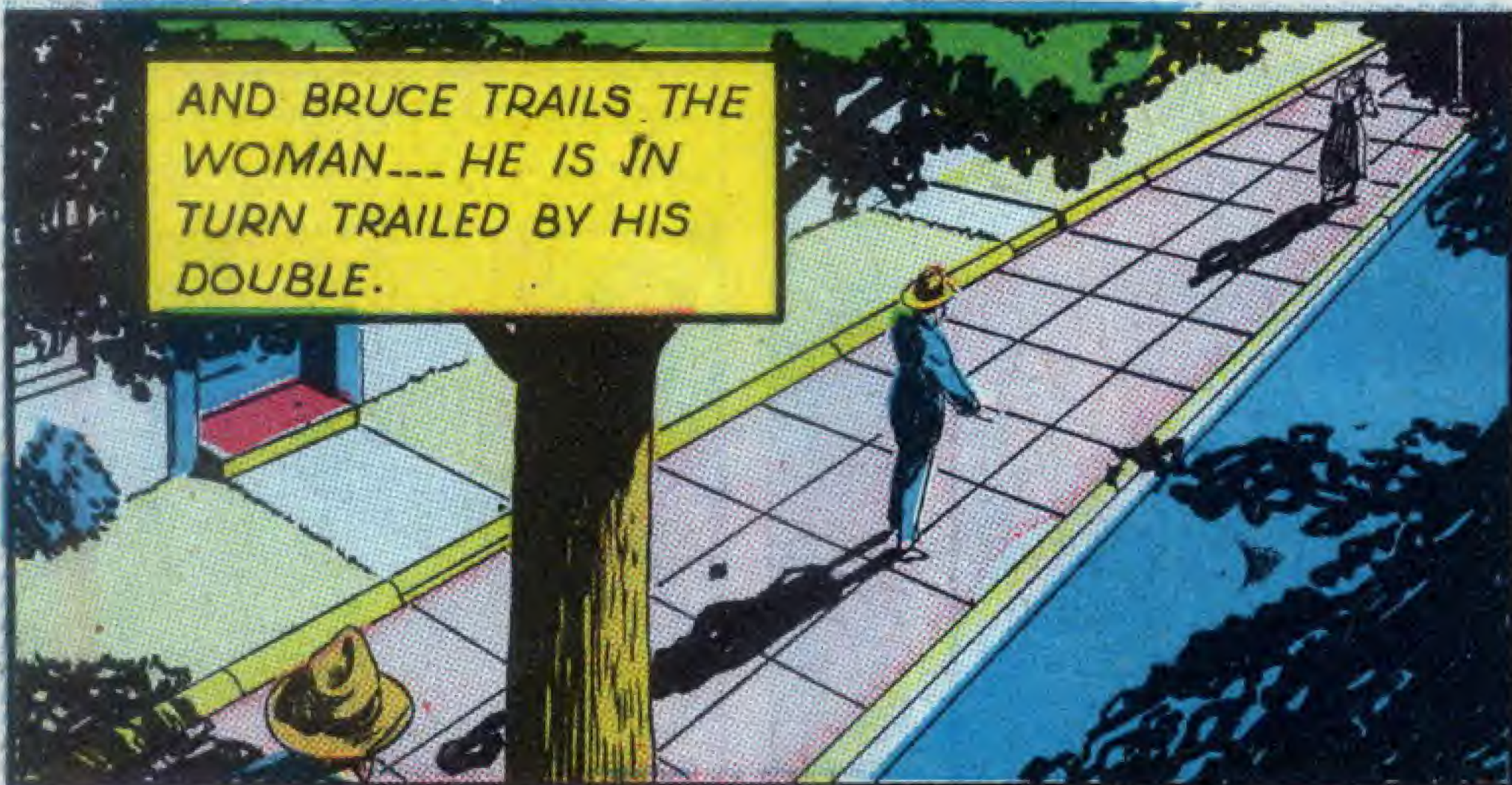
HOLY SMOKE, SO THAT'S HOW THEY ARE GETTING THE INFORMATION!



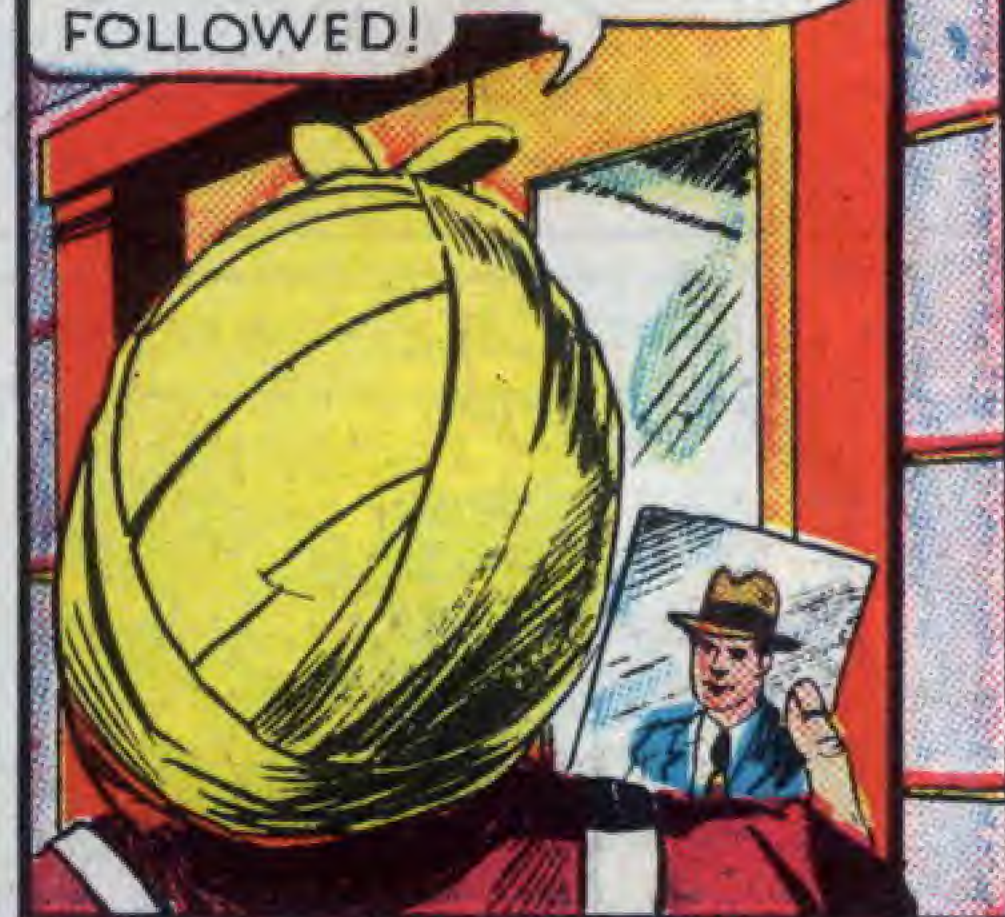
THERE SHE GOES! I'LL FOLLOW!



AND BRUCE TRAILS THE WOMAN... HE IS IN TURN TRAILED BY HIS DOUBLE.



SO, AS I FEARED! I AM FOLLOWED!



FROM HER 4TH FLOOR APT.

HE WAITS, THE FOOL!



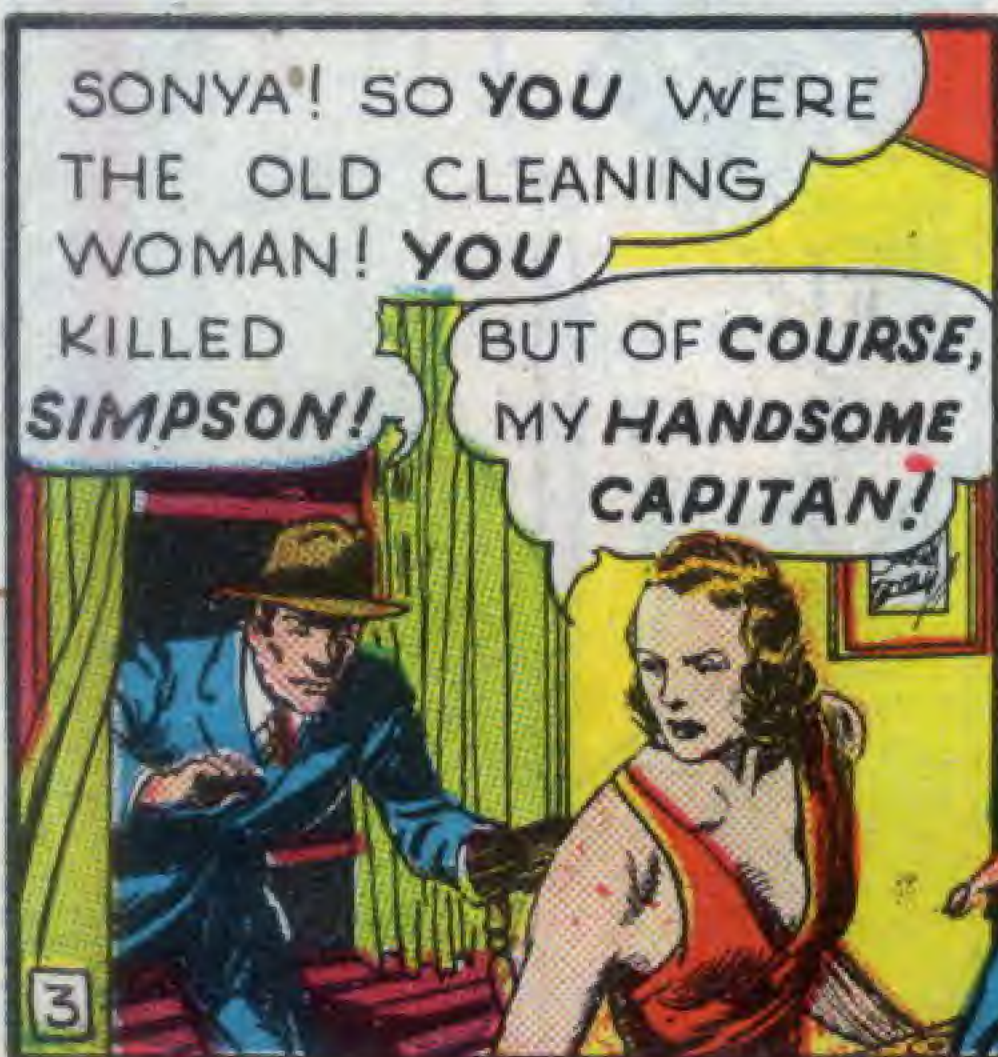
THERE SHE IS! I'LL JUST PAY HER A VISIT, VIA THAT FIRE ESCAPE!



CARL! FRITZ! I HAVE BEEN FOLLOWED HERE! COME QUICKLY!



SONYA! SO YOU WERE THE OLD CLEANING WOMAN! YOU KILLED SIMPSON! BUT OF COURSE, MY HANDSOME CAPTAIN!



I'LL JUST TAKE THIS TYPEWRITER RIBBON!

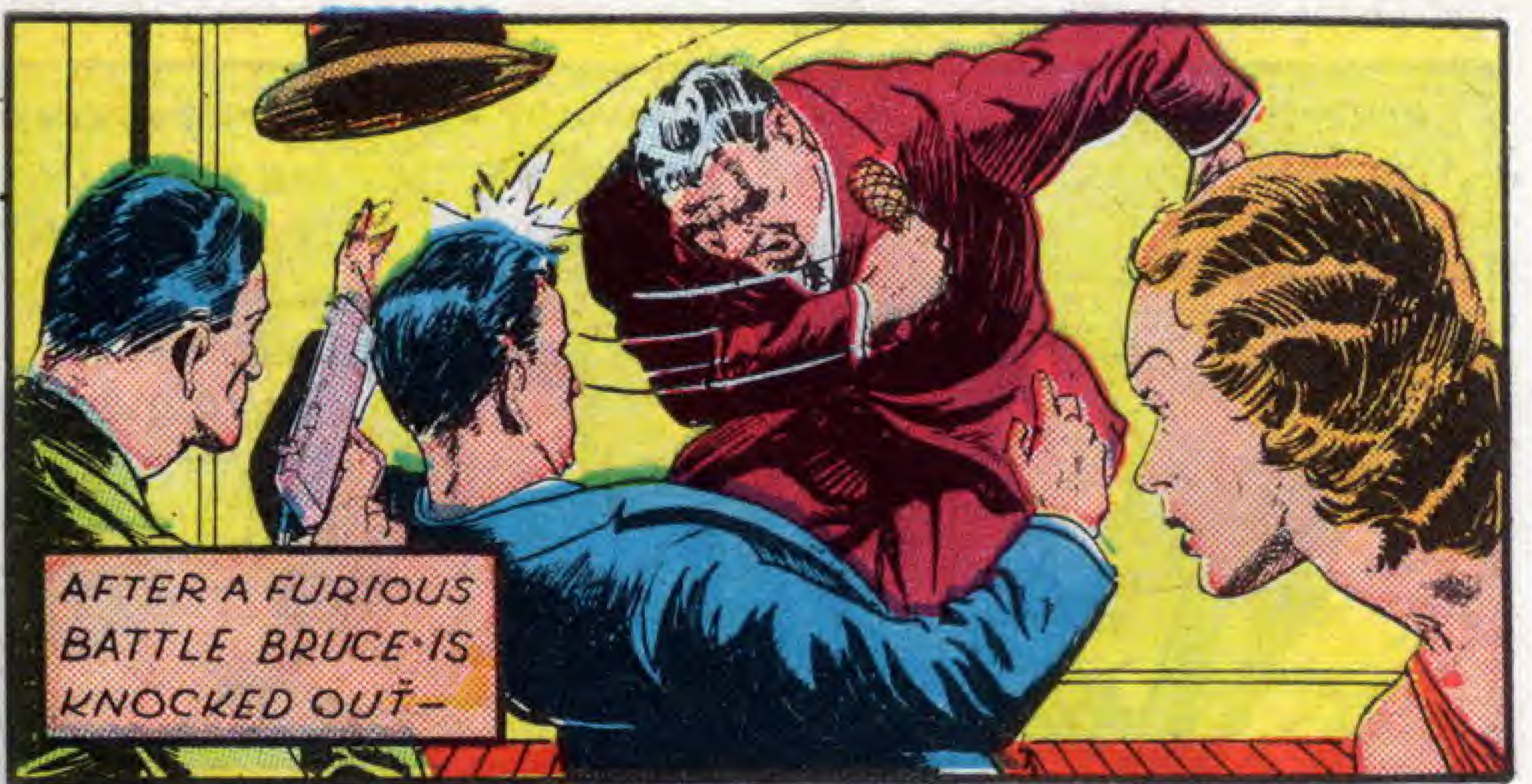
SO! YOU KNOW, YOU ARE CLEVER!



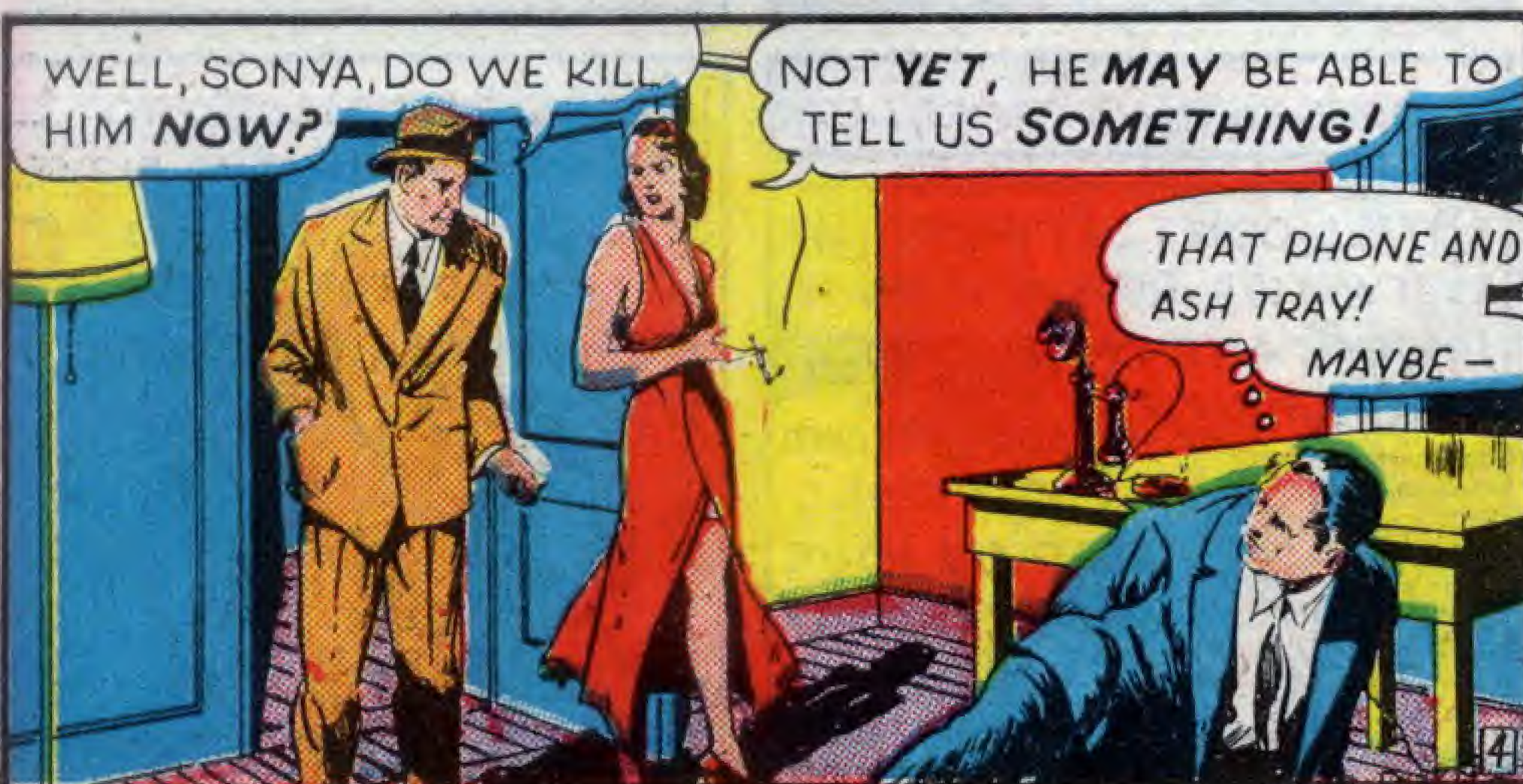
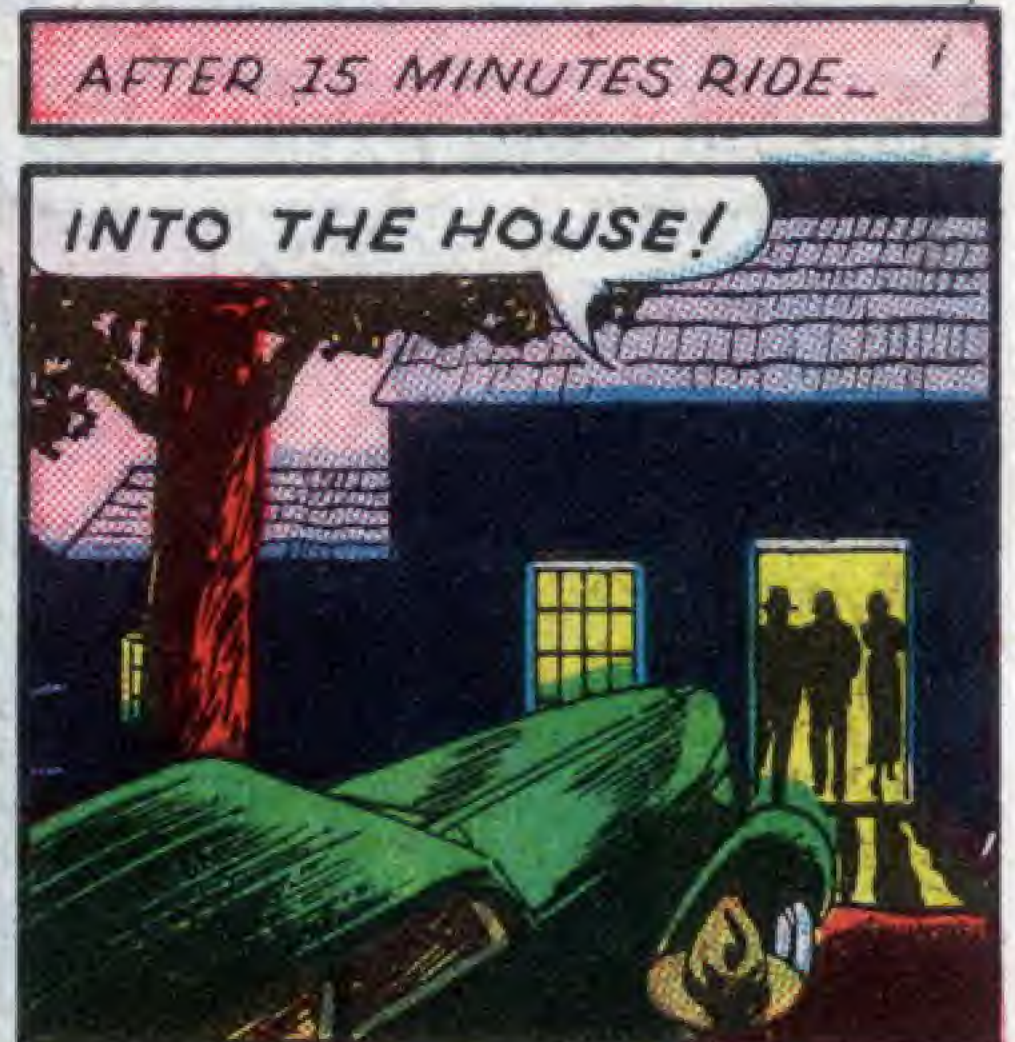
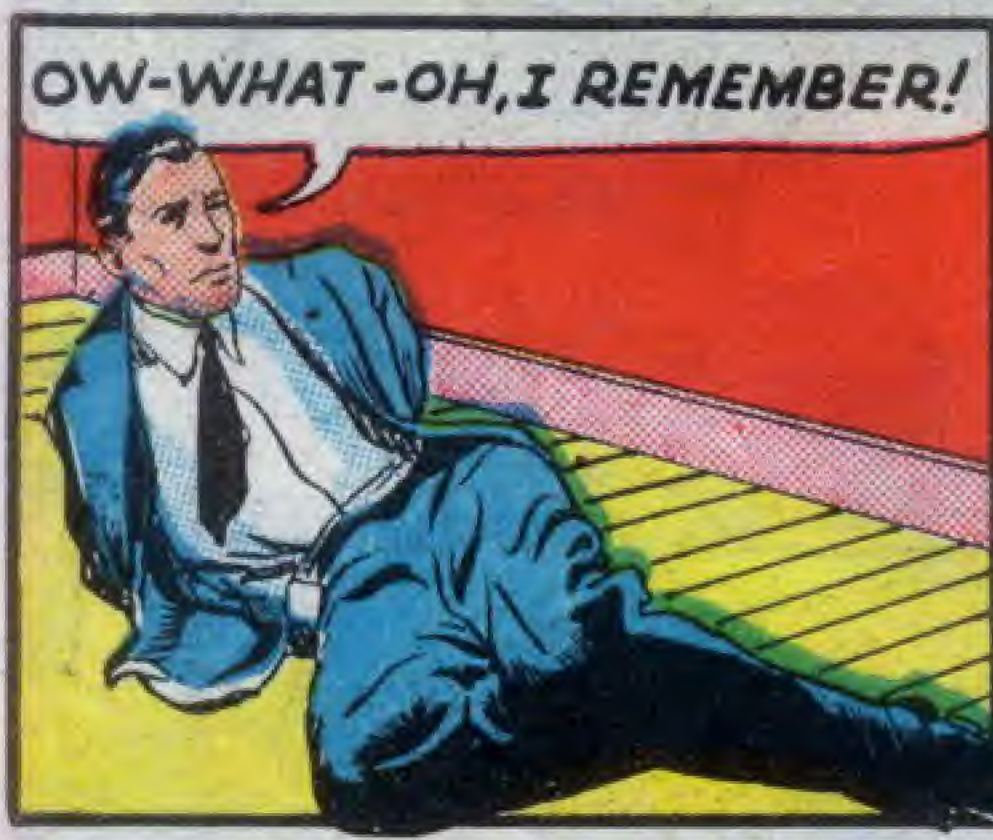
AND NOW, MY BEAUTIFUL MURDERESS-SPY, YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!

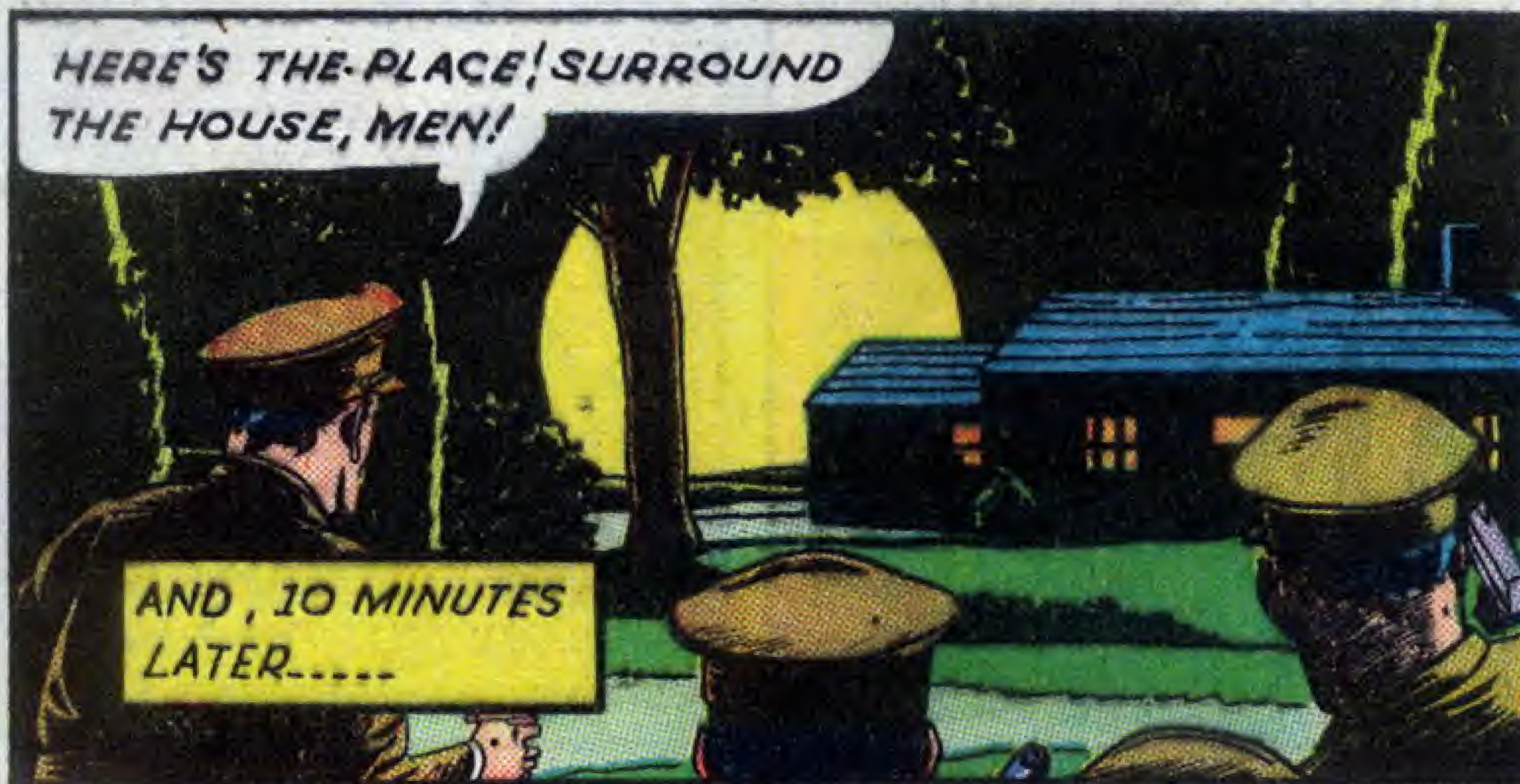
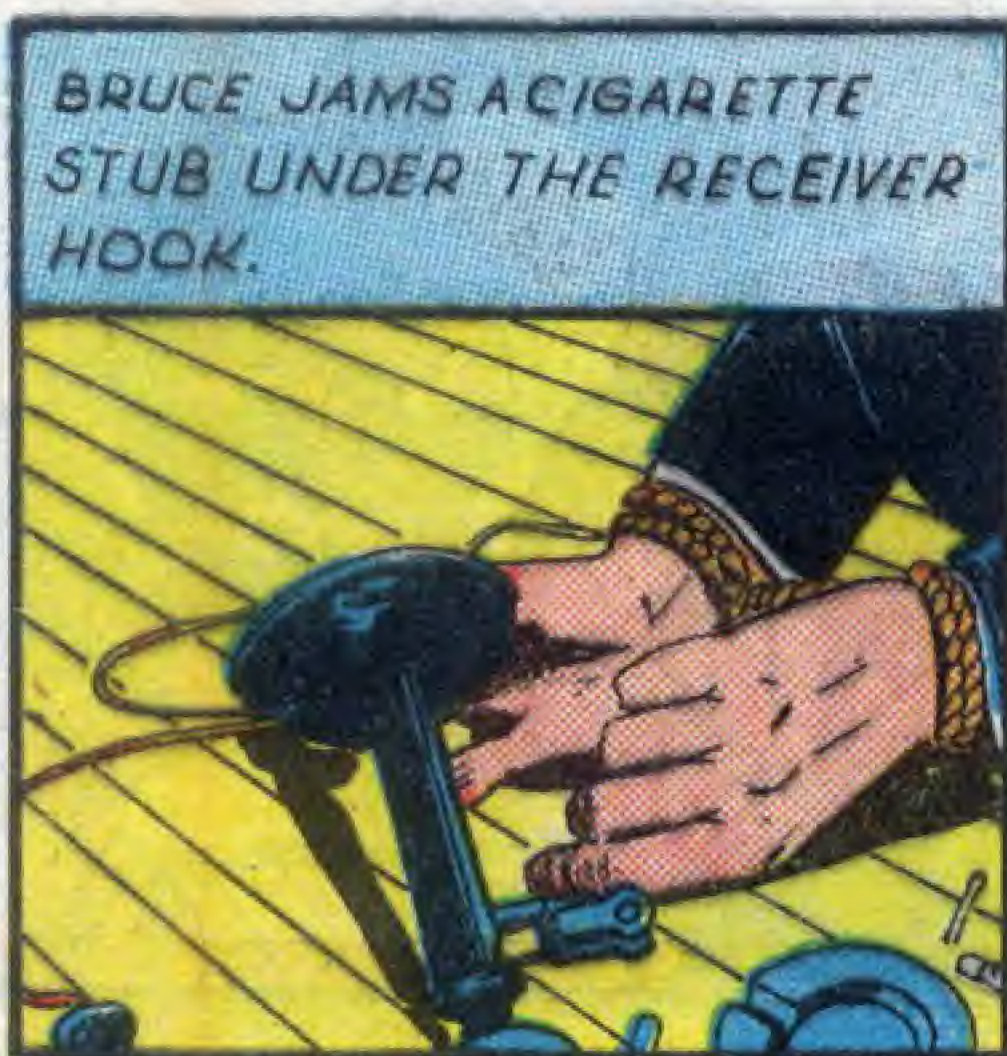
PERHAPS—

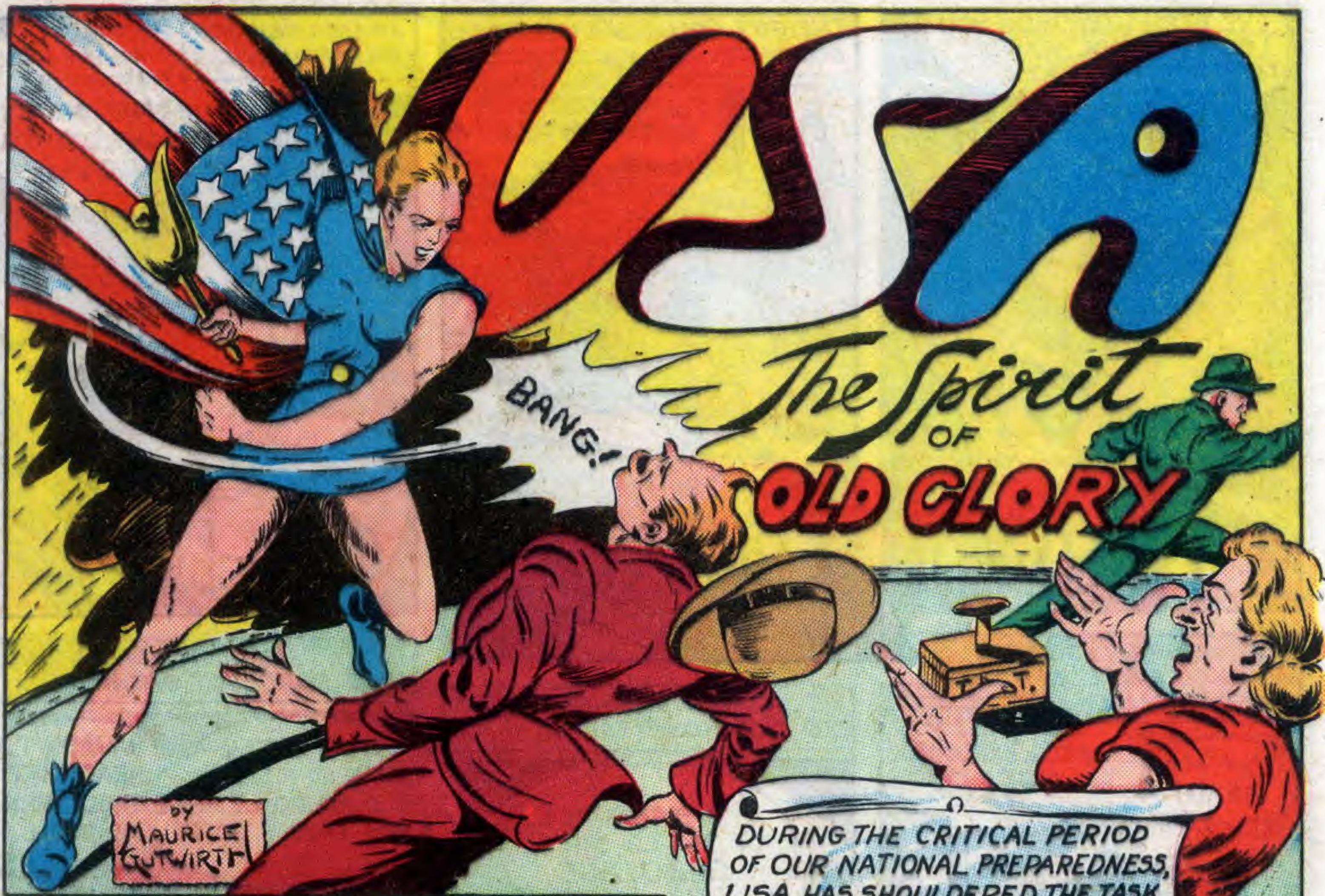




AND RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS
BOUND UPON THE FLOOR.







DURING THE CRITICAL PERIOD OF OUR NATIONAL PREPAREDNESS, USA HAS SHOULDERED THE TASK OF ELIMINATING DANGER FROM ALL ENEMIES WHO INSIDIOUSLY BORE FROM WITHIN.

THE GIRLS EMPLOYMENT OFFICE OF A LARGE MUNITIONS FACTORY...

OKAY., YOU GIRLS ARE ACCEPTED FOR ASSEMBLY LINE WORK. REPORT TO MRS. CRAGG, THE FORELADY, IN THE MORNING.

NEXT MORNING.

IN THIS SHELL DEPARTMENT, YOU GIRLS MUST BE WIDE AWAKE AT ALL TIMES!

UNKNOWN TO ANYONE ELSE, USA IS ONE OF THE WORKING GIRLS... ONE DAY...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, IRENE? DON'T YOU FEEL WELL?

I FEEL DIZZY. I'D BETTER..

IRENE IS SICK, MRS. CRAGG. SHE CAN'T WORK.

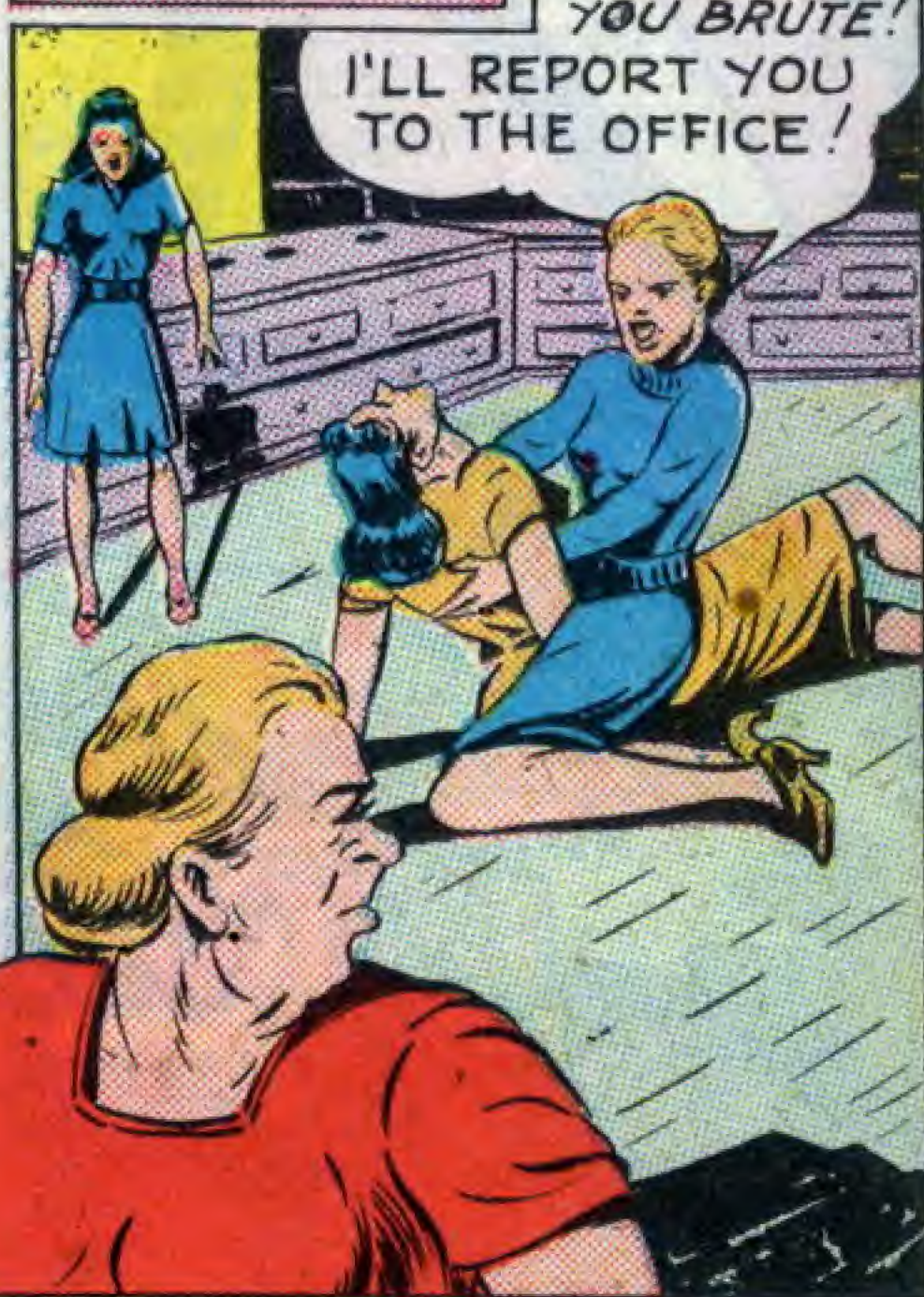
AW... I THINK SHE'S ONLY ACTING. I'LL SEE...



I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU! I DON'T THINK YOU'RE SICK... YOU'RE LAZY!!

BUT...

THE GIRL COLLAPSES. USA STOOPS DOWN TO HER...



YOU BRUTE!

I'LL REPORT YOU TO THE OFFICE!

AS USA REVIVES HER FRIEND...



HMM! THIS IS USA'S TABLE. I'LL FIX THAT SMART BUSYBODY!...THIS'LL DO IT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER... AS SHELLS ROLL OFF THE ASSEMBLY LINE...



OH! MY HEAD!

HELP! A SHELL EXPLODED! HELP!

BING! BANG!

WOUNDED GIRLS ARE TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL ...



IT'S SABOTAGE, DOC! YES SIR... SABOTAGE!

IN THE SUPERINTENDANT'S OFFICE THE FORELADY SPEAKS!



THAT SHELL CAME OFF USA'S TABLE, MR. DOYLE. SHE'S A SPY! I DON'T TRUST HER!

I WASN'T NEAR THAT TABLE THEN, MR. DOYLE!



YOU'RE A LIAR! YOU WERE!



OKAY, MRS. CRAGG.. FISTS ARE ALLRIGHT WITH ME!

DING!



I RELISH A CHANCE TO BASH YOUR MEAN FACE!





USA USES JIU-JITSU.



WITH THE JOB WELL DONE, USA GETS READY TO LEAVE...



AS USA ZOOMS IN THE SKY, THE F.B.I. ARRIVES...





NOW YOU KNOW WHO THE LITTLE GIRL FROM THE FACTORY IS, DON'T YOU?

Y-YES!
W-WHAT
ARE YOU
GOING TO
DO WITH
ME?



I'M GOING TO DUMP
YOU INTO THE RIVER
WHERE ALL THE
REFUSE BELONGS!

DON'T, USA!
I WON'T DO
IT AGAIN!
DON'T!



PLEASANT RIDE,
MRS. CRAGG!

**BUT USA CHANGES HER MIND,
AS SHE CATCHES MRS. CRAGG
IN MIDAIR.**



ON SECOND
THOUGHT...
I HAVE A BETTER
JOB FOR
YOU!

**THEY LAND NEAR THE
FACTORY...**



THE TIME BOMB
IS SET FOR 9:30.
IT'S 9:25 NOW. IF
YOU'LL RETRIEVE
IT IN TIME YOU'LL
LIVE. IF NOT...
NOW GO!

OH-H!



SHE CERTAINLY IS BREAKING
THE RECORD FOR A 100 YARD
DASH!

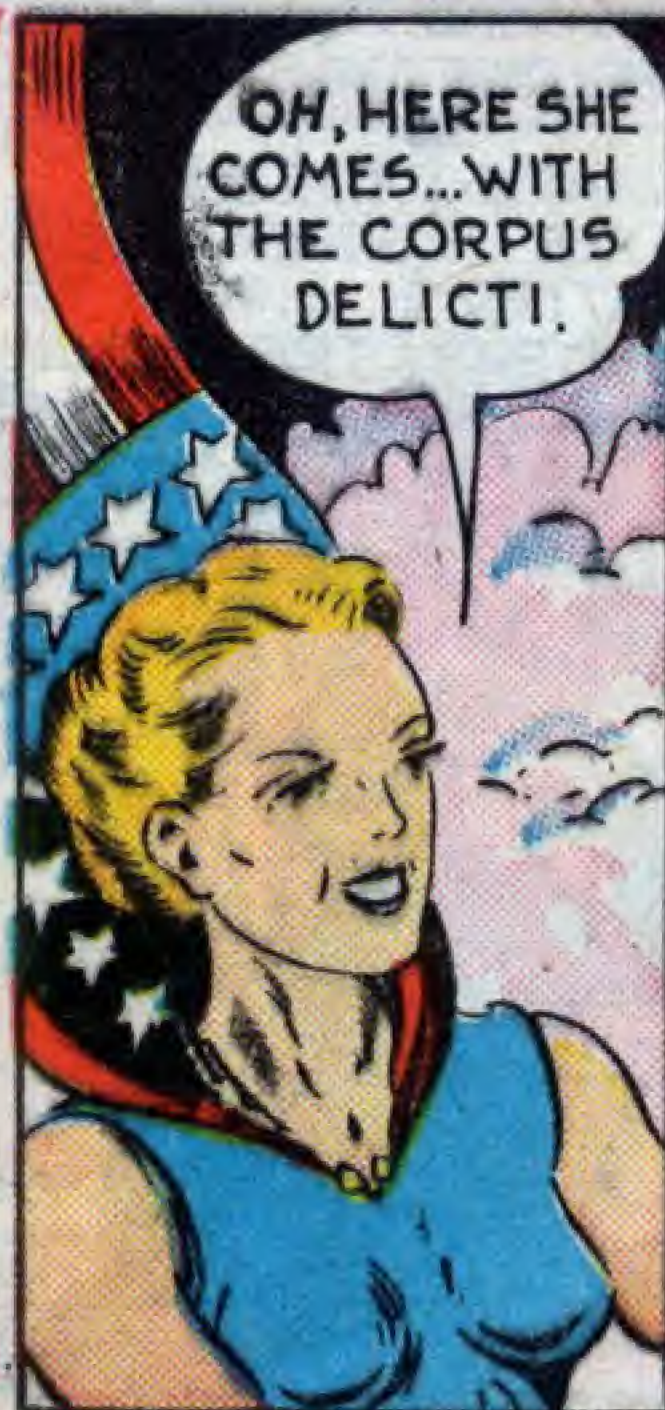
I MUST GET
IT!... OR I'LL
BLOW UP WITH IT!

THE F.B.I. CHIEF JOINS USA...



THAT WAS A GRAND
JOB, USA. WE GOT THE
WHOLE GANG.. BUT
WHERE IS MRS. CRAGG?

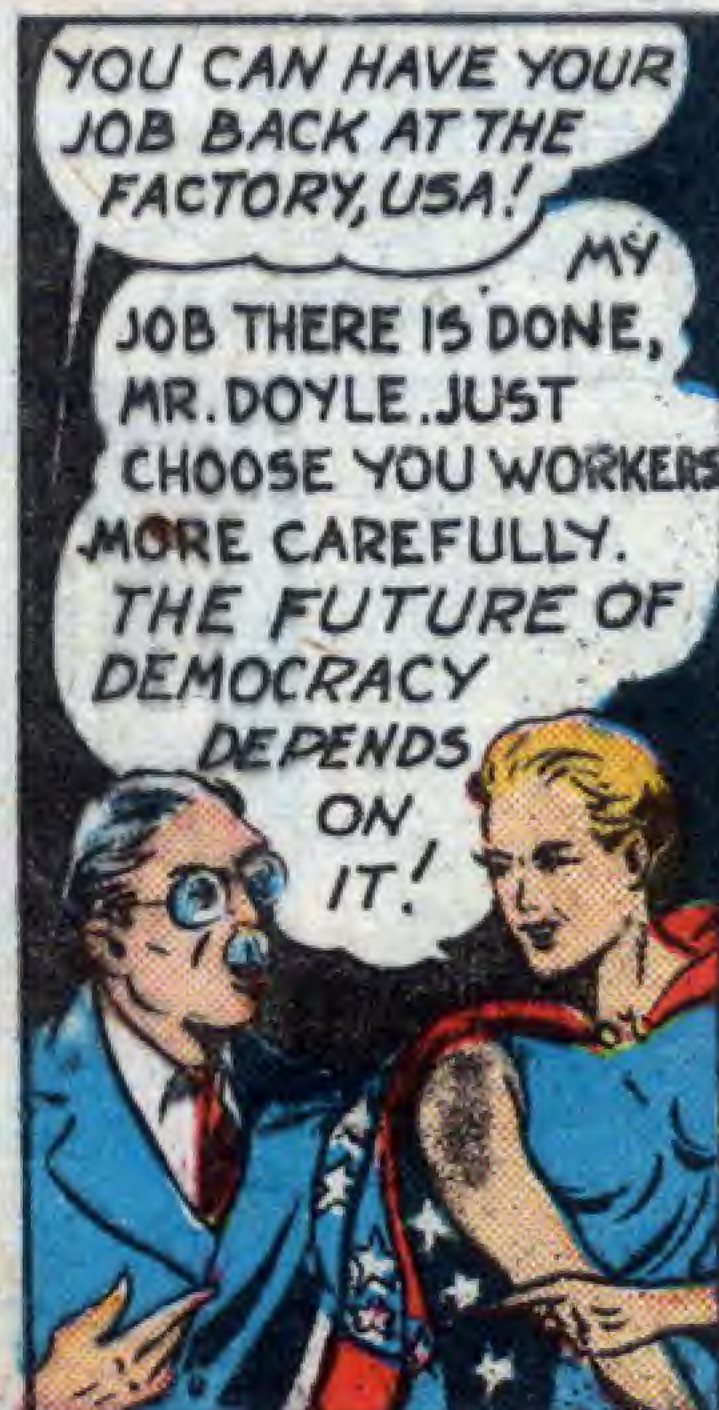
SHE'LL BE
HERE SOON.



OH, HERE SHE
COMES... WITH
THE CORPUS
DELICTI.



HERE IT IS, USA! DON'T
IT'S ABOUT TO WORRY.
EXPLODE! THE F.B.I.
WHAT'LL I DO? SOAKED IT
IN OIL... YOU
CAN RELAX
IN JAIL!



YOU CAN HAVE YOUR
JOB BACK AT THE
FACTORY, USA!

MY
JOB THERE IS DONE,
MR. DOYLE. JUST
CHOOSE YOU WORKERS
MORE CAREFULLY.
THE FUTURE OF
DEMOCRACY
DEPENDS
ON
IT!

RUSTY RYAN

and the
BOYVILLE
BRIGADIERS

by Paul
Gustavson



WHEN A FOREIGN
MOVEMENT TRIES TO
UNDERMINE THE
YOUTH OF BOYVILLE,
RUSTY RYAN CREATES
THE BOYVILLE
BRIGADIERS... SIX
STURDY BOYS, PLEDGED
TO KEEP OUR
COUNTRY STRICTLY
AMERICAN.

OUTSIDE A
BOYVILLE
DORMITORY
RUSTY RYAN
AND HIS
PAL SMILEY
ARE
ATTRACTED
BY AN
EXCITED
MILLING
CROWD.



C'MON, SMILEY..
LET'S SEE WHAT'S
UP!

REACHING THE CROWD
THEY FIND TWO DETECTIVES
HOLDING TOMMY ANDREWS.

WHAT'S
THE
MATTER,
MISTER?

THIS BOY IS
UNDER ARREST
...FOR
TREASON!!



YES! LOOK
WHAT HE'S
BEEN PASSING
OUT TO THE REST
OF YOU KIDS
HERE... AND
HE CLAIMS
HE DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT THEY
WERE ABOUT!





RUSTY, I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS IN THOSE ENVELOPES HONEST!

THIS SEEMS FISHY!



LISTEN... WHERE ARE YOU TAKING TOMMY?

TO THE TOWN JAIL, UNTIL THE FEDERAL MEN GET HERE



WHY CAN'T HE STAY HERE? TOMMY WOULDN'T RUN AWAY OR ANYTHING.. HE JUST ISN'T THAT KIND!

SORRY, SON!



GOSH, I NEVER THOUGHT TOMMY WOULD DO ANYTHING LIKE THIS!!

I KNOW HE WOULDN'T! C'MON SMILEY. THE BRIGADIERS ARE GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

THAT NIGHT THE BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE REAR OF THE TOWN JAIL...



TOMMY'S IN THE CELL BACK HERE



PSST.. TOMMY!

HUH?



RUSTY! WHAT'S UP?

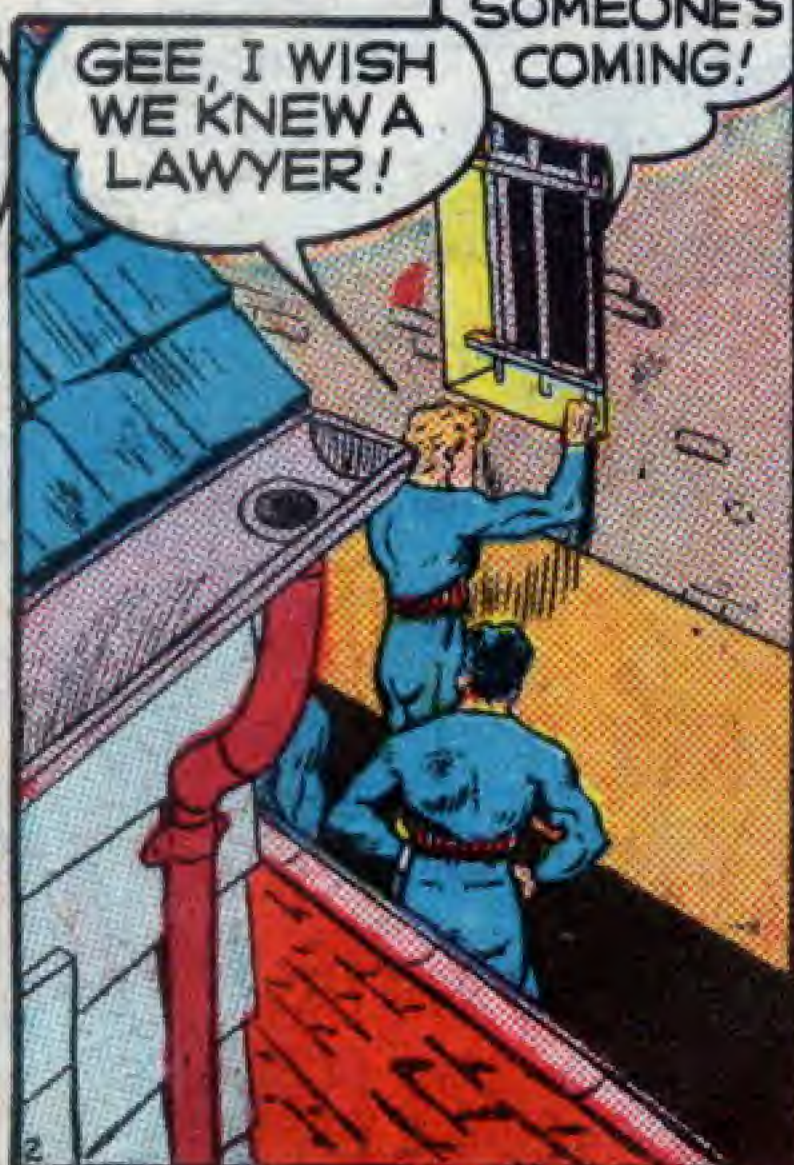
WE'RE GONNA TRY TO FIGURE A WAY TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE!



NOW START AT THE BEGINNING AND TELL US THE WHOLE STORY!

WELL... IT STARTED WHEN I WAS BLAMED FOR BREAKING THE DRUG STORE WINDOW!

A MAN WITH A DARK BEARD AND GLASSES PAID FOR IT! HE WAS NICE TO ME AND ASKED ME TO PASS OUT THOSE PAPERS IN THE SCHOOL... BUT I WASN'T TO LOOK AT THEM!



GEE, I WISH WE KNEW A LAWYER!

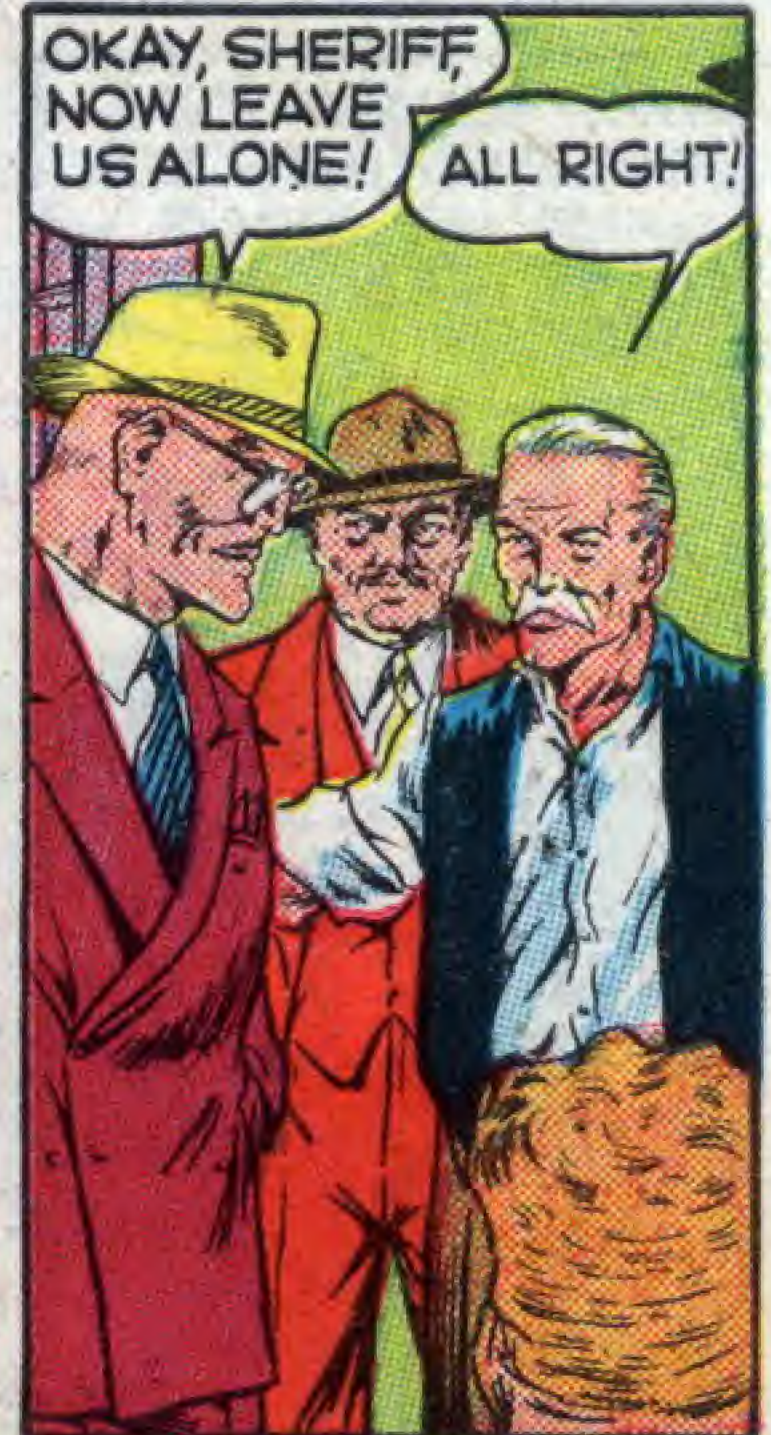
SOMETIME LATER..

SHHH... SOMEONE'S COMING!



TOMMY, A COUPLE OF MEN TO SEE YOU!

M..ME??



OKAY, SHERIFF, NOW LEAVE US ALONE!

ALL RIGHT!

DON'T BE ALARMED, SON.. WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU! PUTTING YOUNG BOYS IN JAIL... I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING! THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH THIS COUNTRY.. BUT WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE IN NO TIME!

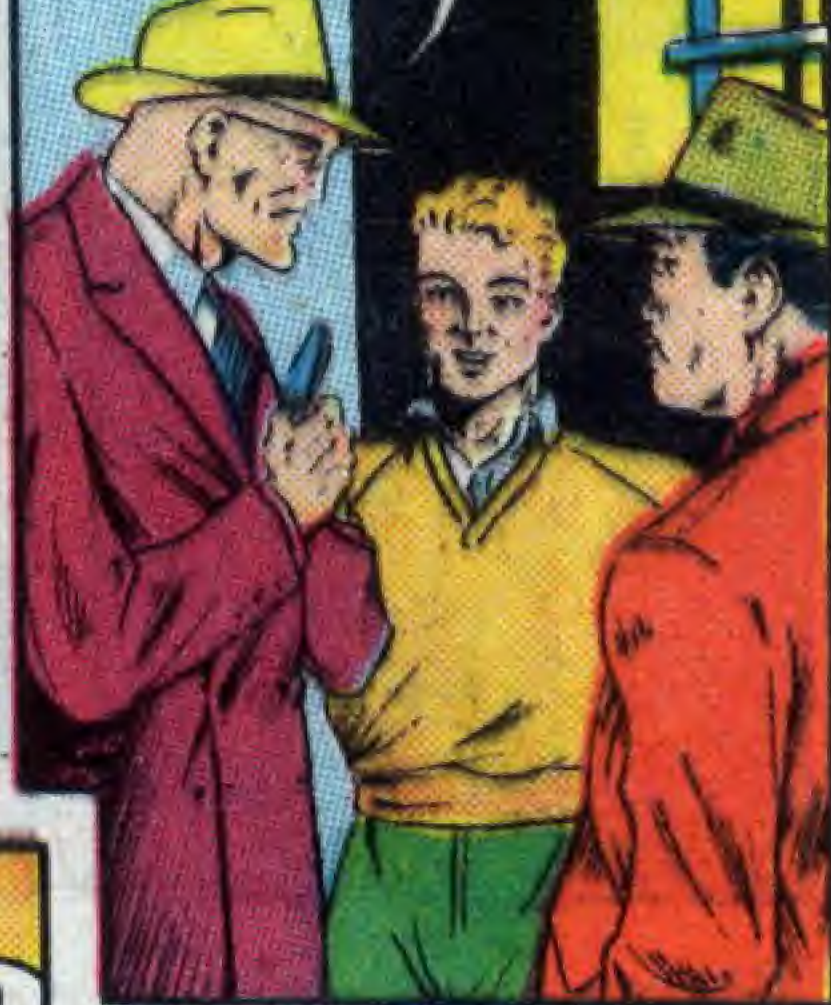
NOW, TELL MY LAWYER EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED!

AFTER TOMMY TELLS HIS STORY

SIMPLE.. NO CASE AT ALL! I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN AN HOUR!

GEE.. THANKS!

DON'T THANK US, SON.. WE ONLY REPRESENT THE AMERICAN FREEDOM CLUB! HERE, READ THIS BOOK WHILE WE'RE GETTING THE WRIT!



THANKS A LOT! THE AMERICAN FREEDOM CLUB.. FREE TO ALL! THIS SOUNDS GOOD!



IT'S WORKING LIKE A CHARM, DUTCH! THIS KID WILL BE THE START OF OUR BREAKING INTO BOYVILLE AND TEACHING THOSE KIDS OUR WAY OF THINKING!



MEANWHILE...

DID YOU HEAR WHAT THEY SAID, RUSTY?

YES.. AND IT SMELLS TO ME! LET ME SEE THAT BOOK, TOMMY!



H-M-M-M! THAT FAT MAN THIS IS A NICE GUY! FUNNY.. BUT I SEEM TO PLACE HIS VOICE SOMEHOW... BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE!



HUH? YOU SAY YOU RECOGNIZE HIS VOICE.. AND YET YOU'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE!

YES.. WHY?



NOTHING.. BUT READING THIS BOOK GIVES ME AN IDEA!



C'MON, FELLAS.. WE'VE A LOT OF WORK TO DO!

OH, OH.. HERE WE GO!

RUSTY! MY BOOK!



OH.. THEY'RE GONE! I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE UP TO??



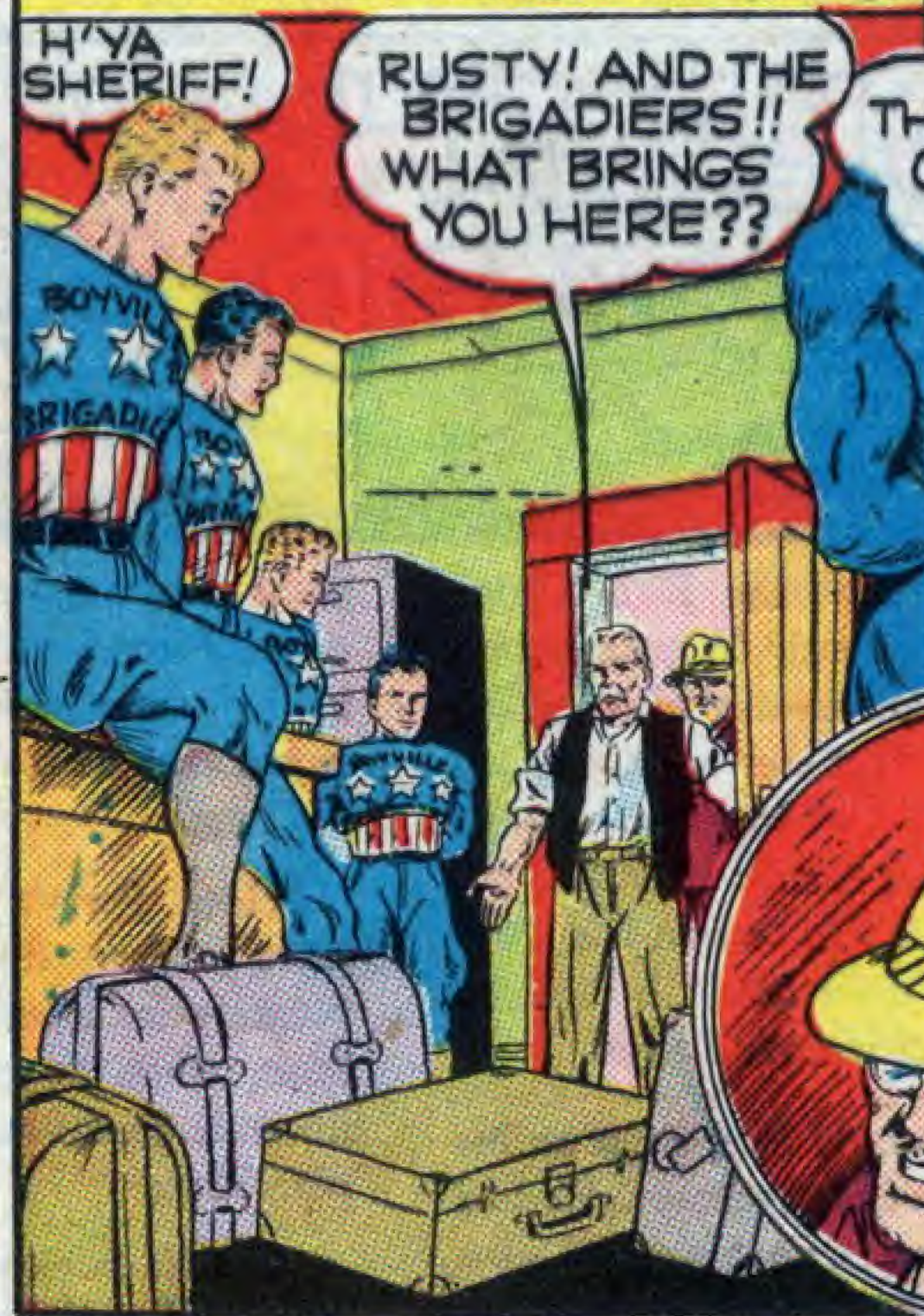
SOME TIME LATER, THE TWO MEN RETURN WITH A WRIT AND TOMMY IS RELEASED..



I DIDN'T LIKE KEEPING HIM LOCKED UP, BUT, Y'KNOW I HAVE MY ORDERS.. I'D AS SOON... WHAT TH'...???



WHEN THEY REACH THE OFFICE.



HMM....?? THOSE KIDS HAVE OUR BAGS! I DON'T LIKE THIS!



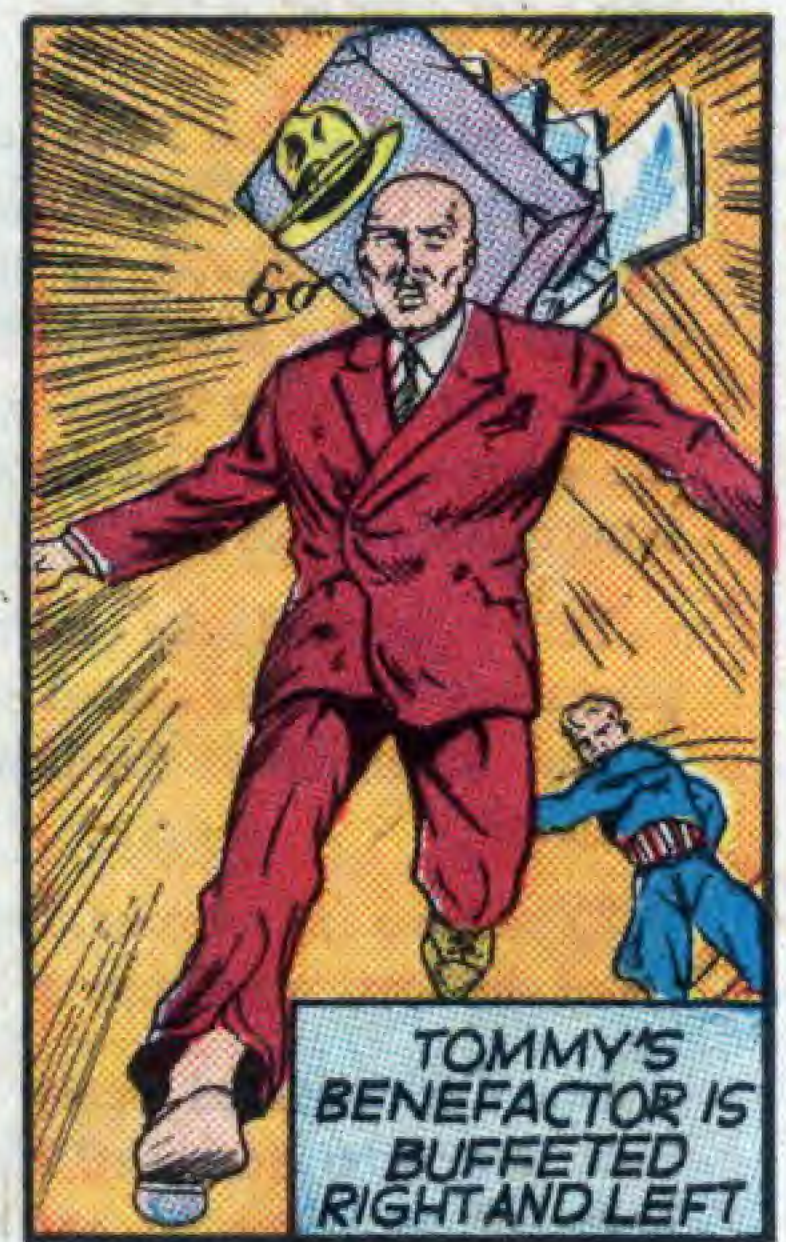
WE WERE LOOKING FOR THE MAN WITH THE DARK BEARD AND GLASSES THAT GOT TOMMY INTO THIS MESS.. AND WE FOUND PART OF HIM AT THE HOTEL!



I'VE HEARD OF THESE BRIGADIERS.. THEY'RE POISON.. AND NO DOPES! THIS IS GETTIN' TOO HOT FOR ME!



AND HERE'S THE REST OF HIM SHERIFF!



HE DIDN'T WANT TO GO ANYPLACE!



NOW, SHERIFF... WHEN WE PUT THE DARK BEARD ON THIS BIRD...



WELL I'LL BE... IT'S HIM.. WITH A FALSE BEARD!!



IS THAT THE MAN, TOMMY?

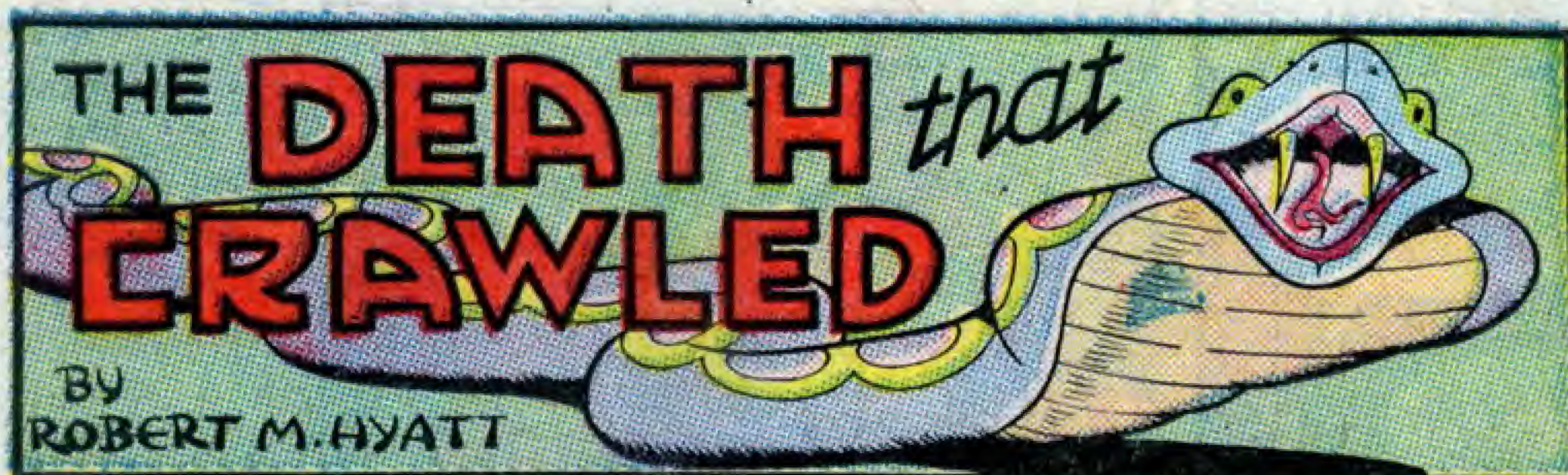
THAT'S HIM ALRIGHT!



THE BOOK HE GAVE YOU.. IT'S REALLY THOSE PAMPHLETS HE HAD YOU PASS OUT... ONLY IT'S DRESSED UP WITH FANCY WORDS TO COVER ITS REAL MEANING!



THE DEATH *that* CRAWLED



BY ROBERT M. HYATT

Lying in the darkness, Don Carlos Romera listened intently. A palm frond rustled in the light breeze blowing off Guanacabo Gulf. Fear clutched Don Carlos' whole being. And for good reason: Last night, Pim, his trusted valet, had got up to take a drink. His scream had shivered through the quiet house, bringing a dozen or more mestizos on the run.

They had found old Pim lying on his face on the floor of his bedroom. He had died in a few minutes, unable to tell what had happened. There were no marks of violence on his body.

Two nights before Pim's death, Maria, the beloved cook in Don Carlos' rambling hacienda, had started to the kitchen shortly after the household was asleep. A moment later her scream tore through the silence. Marie died in exactly the same manner as old Pim.

Terror gripped the entire Romera plantation. What had caused these strange deaths? Who was at the bottom of the mystery?

"You have any enemies, Don Carlos?" asked the local magistrate of Santa Ana.

Don Carlos smiled wanly. "And what man lives who does not? Of course, I know of no particular enemies of the house of Romero."

"Is not your plantation the largest in this region?" asked the official.

"In all of Cuba," replied the don proudly, "there is no larger . . . and since you mention it, there is one who perhaps would gladly see me out of business. That one is Don Diego, up on the Salado river. Yet a countryman—" The don shook his head.

The night after the magistrate's visit, Don Carlos, remembering that he hadn't locked the French doors leading to his room, rose to lock them. His mortal cry again brought the household running. Don Carlos was dead when they found him.

It was purely by chance that the schooner *Panda* had anchored in Guan-

acabo Gulf a few days before Don Carlos' death. Perry Scott had come to Cuba for no particular purpose; it had just happened that he was on no assignment at the time.

Selden, Perry's first mate, brought the news to Perry first. Selden had been to Nombro for a few hours, shooting color films, when he heard the story of the uncanny deaths occurring at Don Carlos' plantation.

"Sounds mighty interesting," observed Perry. "Awfully interesting. Haven't they been able to find any reason for the killings? Might be poison."

"No," said Selden. "They performed autopsies on all three victims."

Perry nodded. "Like to take a run out there and snoop around a bit? I was never on a sugar plantation."

Selden grinned. "I'd like to see anything stop you from running out there, Perry. I know you too well. When do we start?"

Perry liked Juan Romero instantly. But there was little hope in the young Spaniard's eyes when he said to Perry: "I am most grateful for your interest, senior, but I fear it will avail us nothing. I've had detectives here from Habana and Santiago. They went away baffled."

Perry smiled. "I'm not making rash promises, Don Juan. I have some time, and I'd like to work on the case. I've had some little experience as an amateur detective."

"Buena!" said Juan. "My house is yours, amigo. Every person on this plantation is at your service."

Perry wished he could make a minute inspection of the victims. But that was impossible; they had been buried. A visit to the doctor at Santa Ana availed him nothing. There had been no traces of poison, no mark upon the skin of any of the dead.

The magistrate could tell little more. Don Diego was a man of excellent repute. Before coming to Cuba some ten years

back, he had lived in India, the head of a Barcelona exporting firm. His record was clean in both countries.

Perry and Selden visited the Don Diego plantation that same night. Everything looked peaceful on the huge estate, but that told them nothing. The fact remained that Don Diego had tried to buy out Don Carlos on several occasions. They had parted friends each time.

Juan Romero offered them any room in the house upon their return that night. Perry chose Don Carlos' own room. When they were alone at last, Perry turned to Selden.

"Something funny about this," he said. "They post a flock of mestizo guards around the house at night, yet death gets in somehow. There's a nigger in the woodpile."

"You mean," offered Selden, "that someone in the house—"

"Exactly. There's someone in here working for Don Diego—if he happens to be the crook."

Nothing transpired that night out of the ordinary. Early the next morning Perry drove to the wharf and boarded his schooner. Going to the ship's laboratory, he opened a cupboard and took out several small boxes. These he put in his pocket and a few minutes later he was speeding back to the plantation.

With Juan's permission, he rigged up several banks of electric floodlights at the four corners of the house, with a master switch in a small empty shed not far away. Next, he planted his small boxes in various spots around the house.

Juan and half a dozen mestizos witnessed these proceedings with astonishment. "You Americans!" smiled Juan. "What is in those little boxes, senior?"

Perry said, grinning, "If I told you, you'd probably laugh me off the place. I'll wait and see if we have any luck . . . it's an old Japanese trick."

That evening, Perry searched the house thoroughly. He was rewarded at last. In a room occupied by a young nephew of Don Juan's he found a small bowl of milk under the bed, hidden from view by the overhanging spread.

"Ah-hah! Just as I thought! I think our little friend Don Diego is back of this, after all; and it's a cinch that someone in the house is helping him."

Perry made Juan's nephew change

rooms—just in case he slipped up on overhauling the killer. The change was made without the servants' knowledge.

About midnight, when everyone had retired, Perry sneaked outside and took up his position in the vacant shed.

Crickets chirped merrily from every quarter, and an early moon rose majestically in the east. The hours passed. About two in the morning, the crickets suddenly stopped chirping. It was the signal Perry was waiting for. He threw in the switch and the entire grounds were lighted brilliantly. At his orders, the spacious lawns had been clipped close the day before; now the flat green expanse lay like an emerald carpet. Anything on that lawn would be visible a long ways off.

Perry saw nothing from his angle, so he hurried around a corner of the house. Ah! There it was, crossing the lawn sinuously. When he was ten feet from it, Perry blasted away with his shotgun. The roar of the gun brought Juan and several others out of the house.

"What is it, senor?" demanded Juan.

"Your killer. A cobra, if I'm not mistaken."

"But I don't understand. A cobra—" "This one evidently came from India," said Perry. "Doubtless by Don Diego. I suspected it when I found the bowl of milk in your nephew's room."

Don Juan still didn't comprehend. "You mean—"

"It's like this," Perry said. "Cobras can smell milk fifty yards or more away. This one was probably released from its cage at the edge of the lawn, on the side of the house where your nephew was to sleep. At any point it is less than twenty yards across your lawn to the wall."

"But who placed the bowl of milk?" Juan asked incredulously.

"Someone in your house is a traitor, in Don Diego's pay. He placed the milk, probably having no idea what for."

At this point one of the servants cried out and pointed. A man was running from the house, heading for the highway. Perry shouted and brought the gun up. The man halted and a dozen mestizos piled upon him. He was a recent addition to Don Carlos' retinue. It was an easy matter to make him talk: He definitely incriminated Don Diego.

"Of course," Perry stated, "Don Diego

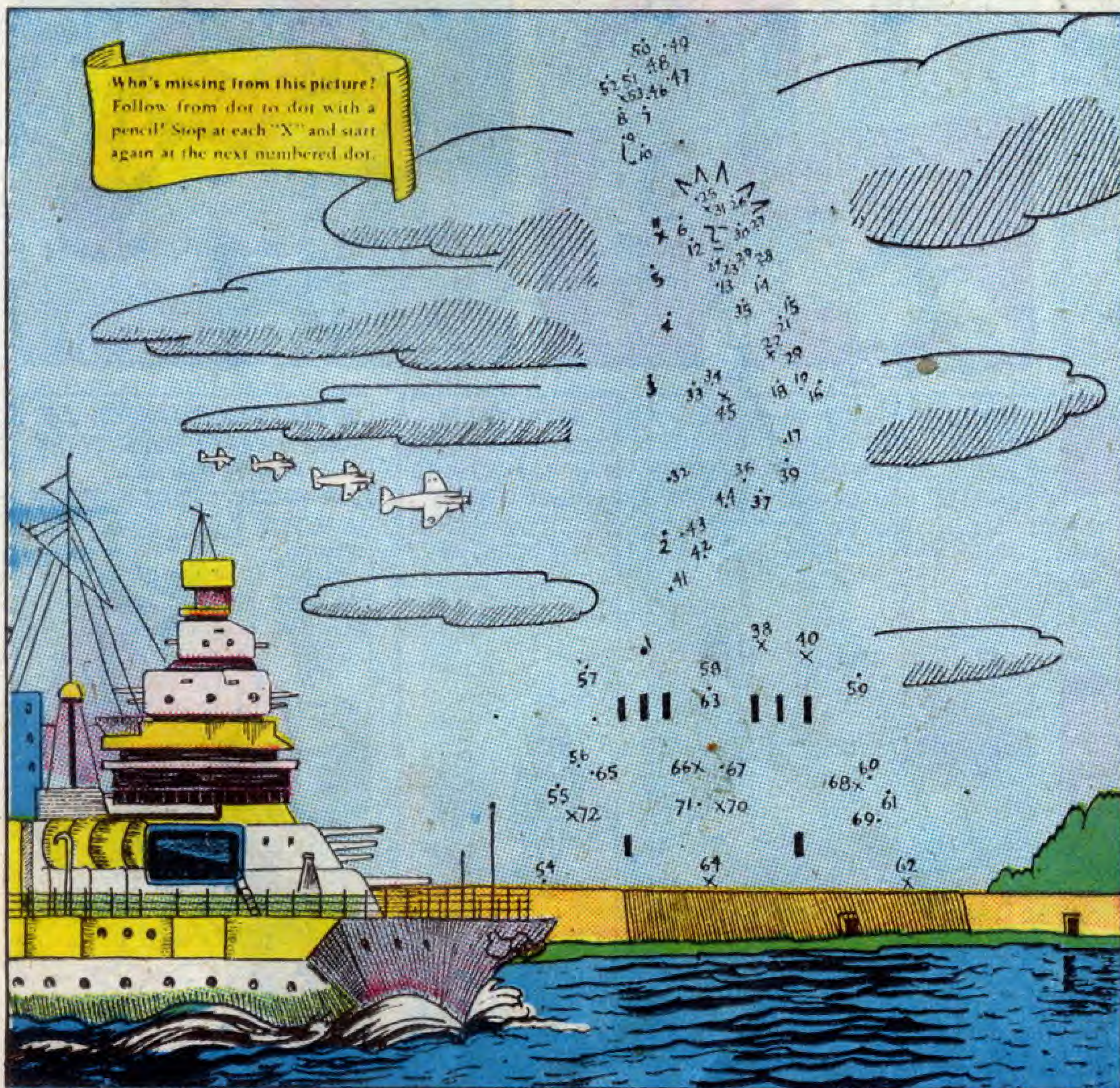
always wanted your father's plantation, and took this method of frightening you into a sale, after everything else failed. I know, now, why you didn't discover any marks on the victims: the bite of a cobra leaves infinitesimal holes in the skin, which close entirely soon after they strike."

Don Juan still looked baffled. "But those little boxes—" he began.

Perry laughed. "Oh, those. Well, I brought those Japanese crickets from Japan. They're excellent chirpers. They are also fine watchdogs. Every Japanese house has its crickets. Whenever they stop chirping at night, the household knows that someone is prowling around the place. I used them for the same purpose. Had we kept the lights on, we'd never have trapped our killer."

Juan Romero held out his hand. "You Americans! You're — magicians! And may the good God bless you!"

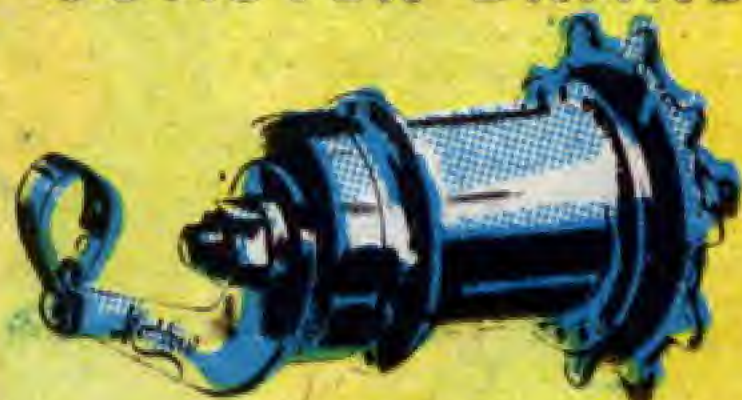
**FOLLOW PERRY SCOTT IN
SEA KILLER
IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF
FEATURE COMICS
ON SALE JULY 25TH**



**Be sure your
new bike has this
famous brake!**

BUILT by Bendix, the world's foremost maker of automobile and airplane brakes... famous for 40 years... the good Morrow Coaster Brake is the safest, surest brake your bike could have! More ball bearings (31 in all) than any other coaster brake. That means long, smooth coasting and easy pedaling. Big bronze brake shoes, multi-grooved for positive stops and long wear. Insist on a Morrow Brake on your new bike—you can get it on any standard make.

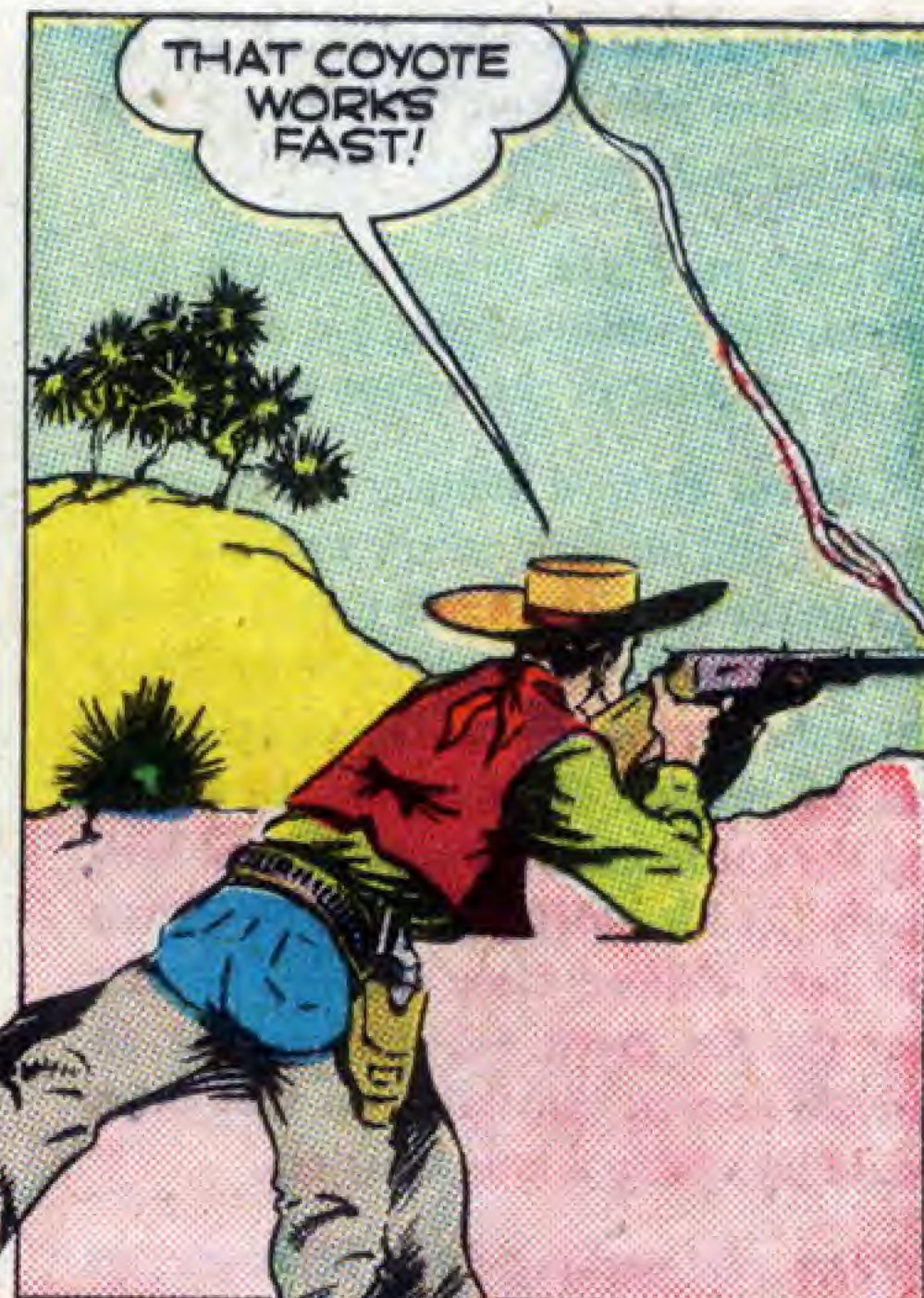
**MORROW
COASTER BRAKE**



**ECLIPSE
MACHINE DIVISION**
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION, Elmira, N. Y.

THE FARGO KID

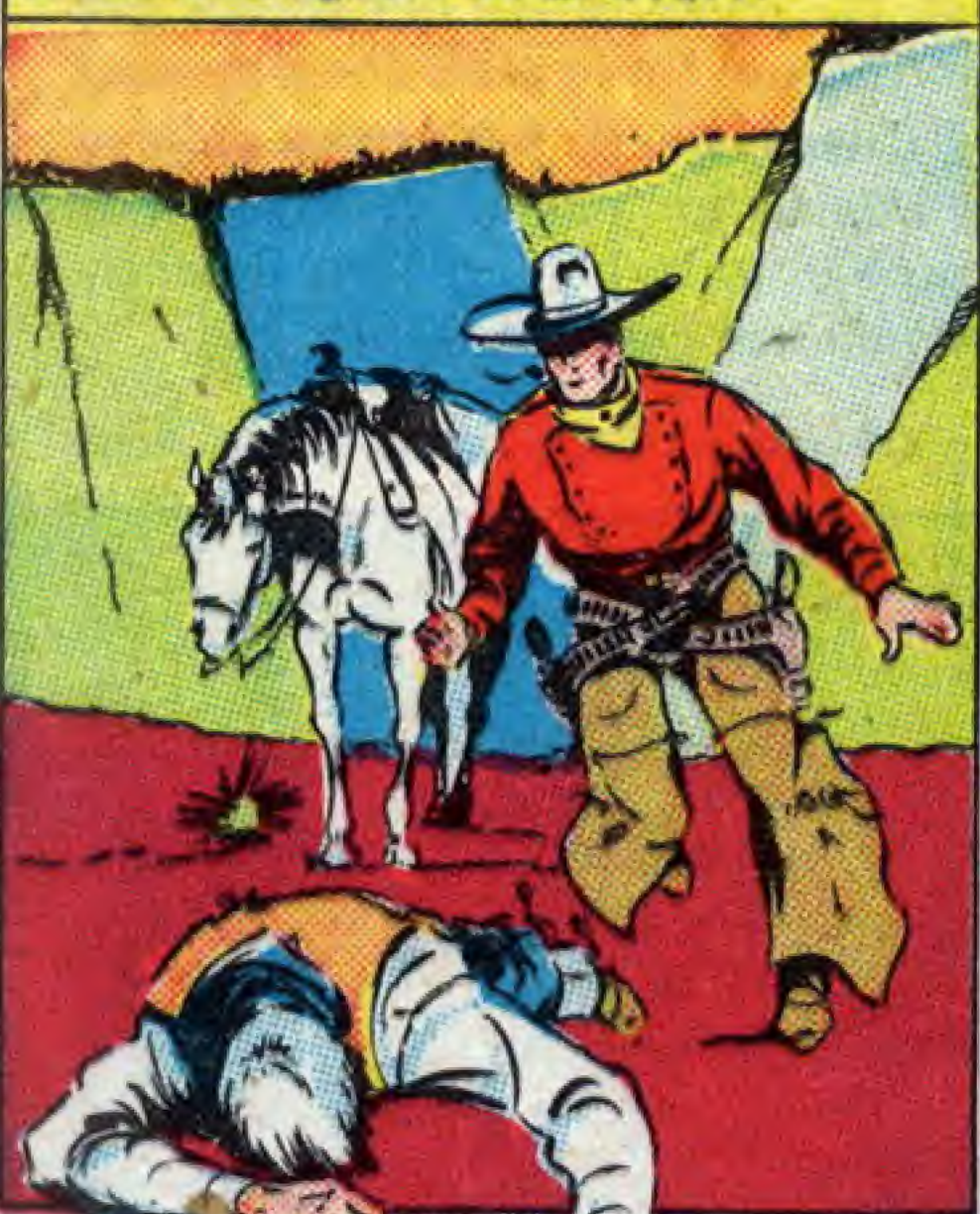
A PRODUCT OF THE WEST OF TODAY, TIM TURNER, BETTER KNOWN AS THE FARGO KID IS THE LAW'S STOUTEST ALLY... HE HEARS A GUN BARK... A VICTIM FALLS... FARGO KID SHOTS AT THE FLEEING ASSAILANT



FARGO KID GIVES CHASE.. BUT THE MARAUDER IS SOON OUT OF RANGE....



THE VICTIM, AN OLD MAN, SEEMS BEYOND HELP AS HIS BENEFACTOR RETURNS...



THE AGED HEAD SAGS... AND WITH BREATH COMING IN GASPS THE RANCHER PASSES AWAY..



WITH THE RIDERLESS HORSE, THE FARGO KID HEADS INTO TOWN...



HE PULLS UP SHARPLY AS SOMETHING GLEAMS ON THE WHITE SAND...



LATER..NOW IN TOWN THE KID IS SURROUNDED BY MEN WHO INTENTLY LISTEN TO THIS ACCOUNT OF THE HOLDUP MURDER.....

AND THE SNAKE GOT AWAY FAST WHEN HE SAW ME...



THE OLD RANCHER'S DAUGHTER RUNS TOWARD THE GROUP..

MY DAD!! IT WAS MY DAD, WASN'T IT?



SHE IS WATCHED BY THE BEADY EYES OF THE MAN WHO HOLDS THE RANCH MORTGAGE



TELL ME.. PLEASE TELL ME!! WHO DID IT.. OH-H-H... DID MY DAD...??

QUIET NOW... GET HOLD OF YOURSELF... I'LL HELP YOU....



THE MORTGAGE HOLDER, WHO IS THE TOWN BOSS, COLDLY APPRAISES THE SCENE...

PROBABLY KILLED THE OLD MAN HIMSELF, AND HID THE MONEY... THE MURDER STORY IS OLD STUFF!

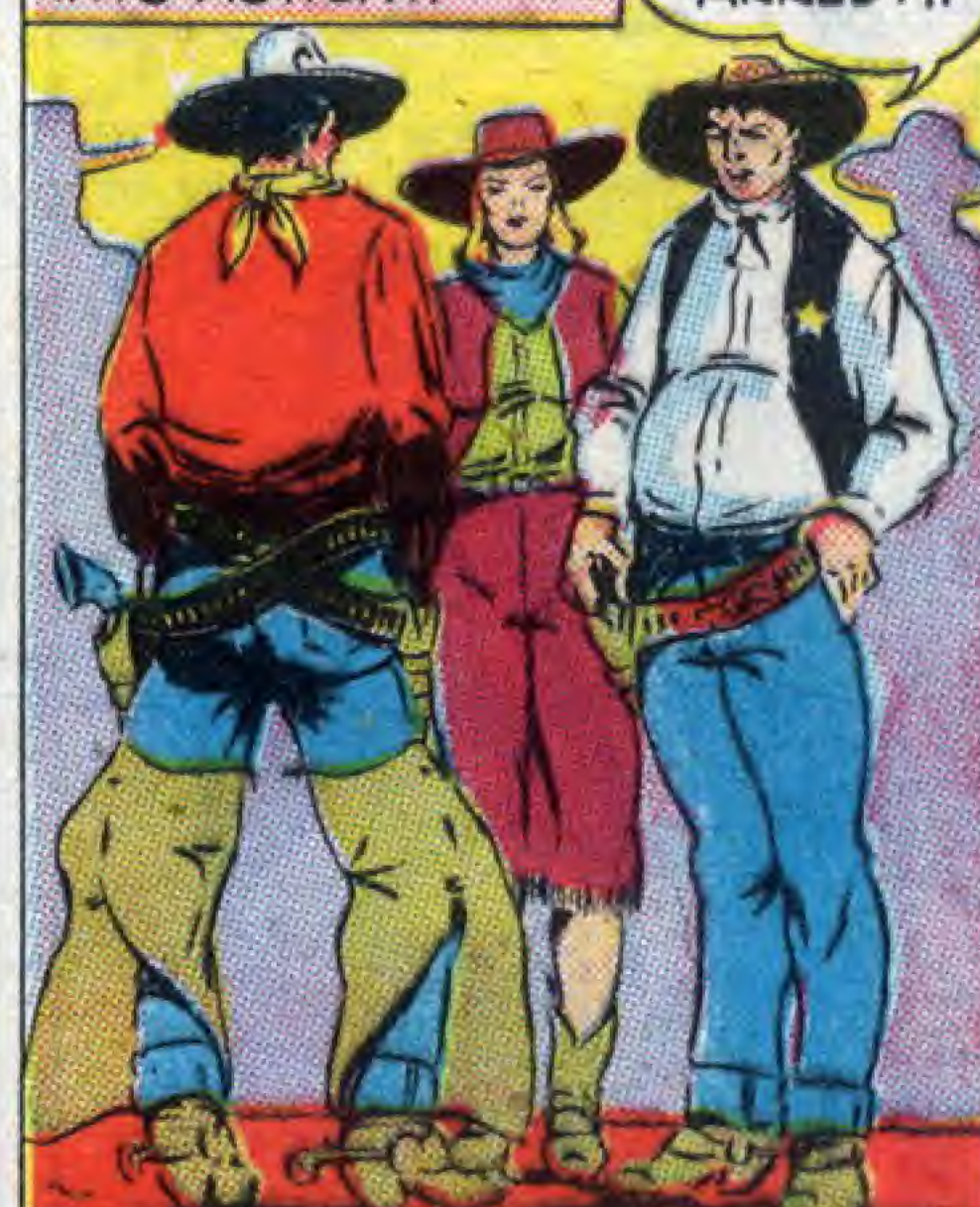


SOON THE BOSS'S HENCHMEN TAKE UP THE CRY OF SUSPICION AIMED AT THE FARGO KID....



AN HONEST BUT STUPID SHERIFF IS FORCED INTO ACTION..

FARGO, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!!



BUT THE KID IS FAST ON THE DRAW!!

NO I'M NOT SHERIFF!! I'VE GOT OTHER PLANS!!



BUT A GUN BUTT, USED FROM BEHIND, SENDS FARGO KID SPRAWLING INTO THE DUST...

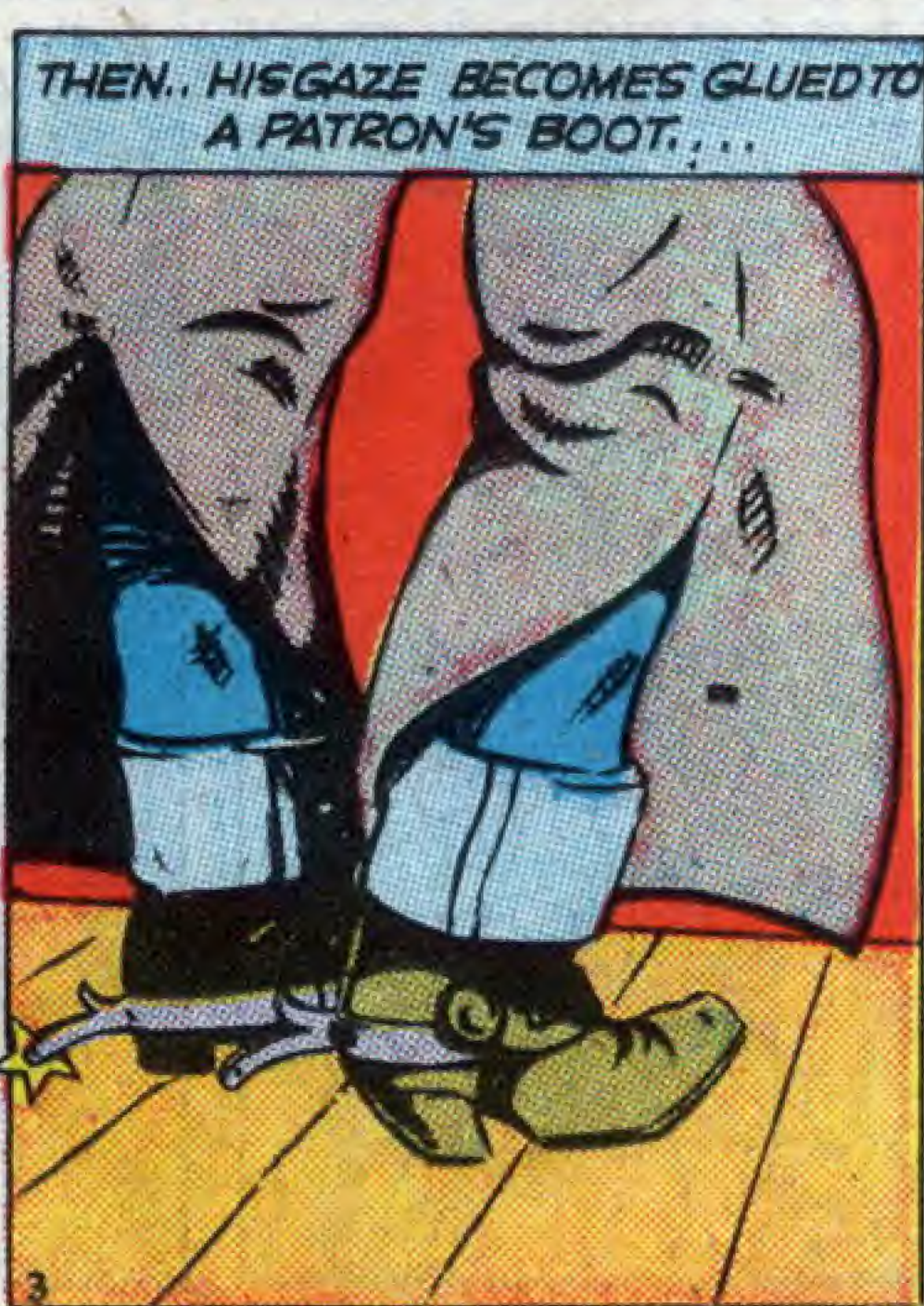


UNCONSCIOUS, HE'S CARRIED OFF TO JAIL...



THE SUN IS SINKING BELOW THE HILLS WHEN HE GROGGILY COMES TO..





THE MAN WHO LACKS THE BOOT-ROWEL LEERS AS THE FARGO KID COOLY BRUSHES HIM AT THE BAR...



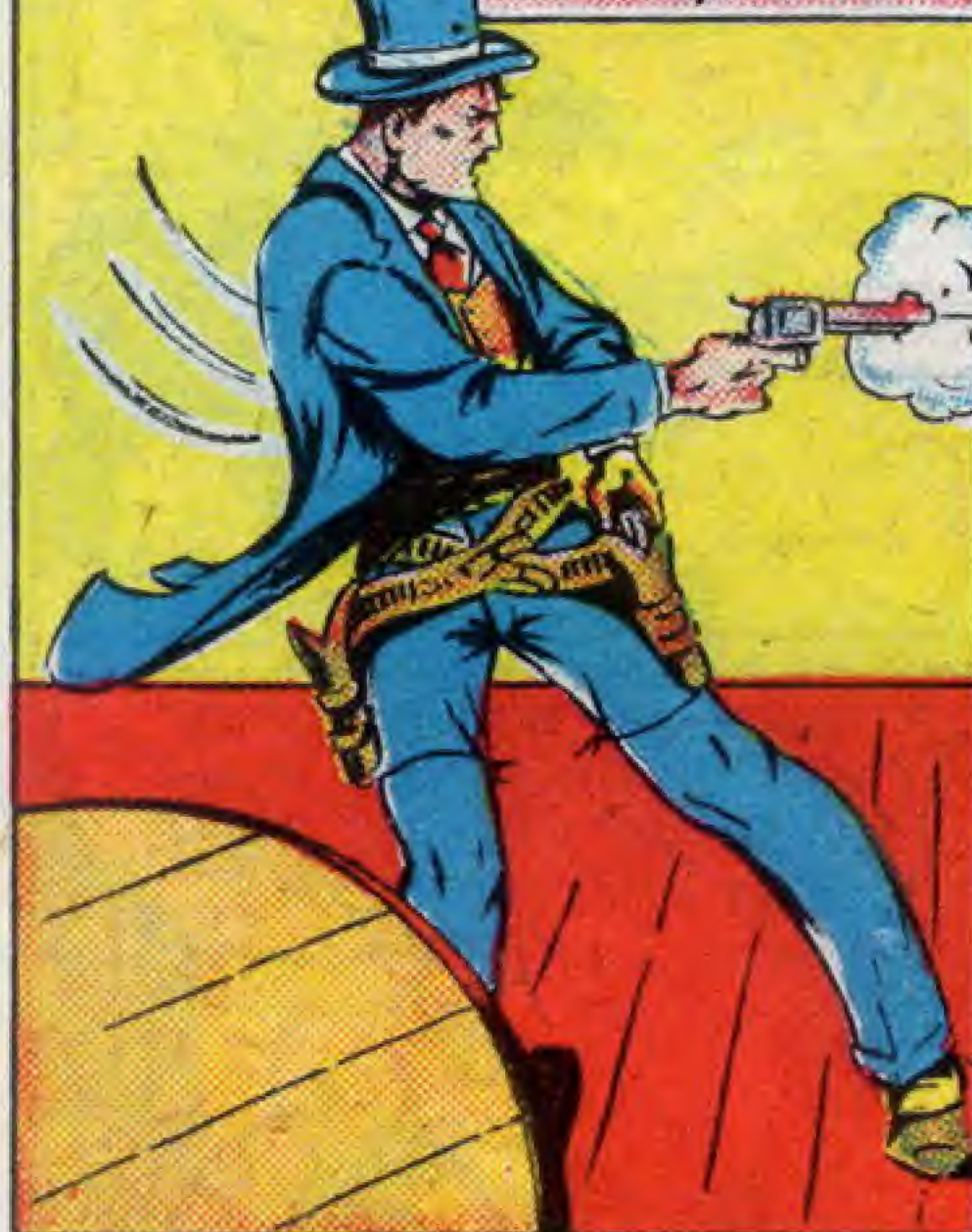
A HALF HOUR LATER... THE KID'S FRIENDLY MANNER HAS LOOSENED THE MAN'S TONGUE.. HE THAWS OUT.. THEN....



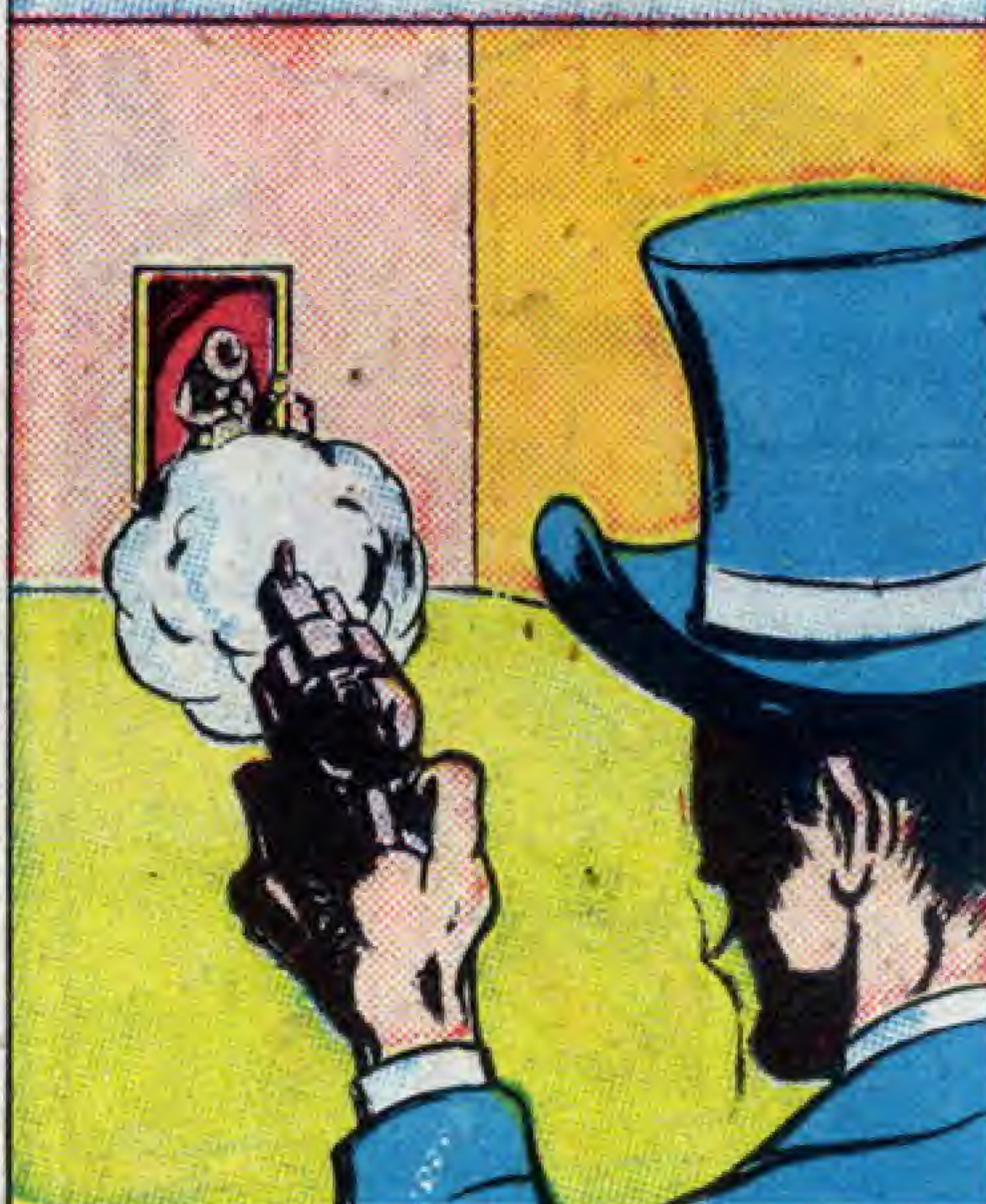
THEY PLAY ONLY A FEW MINUTES... WHEN SUDDENLY A DOOR OPENS BEHIND THE FARGO KID... THE TOWN BOSS STALKS IN WITH DRAWN GUNS...



BUT IN A FLASH THE KID UPTURNS THE TABLE, AND...



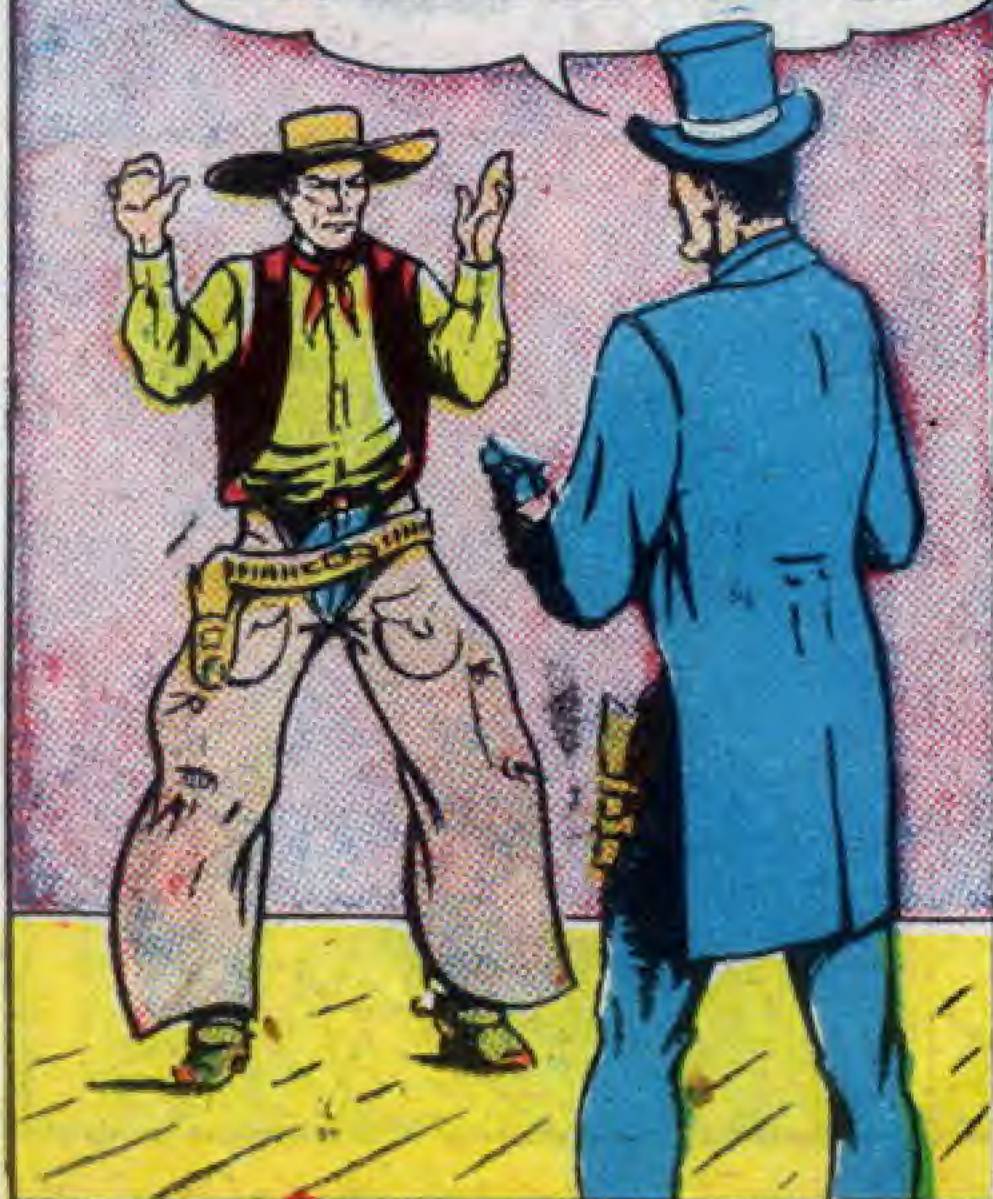
... AS HE WHEELS AROUND HIS RIGHT SHOT MISSES, BUT HIS LEFT GUN DROPS THE BOSS...



JOLTED TO THE FLOOR BY THE TIPPED TABLE, THE OTHER MAN IS FROZEN BY SURPRISE, AND WHEN HE IS LATE DRAWING HIS GUN...



THAT MISSING BOOT-ROWEL WHICH YOU LOST AT THE MURDER SCENE SETTLES YOU!

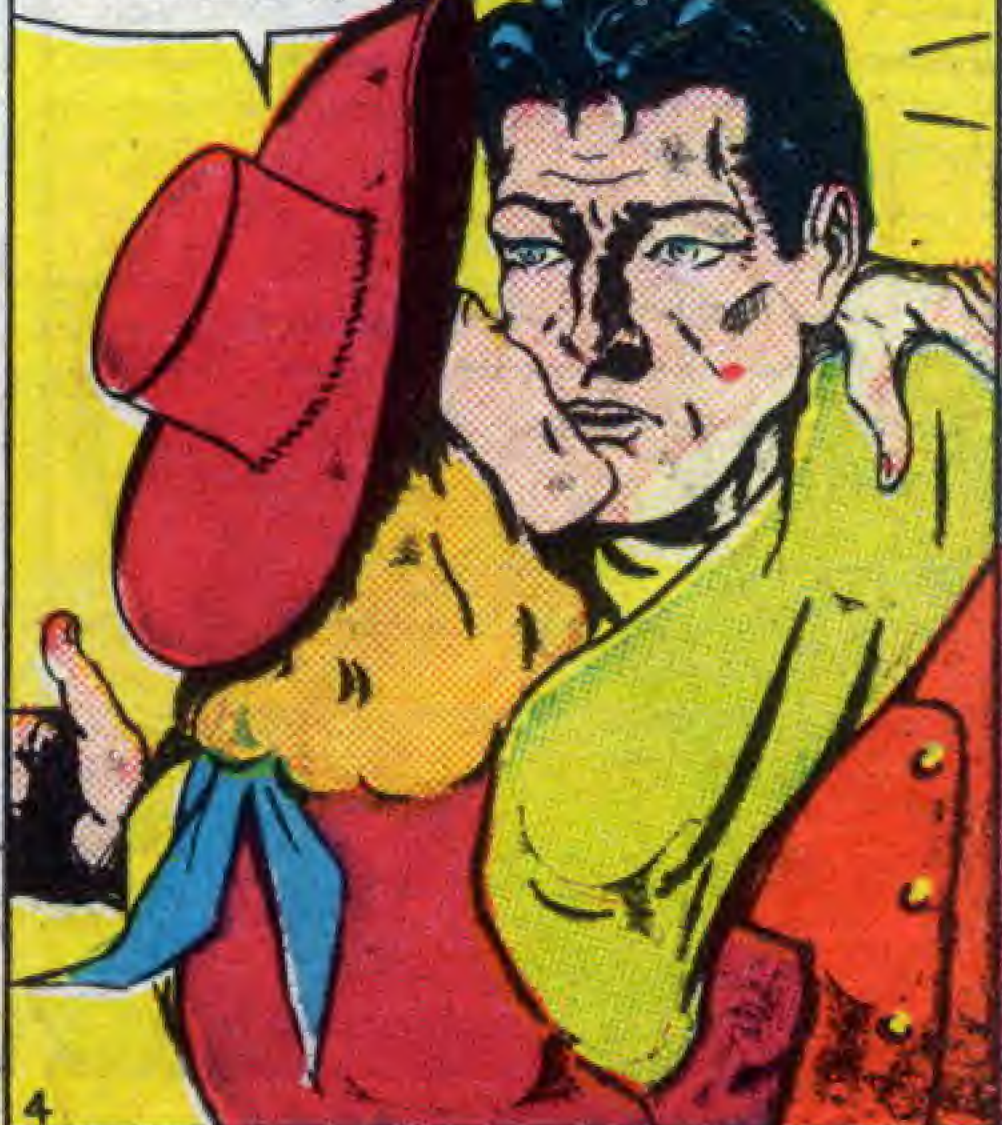


LATER... YOU'VE BEEN WONDERFUL FARGO KID !!

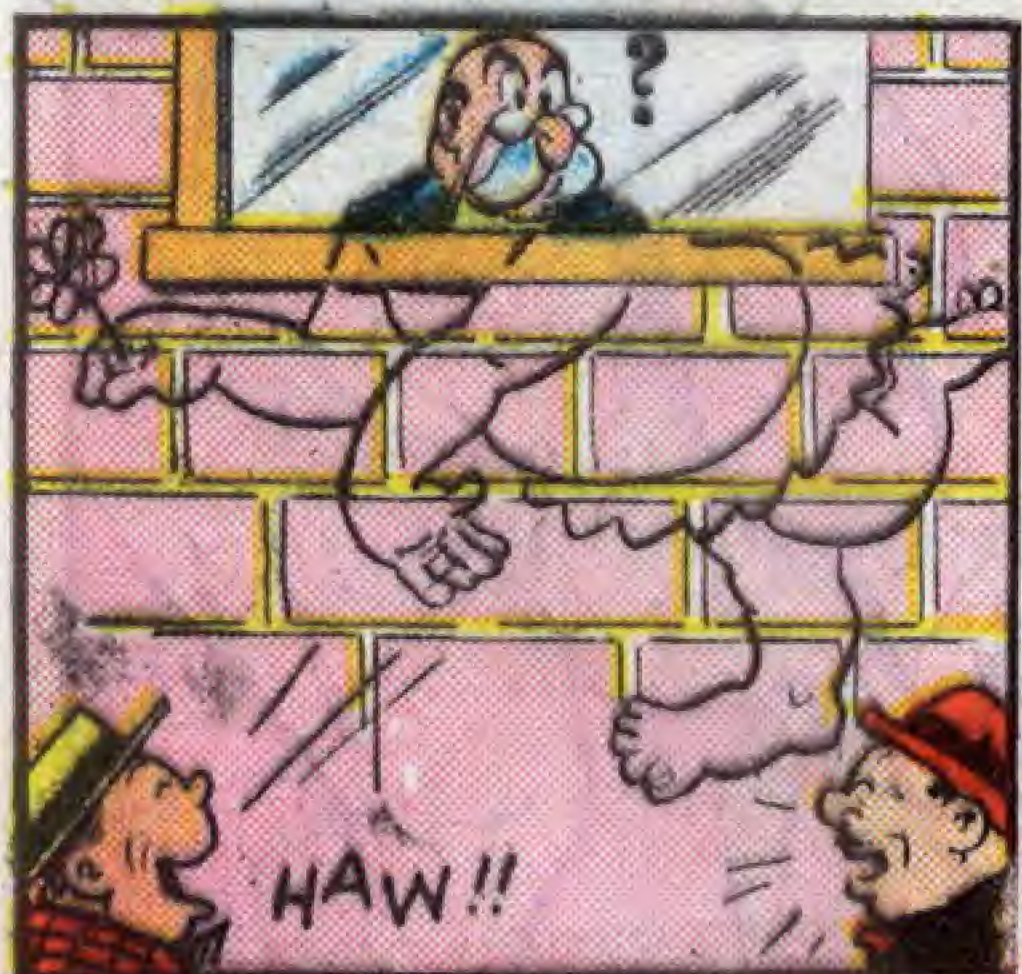
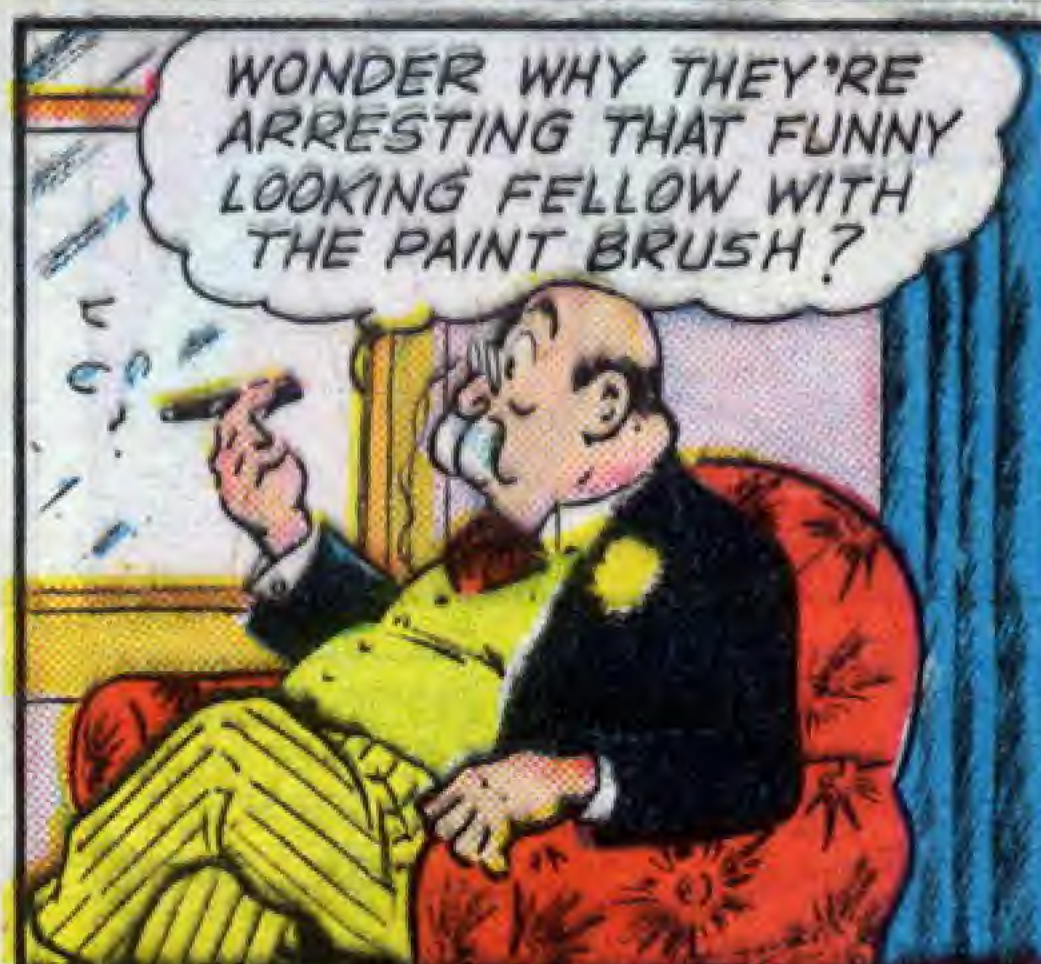
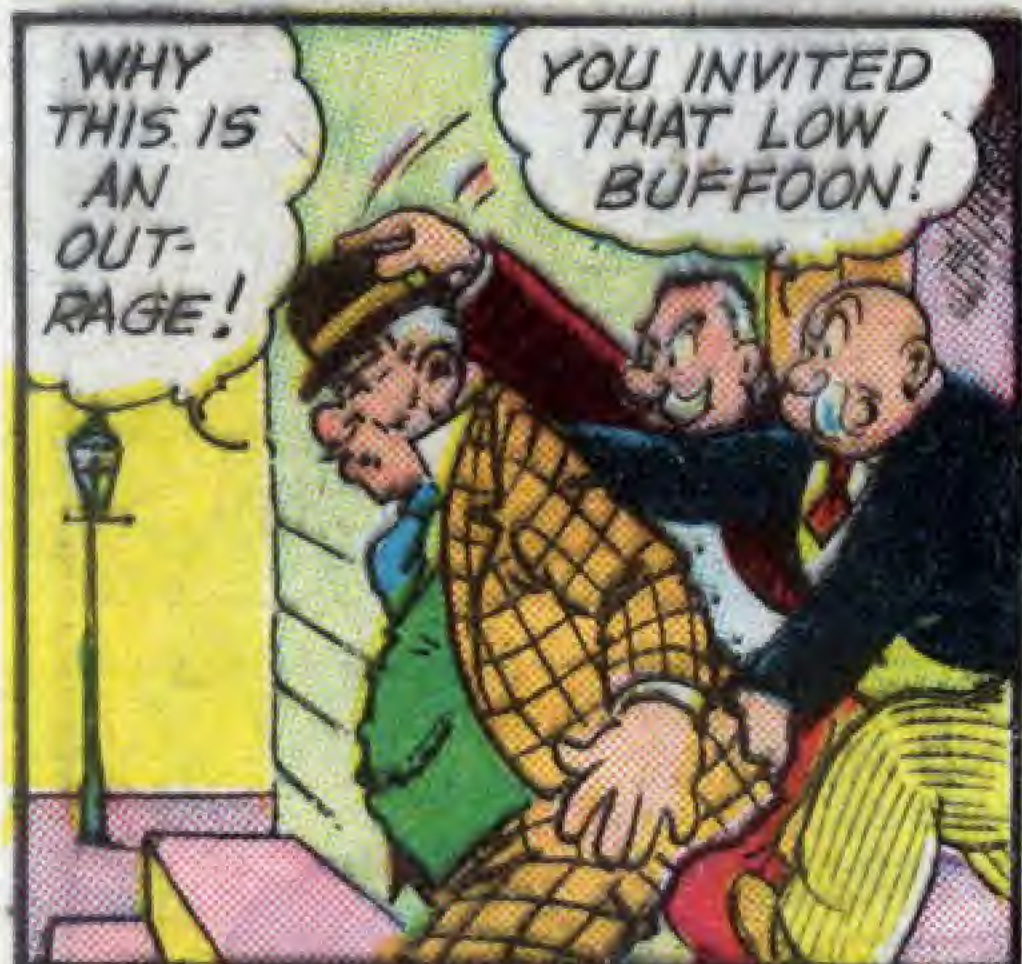
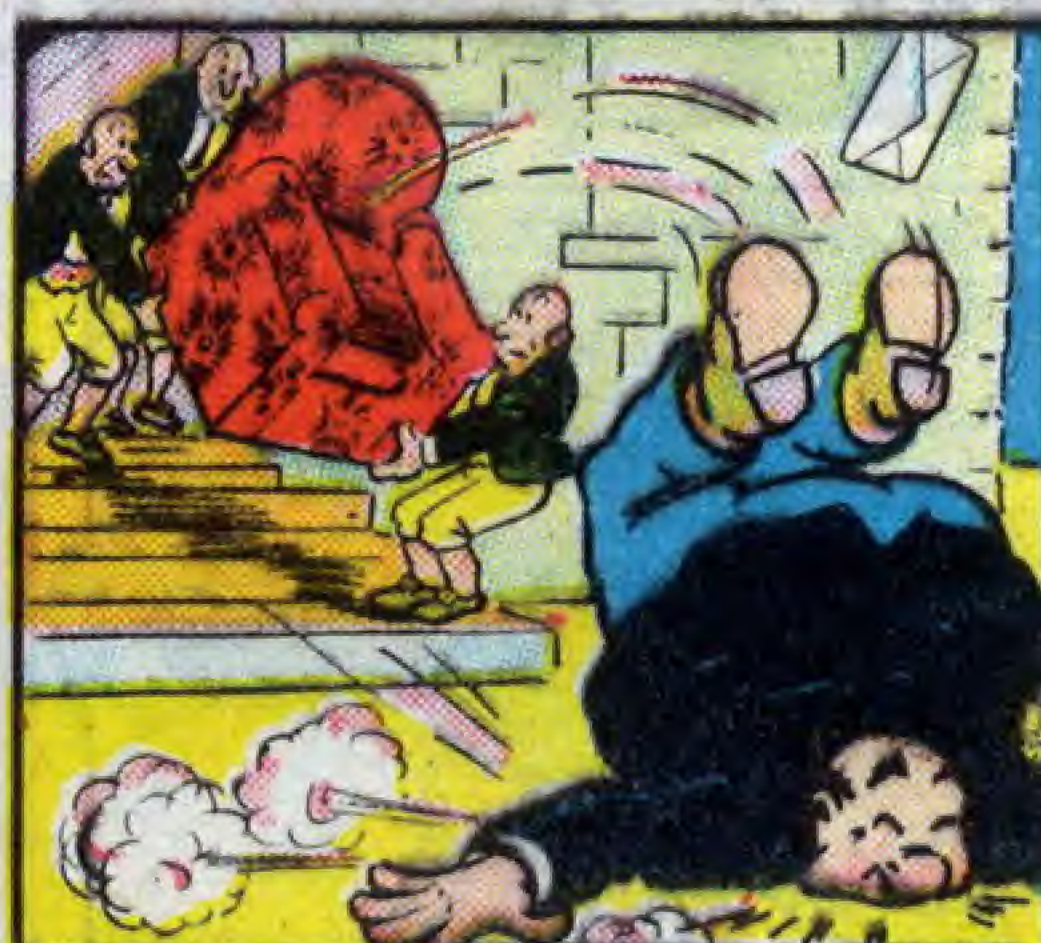
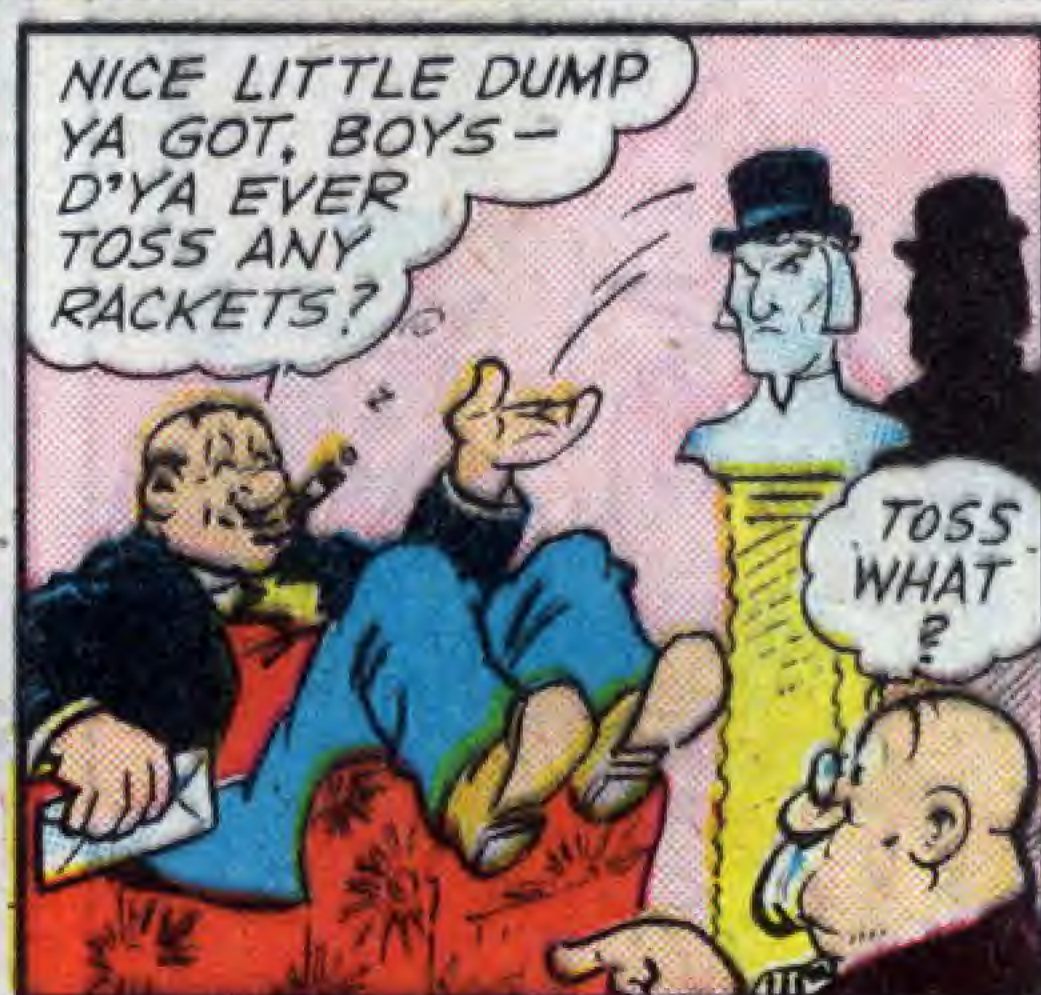
WELL, THAT CROOKED TOWN BOSS AND HIS TRIGGER-MAN HAVE PAID FOR YOUR DAD'S MURDER.



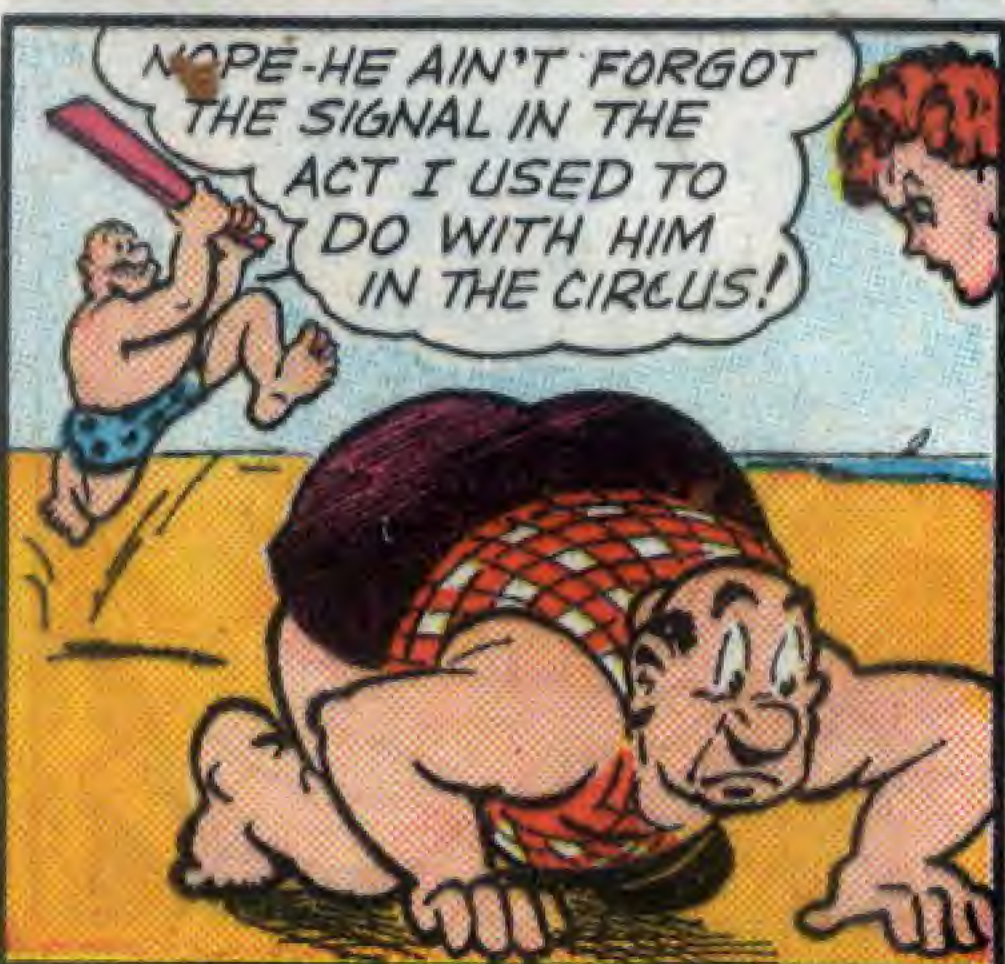
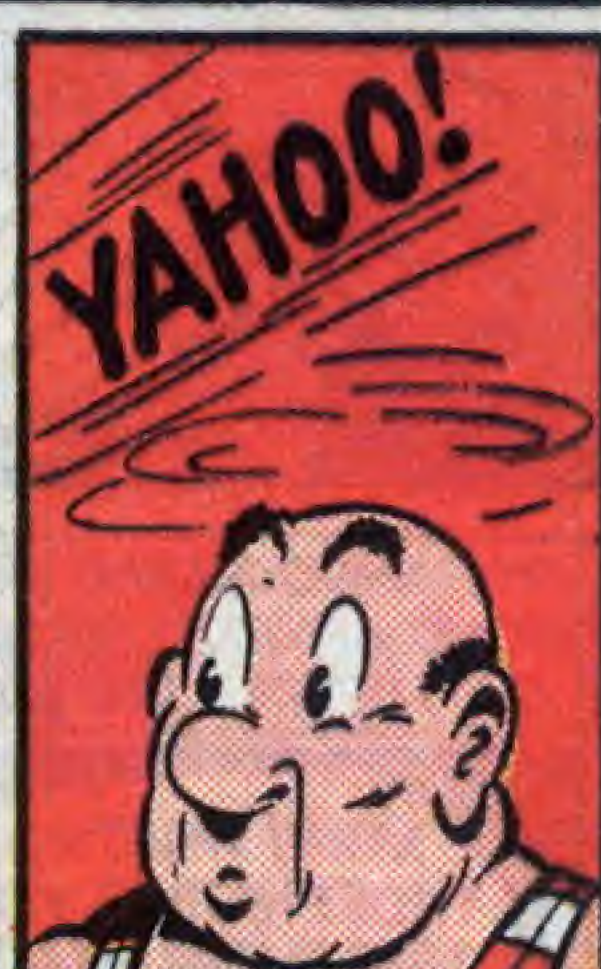
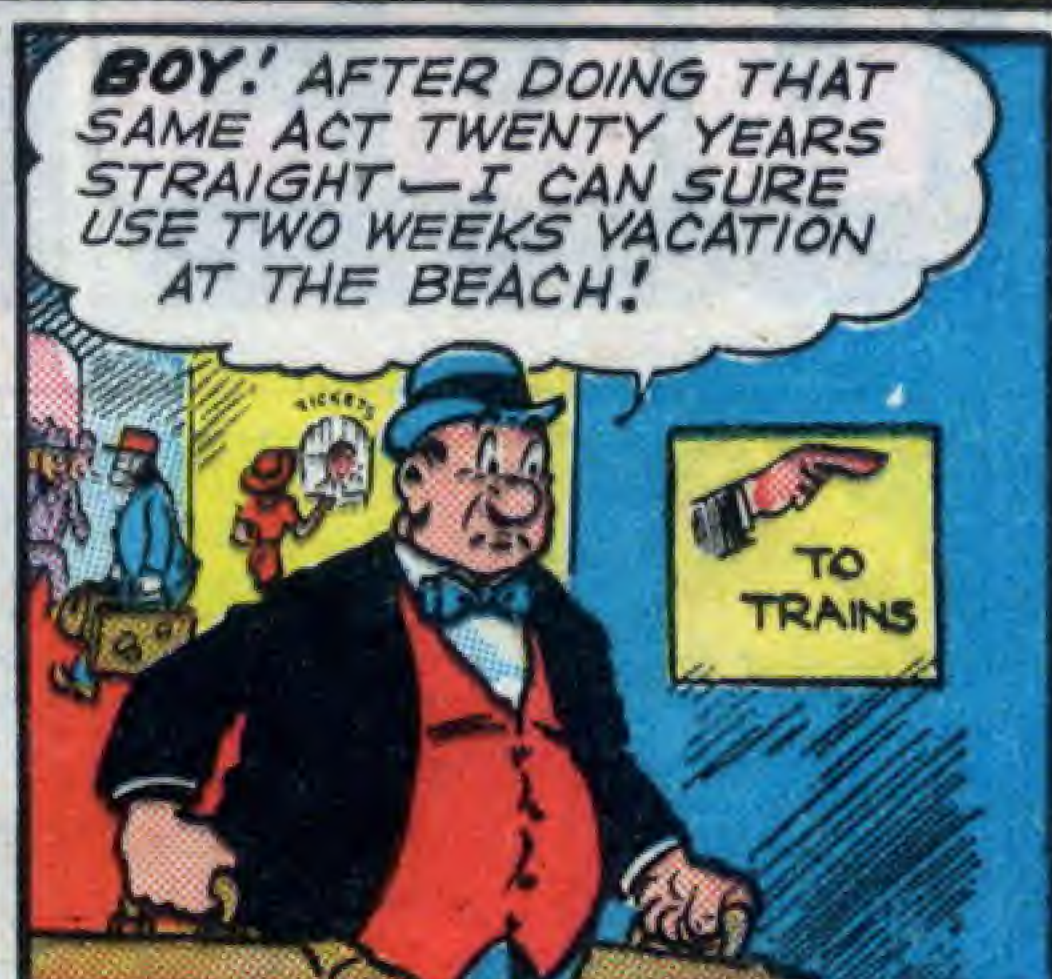
YES... THEY'VE PAID... AND NOW I'LL ADD SOME INTEREST!



BIG TOP



BIG TOP



Follow Big Top in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale July 25th.

DUSTY DANE

by
VERNON HENKEL



WAR HAS THE WHOLE WORLD FOR A PLAYGROUND.. NOT EVEN THE REMOTE ISLAND WATERS OF SOUTH PANGO ESCAPE ITS TOLL OF DEATH.

DAMAGED IN A RUNNING FIGHT, THE CRUISER LANGSDORFF TAKES REFUGE IN THE ISLAND



LOOK! BIG BATTLE-BOAT COMES.. IS BOTTLING UP HARBOR!



ABOARD THE LANGSDORFF

HA! WE ARE LUCKY, CAPTAIN HARDT.. THIS ISLAND SHALL MAKE AN EXCELLENT BASE FOR REPAIRS!!

YA! THE ENEMY SHIPS WILL BE SEARCHING FOR US.. WE MUST REMAIN UNTIL THEY GIVE UP THE CHASE !!



PREPARE A LANDING PARTY.. WE ARE TAKING OVER THIS ISLAND!!

ON PANGO ISLAND ARE THOSE TWO BOLD ADVENTURERS, DUSTY DANE AND HIS PAL BIG MIKE CARDIGAN



MIKE! WHAT'RE THOSE NATIVES YELLING THEIR HEADS OFF ABOUT?

DUNNO! ..LET'S FIND OUT!!



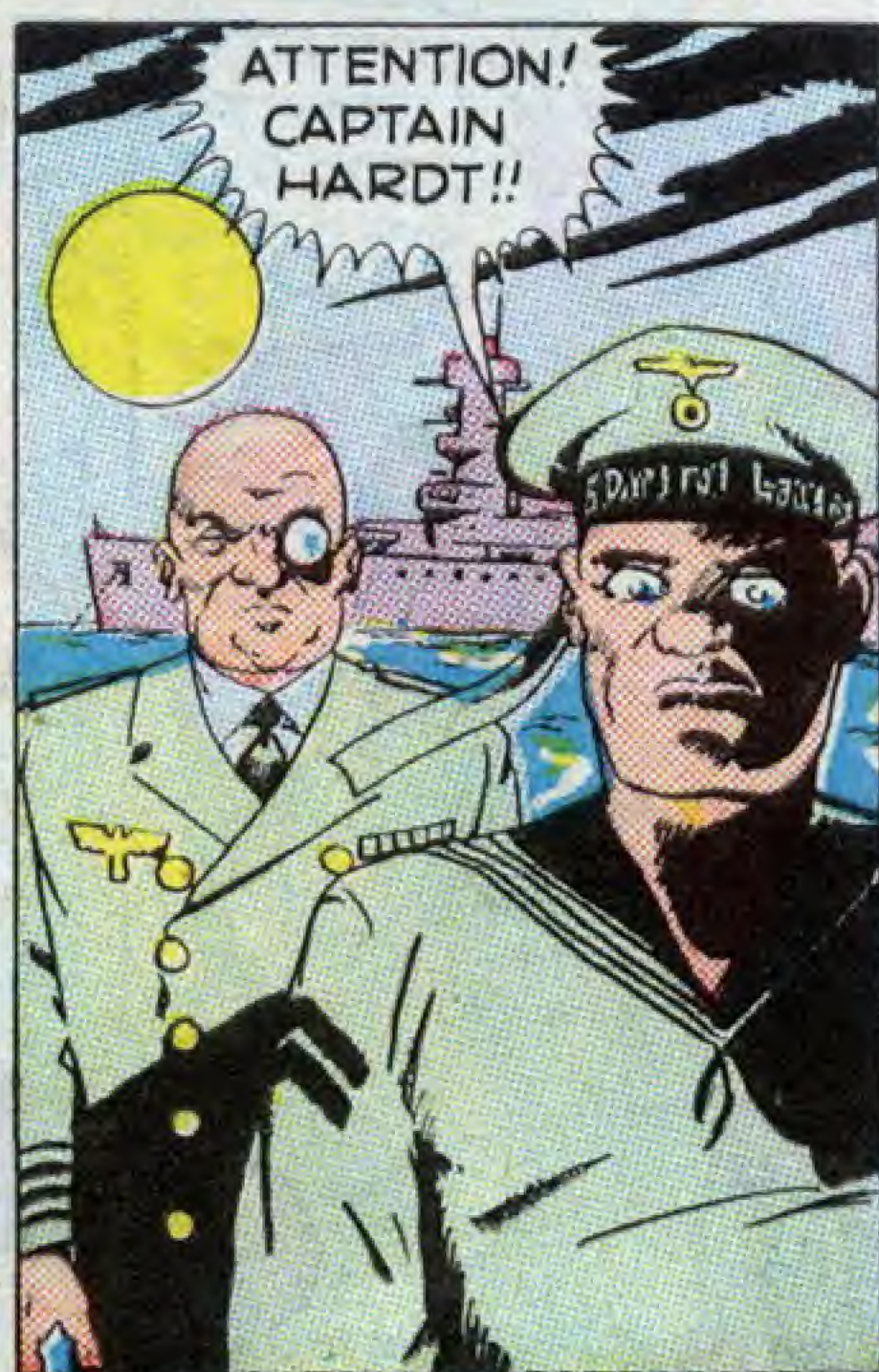
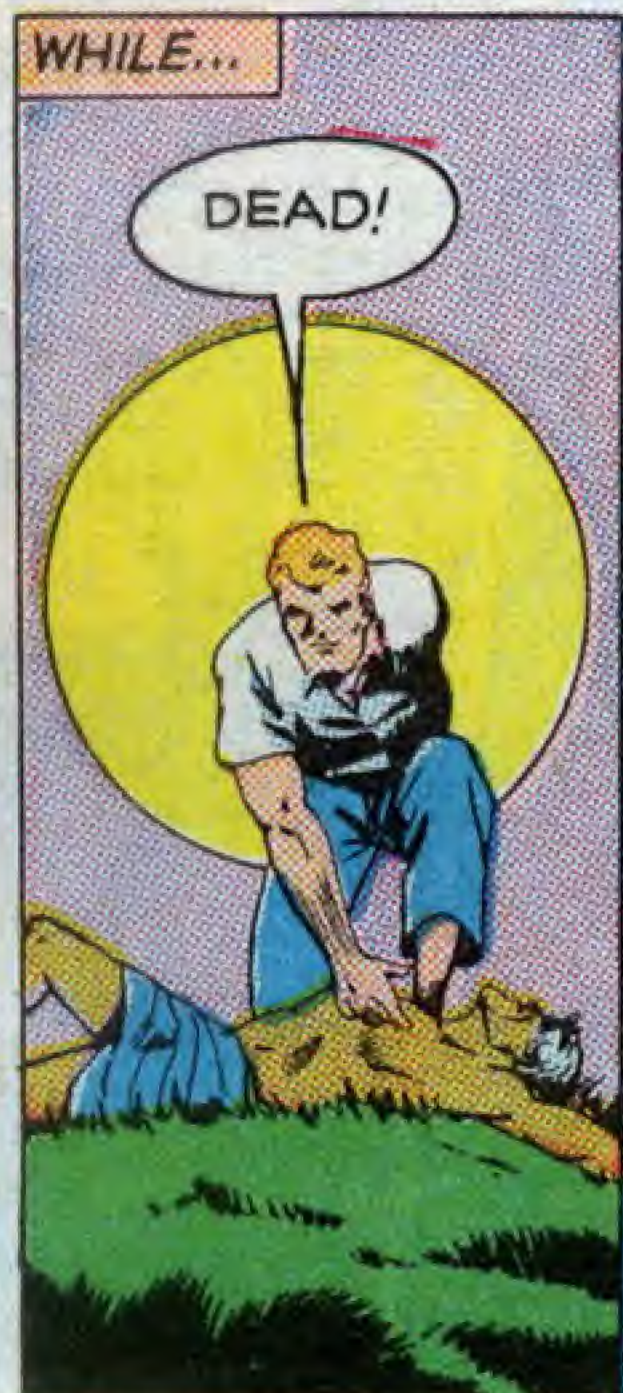
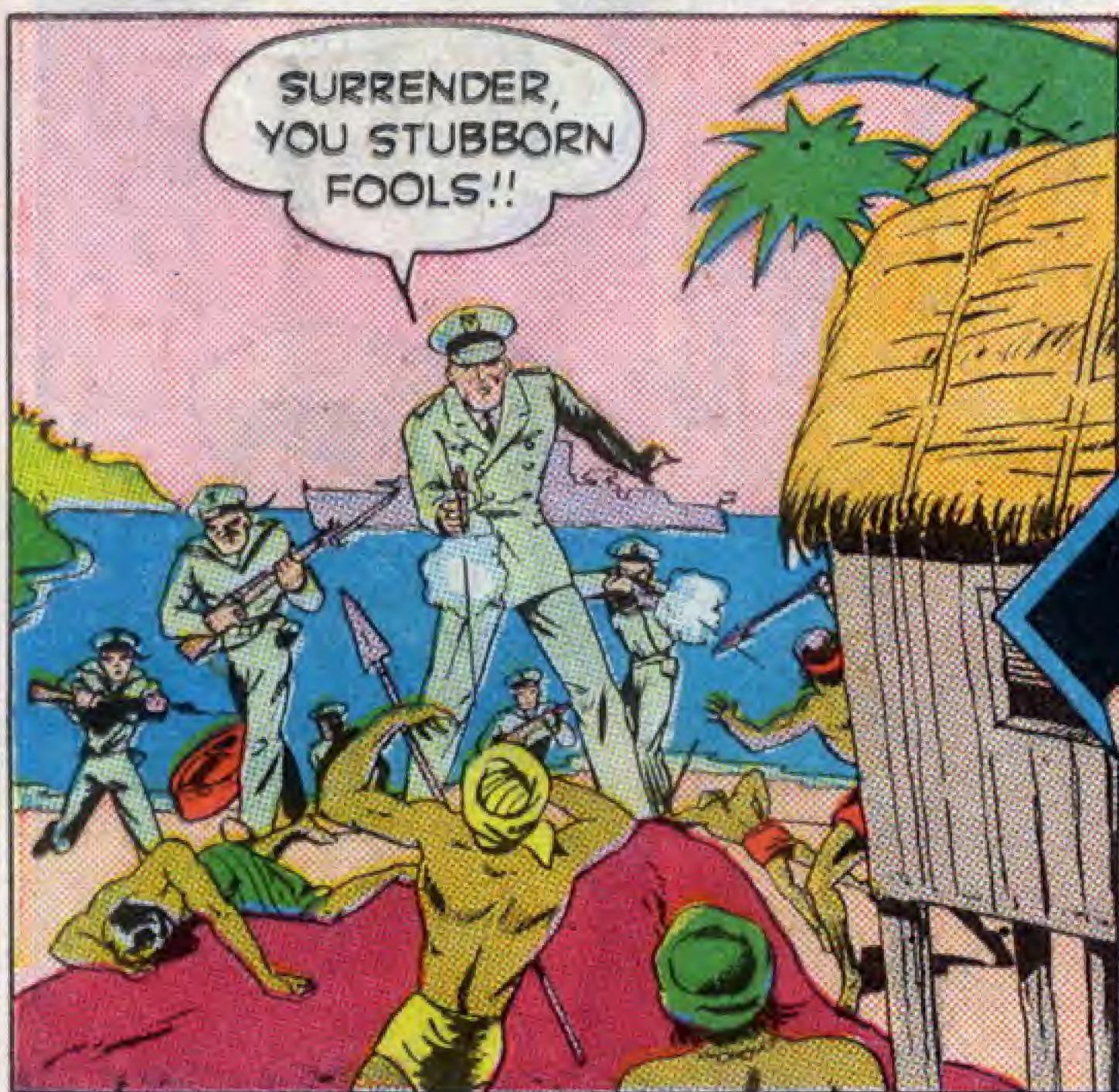
WHAT'S UP, CHIEF?

MALA'S ISLAND INVADED.. WHITE MEN.. US FIGHT!!

A LANDING FORCE MEETS THE RESISTANCE WITH A SAVAGE ATTACK..

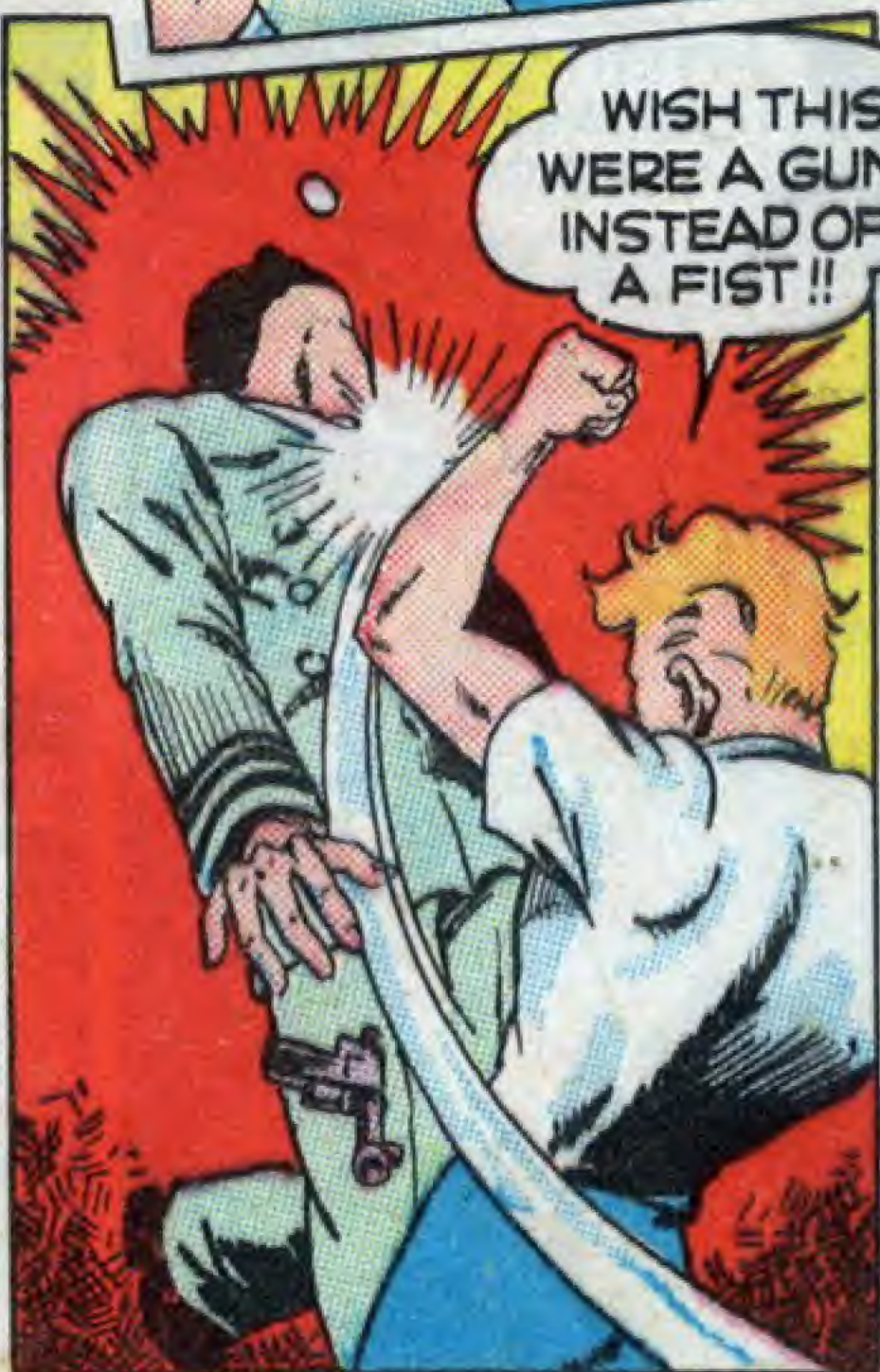


SHOOT DOWN THESE BLACK DOGS! WE MUST SEIZE THIS ISLAND!





A KEY RATTLES IN THE LOCKED DOOR LEADING TO DUSTY AND MIKE'S UNDERGROUND PRISON.





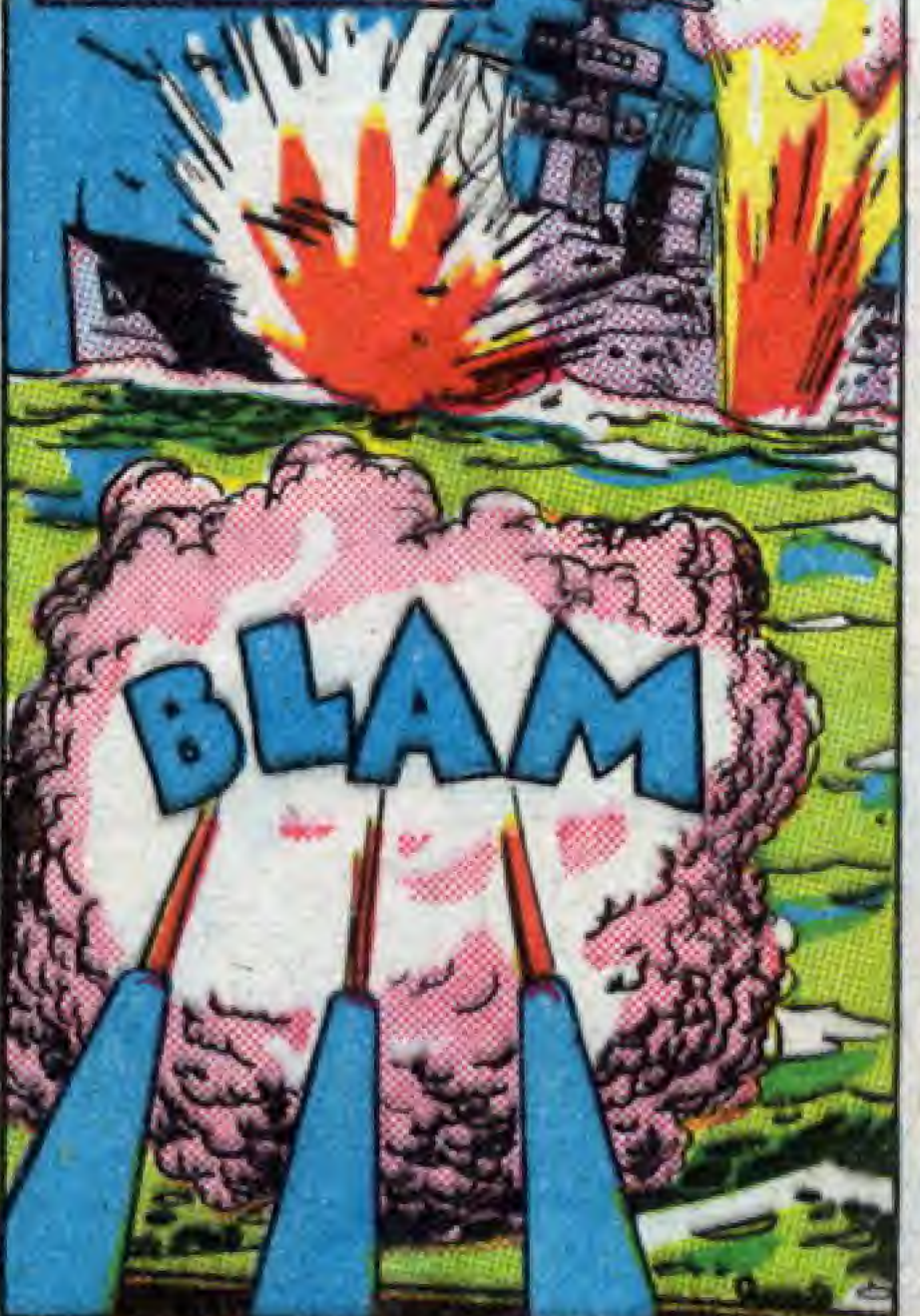
REFLECTED FLASHES REACH THE BRIDGE OF THE ONCOMING LEADER..



THE SHIPS NOW ALTER THEIR COURSE AND SWING AROUND IN A WIDE CIRCLE..



A SALVO RIPS THROUGH THE DOOMED RAIDER...



LATER... ABOARD THE FLAGSHIP...



SPIN SHAW

of the
NAVAL
AIR
CORPS

By REX SMITH



ACE PILOT OF THE U.S. FLEET, SPIN SHAW IS SUMMONED TO WASHINGTON WHERE HE IS QUICKLY ASSIGNED TO A SECRET MISSION.



OUTSIDE THE WAR DEPARTMENT BUILDING, SPIN PICKS UP AN AIRCRAFT DESIGNER.



SPIN SHOTS AWAY FROM THE CURB, HEADING FOR THE PATOMAC.



BUT FROM A SHADOWY DOORWAY, GLARING EYES WATCH.



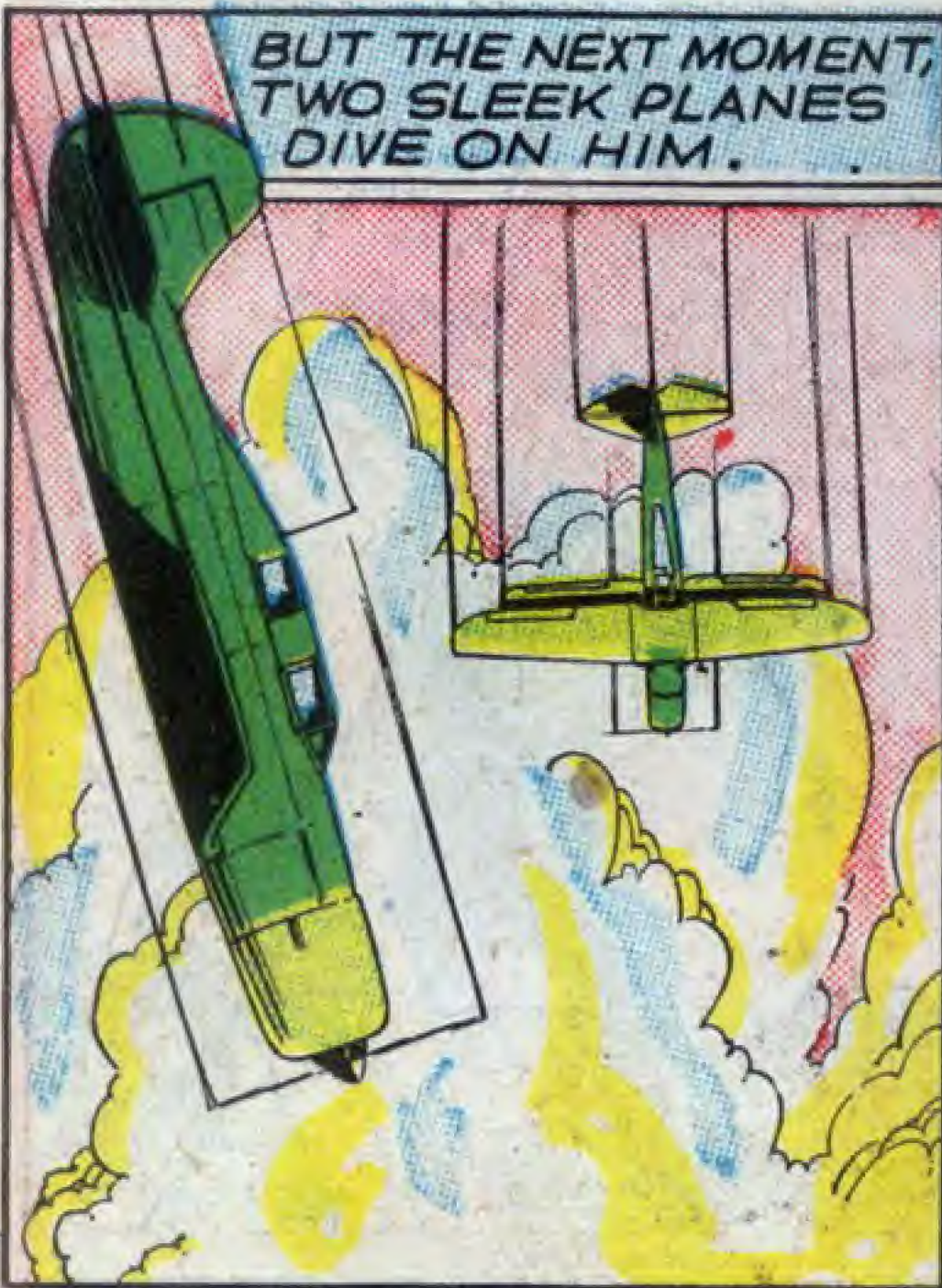
IN A FEW MINUTES, SPIN REACHES THE SEAPLANE FLOAT.



THE SWIFT SHIP ROARS OFF.



AND ROCKETS OVER THE MOUNTAINS AT 300 M.P.H.



ATTACKED FROM A BLIND SPOT, THE NAVY RACER IS A PERFECT TARGET.



MOTOR SPUTTERING, SPIN GLIDES OVER A LOW HILL. A LAKE RIPPLES BELOW.



THE SWOOP MYSTERY PLANES DOWN ON A LAKESIDE FIELD.



AIR GURGLES FROM THE PONTOONS AS SPIN LEAPS OUT.



A SWIFT CRAFT
SKIMS ACROSS
THE LAKE...

HERMAN AND
VON FORCED
DIS NAVY GUY
DOWN, NOW
WE FINISH
HIM!

YOU
BET,
BOSS!



THEY SLIP ALONGSIDE SPIN'S BADLY
LISTING PLANE.

COME ON
DOWN, YA DECK
SWABBER OR
YOU'LL DANCE
TO MY LEAD!



A FLYING LEAP SHOOT'S SPIN
TOWARD THE FOREDECK.

PLUG
HIM,
LOUIE!

GANGWAY,
YOU TWO-
BIT
GUN-
MEN!



SPIN LASHES OUT FURIOUSLY.

THE ONLY
PAPER YOU'LL
GET FROM ME
IS A DEATH
CERTIFICATE!

I'M
COMIN',
BOSS!



NO, YOU'RE
NOT COMIN'!
YOU'RE
GOIN'!

YEAH?



GIMME DEM
PAPERS,
GOB!

YOU WANT
THEM TOO?
WELL, HERE'S
WHAT YOU
GET!



SPIN'S FIST FLIES FASTER
THAN THE THUG'S KNIFE.

GIVE MY
REGARDS
TO THE
FISHES!



HEY, BOSS!
HE'S RUNNIN'
OFF WIT'
OUR BOAT!



AN' WE
CAN'T SWIM..
S'LONG,
LOUIE..

BUT THE MEN WHO FORCED
SPIN DOWN, LIE IN WAIT.

HERE COMES
THE BOAT?
HEY! THE GOB'S
RUNN-
ING
IT!



AT TOP SPEED, THE BOAT RUNS ASHORE AND SPIN LEAPS QUICKLY UP THE BANK.



BUT A SUDDEN ATTACK FROM THE BRUSH THREATENS SPIN'S PLAN.



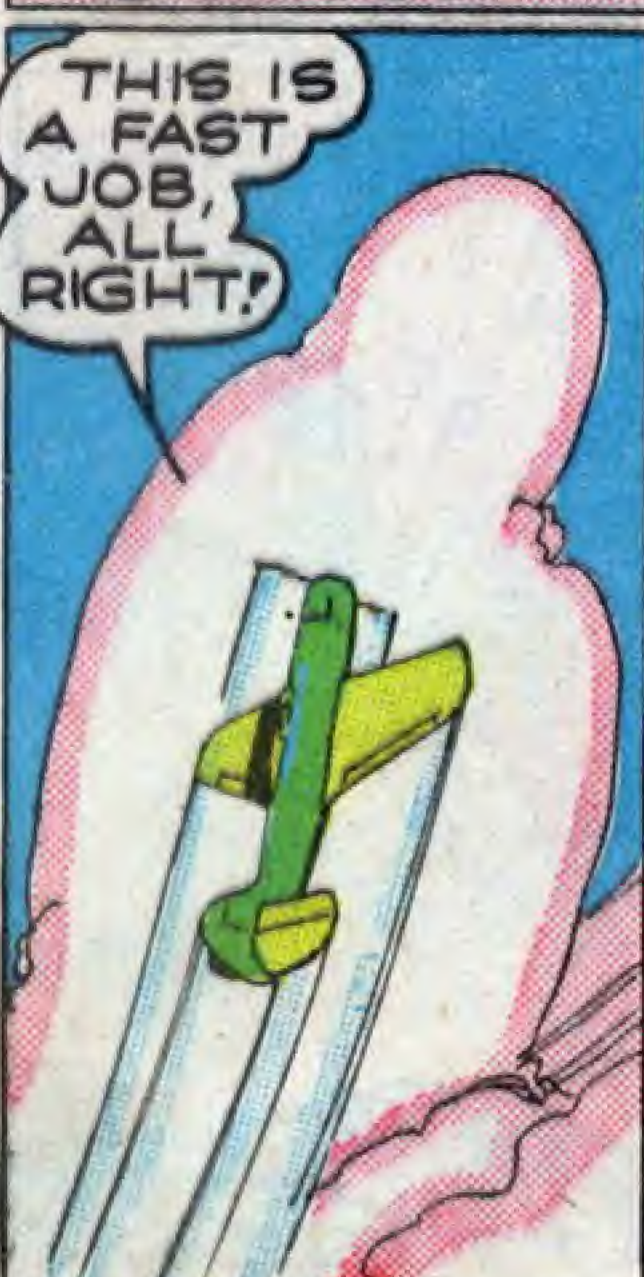
SPIN KNOCKS DOWN ONE WITH A RIGHT HOOK THEN TOSSES A HARD LEFT.



HE LEAVES HIS VICTIMS TO SLEEP OFF HIS PUNCHES.



A MINUTE LATER SPIN IS ZOOMING THE PLANE INTO THE CLOUDS.



BUT WHEN HE CASTS A LOOK BELOW.



SPIN FLIPS OVER AND STREAKS DOWNWARD.



BUT BULLETS SOON WHISTLE AT SPIN FROM BELOW.



HE'S IN MY SIGHTS BUT WHAT TH?



AW NUTS! THAT GRENADE WILL MISS 'EM.

A BULLET HITS THE GRENADE IN MIDAIR.



THIS IS GONNA BE HIS FINISH.

BEFORE SPIN CAN DROP ANOTHER, THE MEN TAKE OFF IN A SECOND SHIP.



SPIN HAS LEVELED OFF AT TOP SPEED.



I'VE GOT A HEAD START. WHEN I GET TO DETROIT, I'LL TEACH THOSE BUMS SOME TRICKS!

BUT THE MEN SOON OVERTAKE SPIN AND DIVE WITH GUNS BLAZING.



HE HASN'T A CHANCE NOW!

SPIN LOOPS AND TWISTS TO AVOID THEIR DEADLY HAIL.

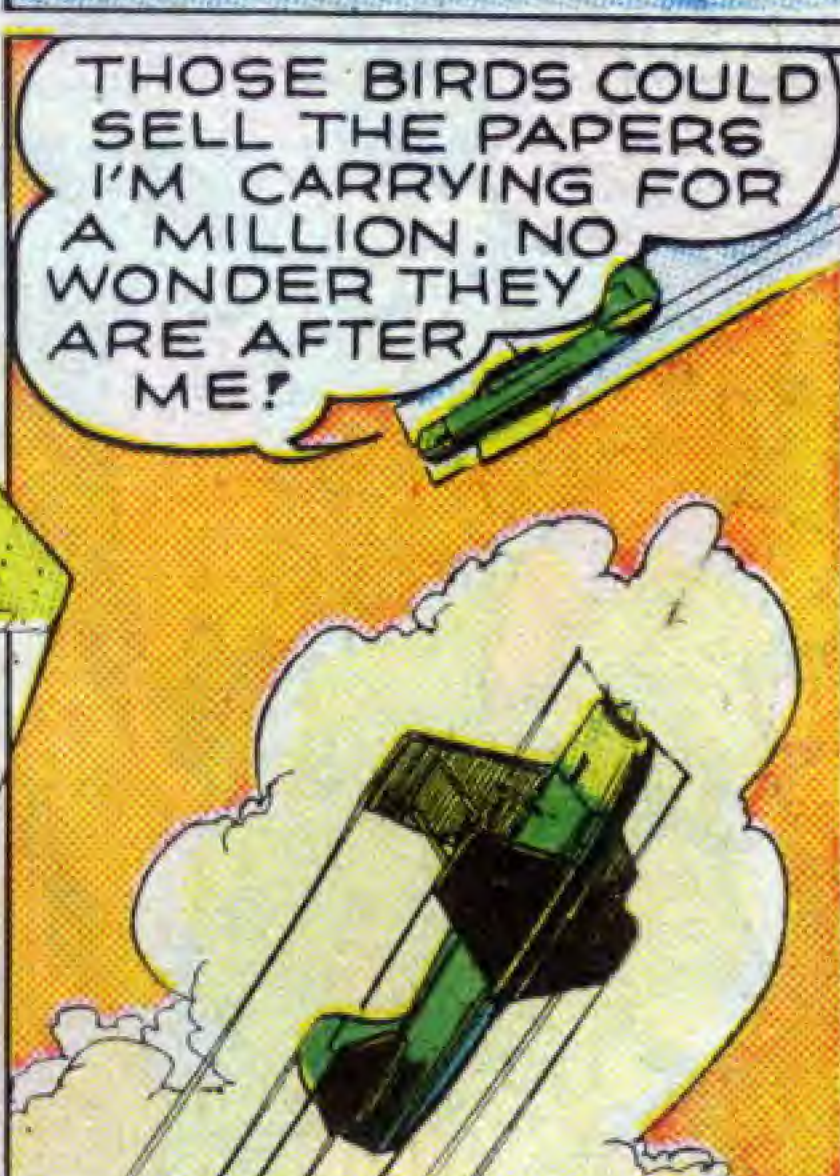


WHY DID I PICK THIS PLANE WHEN THE OTHER HAS MOUNTED GUNS?

THE BEST I CAN DO IS STUNT AROUND 'EM. TILL THEY'RE OUT OF AMMUNITION.



ENGINES ROARING, THE PLANES PLAY A GRIM GAME OF TAG.

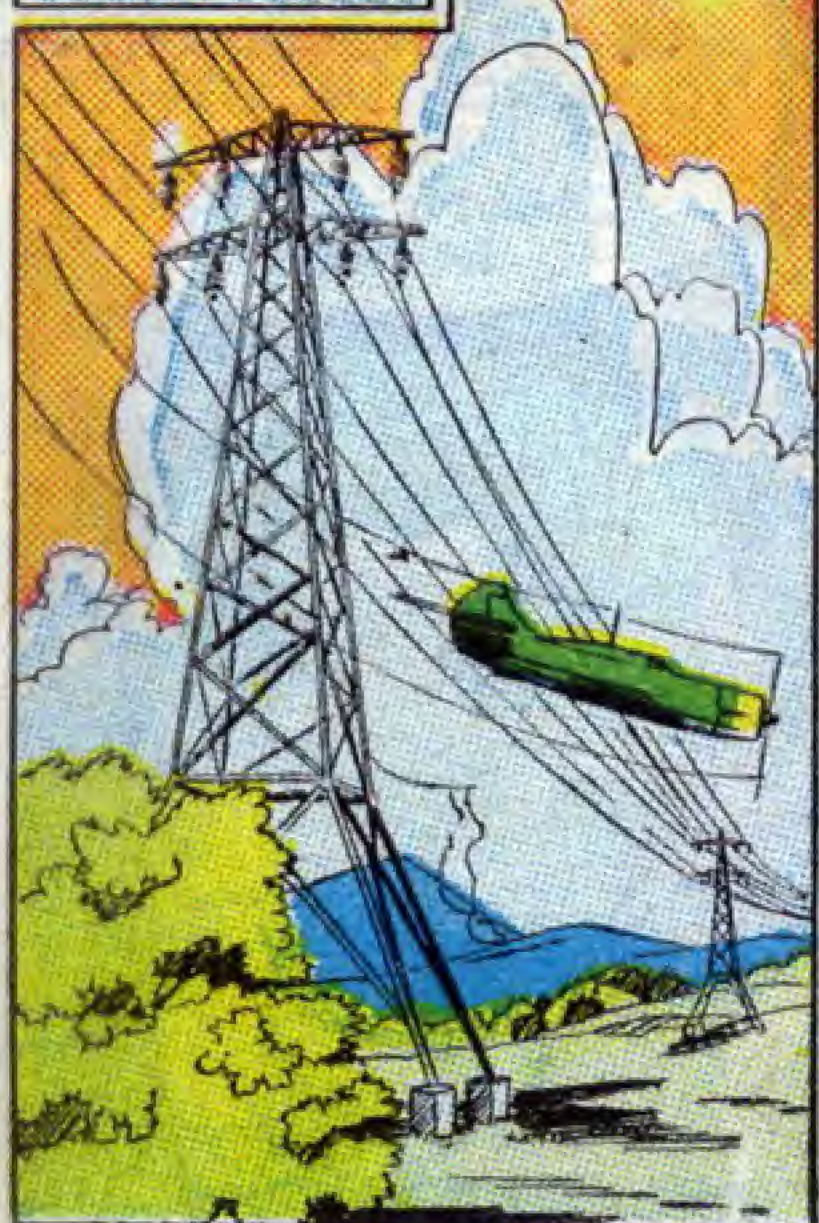


THOSE BIRDS COULD SELL THE PAPERS I'M CARRYING FOR A MILLION. NO WONDER THEY ARE AFTER ME!



BINGO! JUST THE TRICK! HIGH TENSION WIRES DOWN THERE!

WITH COOL NERVE, SPIN PULLS OUT OF THE DIVE JUST UNDER THE LINE.



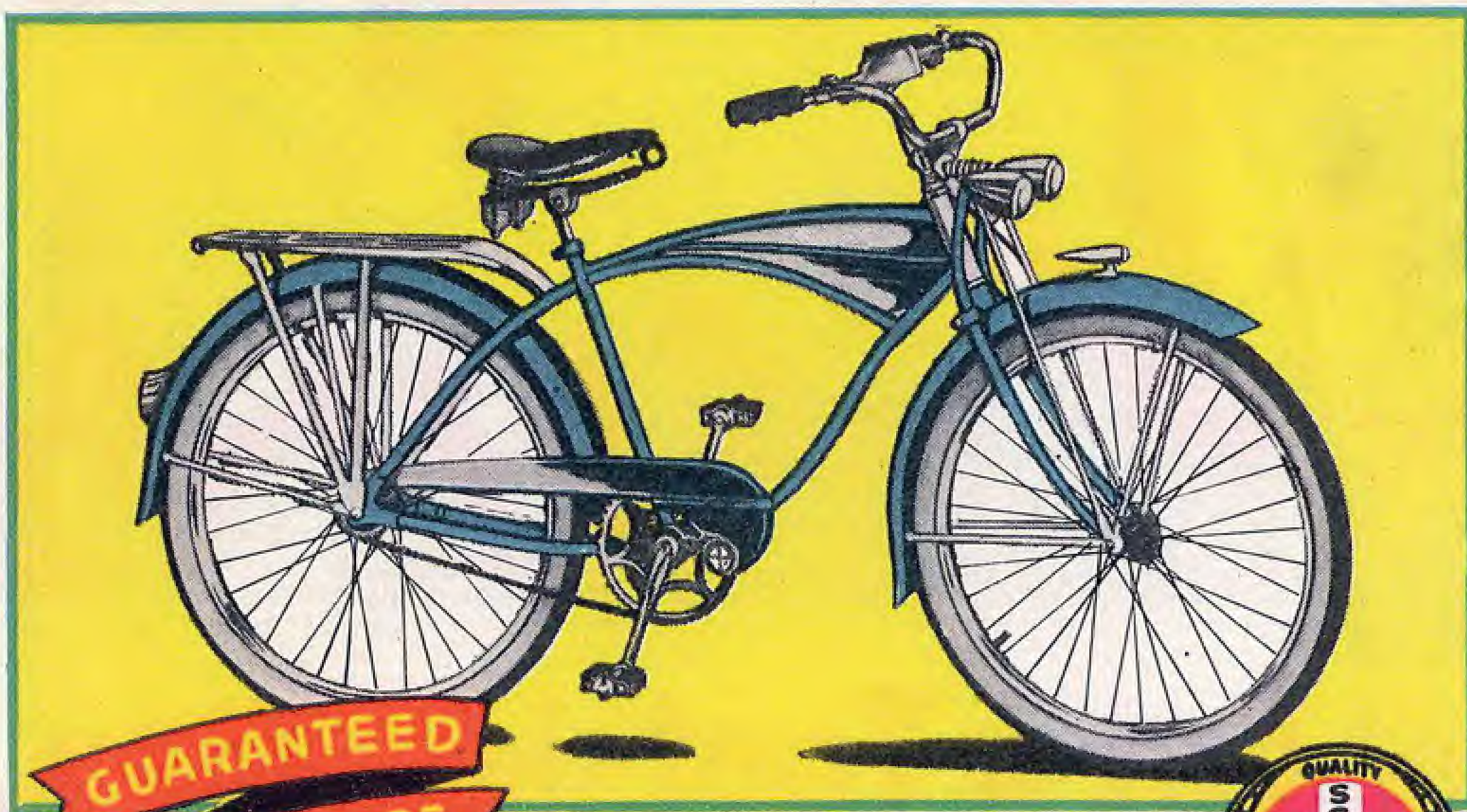
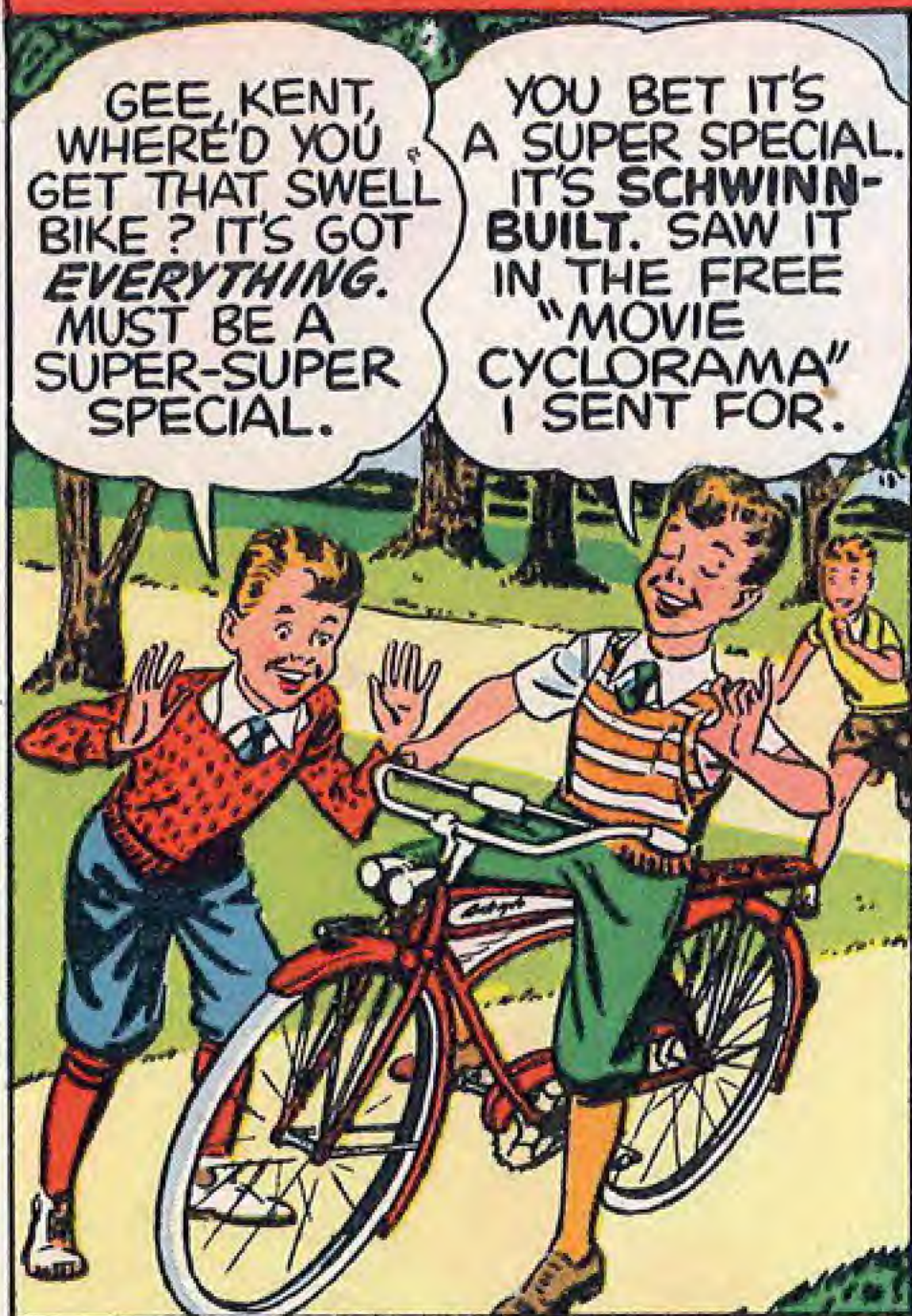
BUT THE PILOT ON HIS TAIL STRIKES THE POWER WIRES...



ELECTROCUTION IN MIDAIR.. THOSE HEELS DESERVED IT.. NOW I'LL JUST JOG ALONG TO DETROIT IN TIME FOR LUNCH!



Boys and Girls it's **FREE!**



Here's something you can show Dad and Mother and brag about to your friends. A gorgeous spread of color pictures of movie stars—all ridin' Schwinn, the only bicycle with a **LIFETIME GUARANTEE** and exclusive features no other bike has—Fore Wheel Brake, Spring Fork, Cyclock and other streamlined extras. Why not have the finest bicycle when it costs little or no more than the ordinary kind. Hurry! Send the coupon or a penny post card for your **FREE** copy of "Movie Cyclorama" now! Arnold, Schwinn & Co., 1740 North Kildare Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.



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"MOVIE CYCLORAMA"
Cyclorama is four times larger than this illustration.



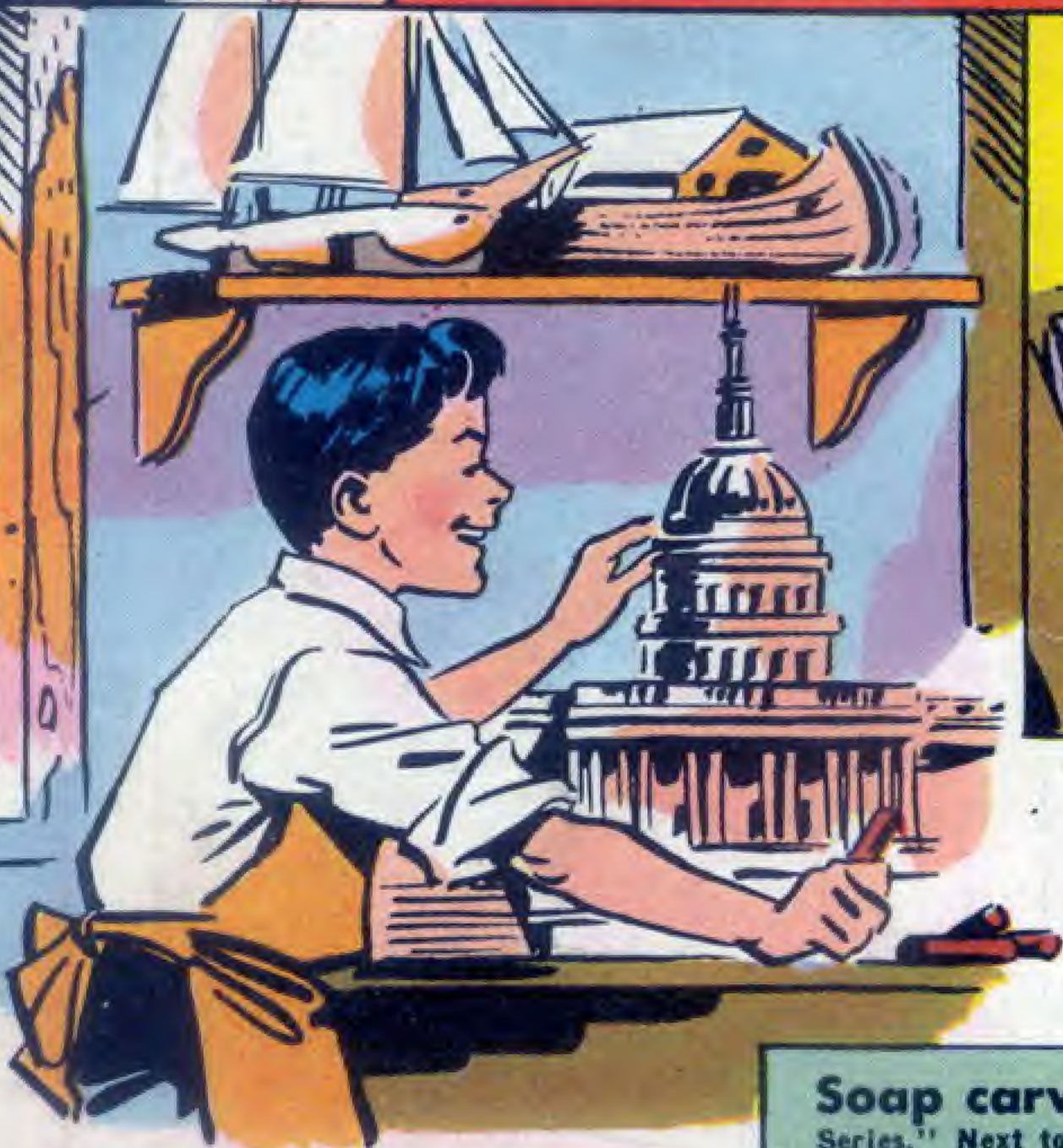
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Schwinn-Built Bicycles

THE Tootsie Roll of Honor

THEY'RE WINNERS! WHAT DO YOU DO?



Tooth-pick architect. So far he has made a miniature White House—a two-masted schooner—and Noah's Ark. Plenty of Tootsies help keep him going!

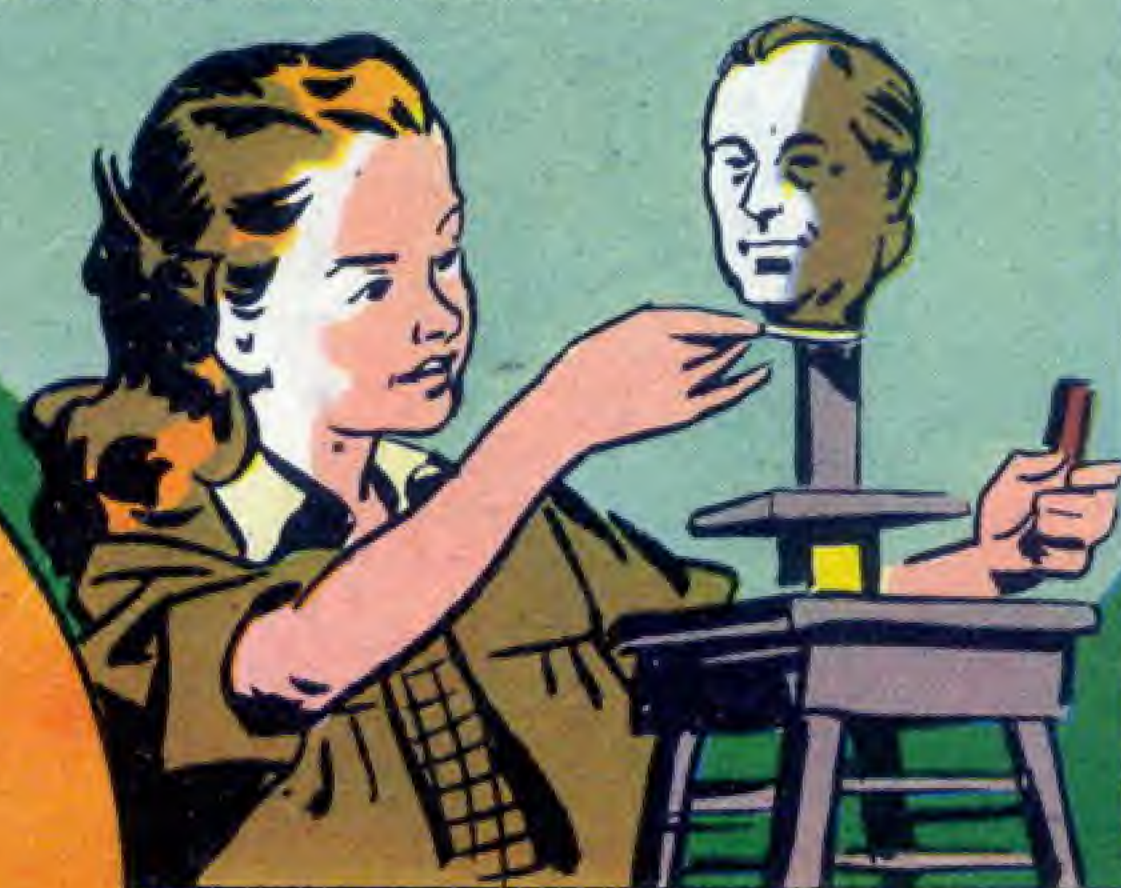


Doll clothes designer. Costumes from every country in the world are in her design collection. Alert? Sure—she's a Tootsie girl!



Stamp collector. Started when he was 6. Now he has 4,241 different stamps. Does he eat Tootsies? You bet. He's smart!

Soap carver. This F. D. R. statue is one of her "President Series." Next to carving, she likes Tootsies best!



Another Tarzan Only 5 years old and climbs a 20 foot rope in 20 seconds. This peppy youngster is a Tootsie fan too!



TOOTSIE IS A WINNER, TOO!

Wins every Popularity Contest. Loved by more children and grownups than any other candy!

Eat a Tootsie a Day—

now enriched with DEXTROSE
for quick food energy!

Now softer and creamier! Extra delicious. Kids and grownups together buy 10 million a week!



5¢—also 1¢

AMERICA'S FAVORITE CANDY

CHEWY! CHOCOLATEY! DE-LICIOUS!

TRY TOOTSIE POPS TOO—



Here's a Tootsie Pop cut open. The Pop with a heart of Tootsie Rolls! 8 yummy flavors!